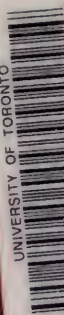


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CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

A POEM,

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

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C A L V A R Y;
OR
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

B O O K I.

B

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

After a short introduction, which states the miraculous acts of Christ, and serves to mark the period at which the Poem commences, Satan goes forth by night into the wilderness, and finds himself in the very spot, where he had in vain practised his temptations upon Christ: Here he falls into meditation upon that unsuccessful interview, and vents himself in soliloquy: Indignant under disappointment and impatient to repair his defeat, he ascends to the summit of the mountain, from whence he had exhibited the kingdoms of the earth, and calls the Devils from all parts of the Heathen world: The whole host of Infernals assemble at his summons: The chief leaders are enumerated, their persons and attributes described: Satan addresses them, and proposes the subject matter for their consultation, namely, By what means to counteract the power of Christ upon earth: Baal delivers his sentiments by stating difficulties and objections without any decided opinion unless for seduction in the general: Moloch angrily resents what he considers as pointed at himself, and speaks disdainfully against the proposal of seduction, as not only desperate but disgraceful: Belial replies, and after much circumlocution suggests a temptation to be set on foot by Mammon: He is interrupted by Satan, who reproves him for certain digressions in his speech, but adopts his hint of employing Mammon, and calls upon that evil Spirit to attempt the fidelity of Judas Iscariot, whom he points out to him as the only one of the Disciples open to seduction: Mammon at first affects to excuse himself from the undertaking, but in conclusion accepts it, and taking wing in presence of the whole applauding host sets out upon his embassy, directing his course to the city of Jerusalem.

C A L V A R Y.

B O O K I.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE DEVILS.

HA I L, awful CALVARY ! forsaking now
Aonian haunts and the unhallow'd Nine,
I visit thy sad mount, and thence invite
The mournful echoes to my deep-ton'd harp,
Hymning the whilst in solemn numbers praise 5
To God for mercies purchas'd by the death
Of that mysterious Being, virgin-born,
Savior of lost mankind, who on the cross,
Lord though he be of life and one with God,
In mortal pangs expir'd ; there to atone 10
For a degenerate world, by his pure blood
To wash original corruption out,
And rising victor from the grave dispel
Sin and it's offspring Death, with all the train
Of idol gods, usurping earth and heav'n. 15

Now had the wond'rous acts by JESUS wrought
 Spread wide his fame thro' all Judæa's realm ;
 The leper cleans'd, the blind to sight restor'd,
 The sick to health and ev'n the dead to life,
 Tho' warn'd to silence, for his modest ear
 Sought not the praise of men, so much the more
 Publish'd his mercies ; Dæmons at his call
 With horrid shrieks, that testified his power,
 Came forth from men posses'd and fled ; his voice
 Rebuk'd the seas and winds ; vast was the throng
 That follow'd where he led, and thousands found
 In the waste wilderness mirac'lous food :
 They saw, they marvel'd, and of force confess'd
 Messias in his power, not so in form ;
 For there no comeliness, no outward grace,
 No princely state appear'd : Slow to renounce
 Illusions long indulg'd, their wavering minds
 'Twixt two opinions halted, while in place
 Of these bright visions they beheld a man
 Lowly and meek, a houseless wanderer,
 That had not where on earth to lay his head :—
 Such can our Israel's great Restorer be,
 Such our Messias ?—Thus their troubled thoughts
 Like meeting currents clash'd ; when as he spake
 Truth flow'd resistless from his lips, his eyes

20

25

30

35

40

Beam'd

Beam'd mercy, and his Father's glory shone
 Effulgent in his face; then every tongue
 Was hush'd to silence, every doubt dispell'd,
 And every heart confess'd him Lord and Christ.

'Twas night, when SATAN, prince of darkness call'd, 45
 And fitly call'd, for evil hates the day,
 Walk'd forth on hellish meditation bent,
 Prowling the wilderness: Where'er he trode,
 Earth quak'd beneath his foot; before him roll'd
 Thick cloud and vapour, making night's dark shade 50
 More black and terrible; the beasts of prey,
 Every wild thing that roams the savage waste
 And howling to the moon demands it's food,
 Fled his approach; the lion and the pard
 Scented the blast and flunk into their dens; 55
 For whilst his breast with raging passions boil'd,
 Hatred, revenge and blasphemous despight,
 The sighs he vented from the hell within
 Breath'd death into the air; his haggard eyes,
 Which still in speechless agonies he roll'd, 60
 Out-glar'd the hyæna's; other fires than their's
 To light his dismal path he needed none.

Now, having stretch'd athwart the sandy wild
 Clear to its rocky verge, the Arch-fiend paus'd
 And upward cast his eye, if haply there 65

Darkling.

Darkling he might discern what faucy mound
 Dar'd to arrest his course ; for yet there dwelt
 Such vigor in his wing, nor depth, nor heighth,
 Mountains nor seas might check his bold career,
 Were he so purpos'd ; neither would he deign
 To ask one charitable star for light,
 Thoughtful of former glory, when he soar'd
 Son of the morning far above their spheres.

Whereat he 'gan put forth his plumed vans
 From either shoulder stretcht for flight, when soon
 The fuel'd clouds to fierce encounter rush'd,
 Loud thunders bellow'd, and the lightning's flash
 Smote on the craggy cliff ; at sight whereof
 Conscious that now he press'd the fatal spot,
 Where late he commun'd with the Son of God,
 Who for the space of forty days and nights
 Foil'd ev'ry vain device, with shame abash'd
 And pondering in his mind his foul defeat,
 Down, down at once his flagging pinions fell
 Close cowering to his ribs : As some proud ship
 Between the tropics o'er th' Atlantic wave
 Speeding amain to reach her destin'd port,
 If chance th' experienc'd mariner espies
 The gathering hurricane, no stay, no stop,
 Quick to the yard each swelling sail is furl'd,

90
 The

The curl'd waves whitening as the torrent drives,
 And soon her taunt and lofty topmast lower'd
 Strikes to the gale; so he his towering heighth,
 That to angelic stature now had swell'd,
 Shrunk into human size, nor other seem'd 95
 Than pilgrim squalid and with years and toil
 Bending decrepit, when from his full heart
 Words intermixt with groans thus forc'd their way.

Yes, hateful wilderneys, detested rocks,
 Whom I would curse, had Nature left one blade 100
 On your bare ribs, which cursing I might blast,
 Full well I know you; deep, too deep engrav'd
 On memory's tablet your rude horrors live.
 And you, officious lightnings, hide your fires!
 Come, Night, again; let central darkness shrowd 105
 Scenes, whose tormenting recollection stabs
 My unavenged soul. Can I forget
 This Son of Joseph? Son of God henceforth
 Of force I must confess him, for what less
 Than god-like constancy could have withstood 110
 Temptations great and terrible as mine?
 Something which man is not he needs must be,
 Virtue, that angels boast not, he must have,
 Else had my snares enclos'd him, else the world,
 Which then was mine to give, had been a bribe 115

Too glorious not to dazzle every eye
 But his, who made those glories what they are.
 Still I must doubt the Father's love sincere,
 Tho' loudly vouch'd by his own voice from heav'n :
 Is this a father's love, is this his care, 120
 Here to expose him to this desert wild
 Forty long sleepless nights and fasting days,
 No Angel guard about him, lost, forlorn,
 Abandon'd to the elements, to beasts
 More fierce than this loud storm ; nay, fiercer still, 125
 To me than all more terrible, to me,
 Foe of his life inveterate and avow'd ?
 Rare sample of God's love ! If here his CHRIST
 Encounter'd aught of danger ; and if none,
 What else could prompt him to this vain display 130
 Of voluntary penance, but the love
 Of flattery and a despicable wish
 To hear himself applauded ? In this spot,
 Beneath the jutting roof of this rude cliff,
 I first surpriz'd this wand'ring Son of God, 135
 This Savior of the world : Fainting he seem'd
 With thirst and hunger, pale as death his cheek,
 His hollow eyes deep sunk, and from his brow
 Big drops of sweat distill'd, as one o'erspent
 And sinking to the earth there to expire : 140

A ready

A ready tale he had for pity's ear,
A melancholy list of wants and woes ;
He had not tasted food, and fairly own'd
That Nature's cravings were intense ; when I,
Glad at the heart to find him thus besieg'd 145
With appetite so eager, stooping down,
From the dissever'd fragments, that here lie
About the base of this storm-beaten rock,
Chose out a few smooth stones, and tempting said,
If thou art hungry, eat ; convert these stones, 150
If thou art God's own Son, to bread, and eat !
But he not so beguil'd spurn'd them away,
And silenc'd me with text of holy writ :
A nobler appetite I next assail'd,
Ambition ; to the mountain's top we soar'd ; 155
I spread the kingdoms of the earth in fight,
Fit fight to whet the hunger of the mind ;
But mind and body he alike would starve,
Nor thank nor homage render back for food
Of my providing : One last hope remain'd ; 160
Methought there was a godly pride about him,
Which with right holy flattery I might win :
Upon the temple's topmost pinnacle
I plac'd this scorner of an earthly crown,
And bade him be a God ; Cast thyself down ; 165

Behold, quoth I, the Angels are on wing
 To bear thee up unhurt : With stern rebuke,
 Get thee behind me SATAN ! he replied ;
 Some power unseen control'd me, down I fell,
 Down from the giddy eminence I plung'd, 170
 And left him to his Angels, whilst their hymns
 And halelujahs echo'd through the air
 His triumphs and my second fall from heav'n.
 And now if dark despair shall reach this heart,
 Which of hell's tetrarchs can arraign their king, 175
 Or fix on me his share of public loss
 And overthrow sustain'd in this attack ?
 None, for none dare. If I, till now supreme,
 Great idol of the Gentile world, for whom
 So many groves, so many altars blaze ; 180
 If I, to whom by various names ador'd
 Thousands of temples rise, whilst one alone,
 One solitary pile on Sion's hill
 Echoes the praise of God, neglected else
 Of all ; if I, if SATAN must submit 185
 To CHRIST, revenge to patience, war to peace,
 And men must learn new maxims of forgiveness,
 Maxims I neither practise nor instil,
 Heroes and kings and conquerors, farewell !
 Greater is he who serves than he who reigns : 190

To

To suffer, to submit, to turn the cheek
 To the proud smiter, these are virtues now ;
 Hence with such virtues ! If these rules obtain,
 If this tame doctrine shall unman the world,
 Altars and groves and temples all must sink ; 195
 Olympus and its synod, every Grace
 And every Muse, all that the chissel wrought
 In Greece or Rome, shall moulder into dust,
 And CHRIST and Reason shall usurp the world.

He ceas'd, and now his swelling bosom heav'd 200
 With indignation like the labouring earth,
 Which subterranean vapors undermine,
 Pent in it's sulph'rous entrails : Up he sprung
 To that high mountain top whence he review'd
 The kingdoms of the earth, whilst at his side 205
 CHRIST's humble virtue stood, on other realms,
 Realms of immortal happiness, intent :
 Here, as a vulture, on the craggy peak
 Of Caucasus or Hæmus left to watch,
 Screams out his shrill alarm, at sound whereof 210
 The carrion troop, upon the wing for prey,
 Come flocking to the signal, SATAN thus
 Stood eminent, and call'd his dark compeers ;
 So loud he call'd, that to the farthest bounds

Of Pagan isle or continent was heard 215
His voice re-echoing thro' the vault of heav'n.

Heroes and demi-gods, Olympian powers,
Infernal princes of hell's dark abyfs,
Heav'n's exiles, spirits of air, water, fire,
Or whatsoever element confines 220
Your incorporeal effences, Oh hear !
Hear and asssemble ! 'tis your leader calls ;
It is your champion's voice, in happier hours
Heard and obey'd, now in extremest need
Be present and assist our great divan. 225

No more, for soon was heard the distant found
Of wings that beat the air ; from every point
Of the four winds the gathering swarm came on ;
From Crete, from Cyprus and the Ionian coast,
From Egypt, Afric and the Ausonian shores, 230
Gods of all names, dimensions and degrees.
Great was their sovereign's triumph to behold
This prompt obedience to his high command ;
For now descending on the desert heath
To martial music, the infernal host 235
In bands and columns, by their chiefs arrang'd,
Stood firm ; if ever gleam of joy might reach
Heart so accurs'd, the Arch-fiend had felt it here,

As

As with a monarch's eye he now review'd
His armies, covering all the fwarthy plain.

240

Come, Muse, and to your suppliant's eyes impart
One ray of that pure light, which late you pour'd
On the dark orbs of your immortal Bard *H*

H Milton

Eclips'd by drop serene : Conduct me now,
Me from my better days of bold emprise

245

Far in decline, and with the hoary hand
Of Time hard stricken, yet adventuring forth

O'er Nature's limits into worlds unseen,
Peopled with shadowy forms and phantoms dire :

Oh ! bear me on your pinions in this void,

250

Where weary foot ne'er rested ; and behold !

All hell bursts forth : Support me, or I sink.

Now glimm'ring twilight streak'd the Eastern sky,

For he, that on his forehead brings the morn,

Star-crowned PHOSPHORUS had heard the call,

255

And with the foremost stood. Beside him one

Of towering stature and majestic port,

Himself a host ; his black and curling locks

Down his herculean shoulders copious flow'd ;

In glittering brass upon his shield he bore

260

A kingly eagle, ensign of command,

BAAL his name, second to none in state

Save only his great chieftain ; worshipp'd long

In

In Babylon, till Daniel drove him thence
 With all his gluttonous priests ; exalted since 265
 High above all the idol gods of Greece,
 Thron'd on Olympus, and his impious hand
 Arm'd with the thunder ; yet he ru'd the zeal
 Of furious Jehu, and that mournful day,
 When he beheld his altars stream with blood, 270
 His prophets and his priests by hundreds slain
 Upon Mount Carmel. MOLOCH in the van,
 Mail'd at all points for war, with spear and helm
 And plumed crest and garments roll'd in blood,
 Flam'd like a meteor : Him with horrid joy 275
 SATAN awhile survey'd, then sighing cried,
 Oh ! worthy of command, had all like thee
 So bravely fought, heav'n never had been lost.
 Thence as he glanc'd his eye, far other form
 And much unfit for war he next espied, 280
 CHEMOS, the sin of Moab ; power obscene,
 Emasculate and soft, in loose attire
 A sensual deity ; his glory 'twas
 In arts of base seduction to excel,
 And leagu'd with harlots to have turn'd the heart 285
 Of that wise king, and drawn him from his God
 To bend his aged knees at idol shrines.
 Close at his side stood one, in whose soft eyes

Ensnaring smiles and beauteous ruin lurk'd ;
Oh ! that such grace should be allied to sin ; 290
Zidonian goddess, ASHTORETH her name ;
Heav'n would not quite destroy so fair a work,
But wantonness usurp'd an angel face,
And with her innocence had chang'd her sex :
Yet let that sex beware, for in their souls, 295
When once she enters, peace no longer dwells ;
Witness that Magdalen, whose frantic breast,
Till by CHRIST's mercy heal'd, sev'n dæmons rent,
All sin-begotten, all her brood accurst.
But SATAN, whose stern heart, stranger to love, 300
All weakness tho' in shape of sin disdain'd,
And only priz'd spirits more like himself,
Indignant turn'd aside, and bent his eye
Where DAGON, giant god, amidst the ranks,
Like Teneriff or Ætna, proudly tower'd : 305
DAGON of Gath and Askalon the boast
In that sad flight, when on Gilboa's mount
The shield of Saul was vilely thrown away,
And Israel's beauty perish'd : Him awhile
With scowling eye the infernal king survey'd, 310
Then taunting cried, O DAGON, vast in size,
In foul diminutive, had that huge mass
Valour proportionate, heav'n had been our's ;

But

But fitter thou, dull spirit, to people hell
 Than re-affault God's throne : Where was thy pride, 315
 When overthrown in Gaza by the strength
 Of that uxorious Danite ? Humbled now
 I know thy nightly haunts, and how thou driv'st
 Wretches posselt to hide themselves in tombs,
 Whence I beheld thee 'midst the herd unclean 320
 Scour down the steep and plunge into the sea.
 But now a fairer form arrests the eye
 Of hell's despotic lord ; his radiant vest
 Of Tyrian purple, studded thick with gems,
 Flow'd graceful : He for courts was form'd, for feasts, 325
 For ladies chambers and for amorous sports ;
 He lov'd not camps nor the rude toils of war ;
 BELIAL his name ; around his temples twin'd
 A wreath of roses, and, where'er he pass'd,
 His garments fann'd a breeze of rich perfume : 330
 No ear had he for the shrill-toned trump,
 Him the soft warble of the Lydian flute
 Delighted rather, the love-soothing harp,
 Sappho's loose song and the Aonian Maids
 And zoneless Graces floating in the dance ; 335
 Yet from his lips sweet eloquence distill'd,
 As honey from the bee, but still his voice
 Ne'er counsell'd aught but cunning and deceit,

Mean

Mean truce and base capitulating terms ;
 Therefore by SATAN held in flight account, 340
 For devils affect a dignity in sin.
 Laft in the field, and from the reft apart,
 Was MAMMON; cautious was his ftep and flow,
 His eye ftill watchful to prevent furprize,
 Squalid his vefture and his locks uncomb'd ; 345
 For gain and ufury engrofs'd his foul,
 Nor other care had he but to amafs
 Wealth unenjoy'd, and gloat upon his hoard :
 Had there been only happinefs in heav'n
 And gold in hell, MAMMON had fpuen'd the blifs, 350
 And hugg'd the treasure cheaply earn'd with pain.

His princes thus review'd, from the hill top
 SATAN fwift-glancing flew, and in the midft
 Rose like a meteor ; whereat all the hoft
 Sent up a general fhout : he with his hand 355
 Gave fign, and wheel'd the Stygian phalanx round,
 Horrible fight ! A theatre of fiends,
 And each the foe of man ; idols and imps,
 Wizzards, familiars, fprites, phantafmas, dreams,
 Sorrows and pains and deaths in every fhape 360
 Cover'd the blafted heath : Th' infernal king,
 Tho' in his heart, by mutinous paffions torn,
 Thought clafh'd with thought, and all was anarchy,

Yet with assum'd compofure beck'ning forth
 His princes, whilst th' inferior throng flood off, 365
 And mute attention reign'd, in few thus fpake :

Friends and confederates, welcome ! for this proof
 Of your affiance, thanks ! On every call,
 Whether we need your counfel or your arms,
 Joyful I fee your ready zeal displays 370
 Virtues, which hell itfelf cannot corrupt.

I mean not to declame : The occafion told
 Speaks its own import, and the time's difpatch
 All wafte of words forbids. God's Son on earth,
 CHRIST, the reveal'd Meffias, how to oppofe 375
 Is now the queftion ; by what force, or power—
 Temptations have been tried, I name not them—
 Or dark confpiracy, we may pull down
 This fun of righteoufnefs from his bright fphere
 Declare, who can : I pause for a reply. 380

Silence enfu'd, whilst every eye was turn'd
 Inftinctively on BAAL ; he of all
 Hell's magi fill'd the feat of wifdom chief :
 Experienc'd long in craft, and nothing apt
 To give ftrait counfel, flow of fpeech he was ; 385
 To hint, propound, dilate, and fo entice
 Other opinions forth, them to refute,

And

And thereon build his own, was all his art.
 After long pause and hesitation feign'd,
 Stale trick of orators, he thus began : 390

Why thus on me, as I were worthy, me,
 Loft being like yourselves, as I alone
 Cou'd compass this high argument, on me,
 Least in your sapient conclave, why you point
 These scrutinizing looks, I muse ; and aw'd 395
 By this your expectation fain wou'd shrink
 From the great task to silence, had you not
 O'er these poor faculties such full controul,
 As to put by all pleas, and call them forth
 In heav'n or earth, or hell's profound abyfs, 400
 Your's in all uses, present at all hours.

Our kingly chief hath told us we are met
 To combat CHRIST on earth : Be't so ! We yet
 May try our fortune in another field ;
 Worfe fortune than in heav'n befell our arms, 405
 Worfe downfall than to hell, we cannot prove.
 But with the scene our action too must change :
 How ? to what warfare ? Circumvention, fraud,
 Seduction ; these are earthly weapons, these
 As man to man opposes, so must we 410
 To CHRIST incarnate. There be some, who cry,
 Hence with such dastard arts ! War, open war !

I honor such bold counsellors, and yield
 All that I can, my praise; till one be found,
 One that may rival God's own Son in power, 415
 And miracle to miracle oppose,
 More than my praise I cannot, my assent
 I will not give; 'twere madness: And how war
 With God? what arms may we employ 'gainst him,
 Whose very prophets can call down heaven's fires 420
 Upon our priests and altars? For myself,
 What powers I had I shall not soon forget;
 What I have left I know, and for your use
 Shall husband as I may, not vainly risque
 Where they must surely fail. The Jews pretend 425
 That CHRIST colludes with Belzebub; the Jews
 As far mistake my nature as my name:
 The fallacy, O peers, confutes itself,
 Forg'd to disparage CHRIST, not honor me:
 Oh! that I had his wonder-working powers; 430
 I'm not that fool to turn them on myself:
 No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to lose;
 Though Babylon's proud shrines are laid in dust,
 Rome's capitol survives, and thro' the world
 Where'er her eagles fly, upon their wings 435
 They bear my thunder and they spread my fame:
 Therefore no more of Belzebub and CHRIST;

No

No league, no compact can we hold together.
 What then enfues ? Despair ? Perish the thought !
 The brave renounce it, and the wise prevent ; 440
 You are both wise and brave. Our leader says
 Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,
 Himself the tempter. Who will tread that ground,
 Where he was foil'd ? For Adam a mere toy,
 An apple serv'd ; CHRIST is not brib'd by worlds : 445
 So much the second Man exceeds the first
 In strength and glory. But tho' CHRIST himself
 Will not be tempted, those who hear him may :
 Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,
 To murder ; a rebellious race of old, 450
 To kill a prophet or betray his God
 What Jew was ever found to need the spur ?
 Wist ye not what a train this preacher hath,
 What followers, what disciples ? These are men,
 Mere men, frail sons of Adam, born in sin. 455
 Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts.

He ceas'd, but neither murmur nor applause
 Follow'd his speech, for MOLOCH, whose fell heart
 Ill stomach'd this tame counsel, least of all
 Taunts thinly cover'd under mask of praise, 460
 Sprung forth impetuous, and with scowling brow
 And accent acrimonious thus replied :

My

My thoughts it seems are known before I speak;
 War, open war is all my note : I rise
 To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart, 465
 Where honesty shou'd wear it, in my face ;
 That face from danger I did never hide,
 How then from him ? Nor am I by his praise
 More honor'd than by his dissenting voice :
 For whilst he counsels circumvention, fraud, 470
 Seduction,—if my memory wrongs his words
 I yield it to correction,—we stand off
 Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd
 When the great Tempter fail'd and in your ears
 Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the last 475
 Of plots and mean temptations ; mean I call them,
 For great names cannot sanctify mean deeds :
 SATAN himself knows I oppos'd the attempt,
 Appeal'd, protested ; my thrice-honor'd chief
 Knows it full well and blushes for th' event. 480
 And are we now caballing how to outwit
 A few poor harmless fishermen, for such
 Are CHRIST's disciples ; how to gull and cheat
 Their simple hearts of honesty ? Oh peers,
 For shame, if not for pity, leave them that, 485
 That beggar's virtue : And is this the theme,
 The mighty theme, which now employs the thoughts

Of your immortal synod? Shame, Oh shame!
 Princes, Dominions, Arch-angelic Thrones,
 Imperial Lords! these were your titles once, 490
 By these names ye were known above the stars,
 Shame not your antient dignities, nor sink
 Beneath the vilest of the sons of men,
 Whisperers, informers, spies. If CHRIST be God,
 Fight, as becometh you to fight, with God: 495
 If man, and sure his birth bespeaks no more,
 Why all this preparation, this consult,
 These mighty machinations and cabals?
 Off with your foe at once, dismiss him hence
 Where all his brother prophets have been sent; 500
 Where his precursor John is gone before,
 Whose voice still echoes thro' this wilderness:—
 "Repent ye, for God's kingdom is at hand!
 "Prepare ye the Lord's way!"—It is prepar'd;
 It leads to death, it marshals him the road 505
 To that oblivious bourne, whence none return:
 Herod yet lives; another royal feast,
 Another wanton dance, and he, for whom
 So many innocents were slain, shall fall.
 Once vanquish'd, are we therefore to despair? 510
 In heav'n unequal battle we provok'd;
 Tho' vast our host, the million was with God:

On

On earth enquire of all the nations round
 Whom they will serve, with one voice they reply,
 We are their gods; they feed us with their blood, 515
 Their sons and daughters they make pass through fire
 To do us grace; if their own flesh they give,
 Shall they with-hold to sacrifice a foe?
 Twelve tribes were all Jehovah had on earth,
 And ten are lost; of this small remnant few 520
 And wretched are the friends that league with Heav'n.
 And where is now CHRIST's promis'd reign on earth?
 When God's own servants rise against his Son,
 And those, to whom the promises were giv'n,
 Revolt from their Messias, can we wish 525
 Greater revenge? What need have we to tempt
 Them, who have hearts rebellious as our own,
 As prompt to malice, no less prone to vex
 God's righteous spirit? And let come what may,
 It comes not to our loss, rather our gain. 530
 Let God arise to vengeance; let him pour
 Destruction on his temple, whose proud heighth
 Our chief can witness, measur'd by his fall:
 Let him not leave one stone upon another,
 As his rash Son hath menac'd; let his wrath 535
 Thro' all the inhospitable earth disperse
 His scatter'd tribes; such ever be the fate

Of

Of all his worshippers ! May scorn, contempt,
 Derision be their lot, and may their God
 Never recall his curse ! Are we, O peers, 540
 To mourn for his Jerusalem ? Our joy
 Springs from confusion ; enmity 'twixt God
 And man is our best triumph : For myself,
 War is my harvest, then my altars blaze
 Brightest, when human victims feed the flame. 545

Breathless he paus'd, so rapid was the pulse
 Of his high-beating heart he stood as one
 Choak'd and convuls'd with rage ; when as he ceas'd,
 He smote his mailed habergeon so loud,
 Hell's armed legions heard, and shook their spears 550
 Betok'ning war : Frowning he look'd around,
 Whilst from his fiery eyes such terror glanc'd,
 It seem'd as if his pride meant to abash
 And silence all opposers : Yet not long
 His triumph, for now BELIAL from the ranks 555
 Graceful advanc'd, and as he put aside
 His purple robe in act to speak, the throng,
 Such was the dazzling beauty of his form,
 Fell back a space ; then stood all eyes and ears
 In expectation mute as death : Though hell 560
 Own'd not a spirit more false, sensual and base,
 Yet ever as he spake such action grac'd

His words, so musically soft they flow'd,
 Who most despis'd the pleader prais'd the speech :
 When thus with mild insinuating looks, 565
 Masking his rancorous heart, the Fiend began.

After so many peaceful ages past
 Since first emerging from hell's dark abyfs,
 Rous'd by our Arch-angelic Chief, we sprung
 Up to this middle region, and here seiz'd 570
 On this terrestrial globe, created first
 For man, our vassal now, where at full ease,
 Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,
 We reign and revel undisturb'd of Heav'n,
 If God, whose jealousy he sure ill brooks 575
 That this fair world should be so long possess'd
 Of us his exil'd angels, and his name
 Pent up in Palestine, should now arouse
 His slumb'ring wrath, and his best strength put forth
 To wrestle for lost empire, and our earth, 580
 As we in evil hour his heav'n, assail,
 Who of this mighty synod but must own
 The provocation warrants the retort ?
 If then the Maker of mankind hath cause
 To meditate their rescue, we no less 585
 Have cause to oppose th' attempt, and hold them fast
 To their allegiance in despite of Heav'n.

Much then we owe to our great Leader's care,
 Which, ever watchful o'er the public weal,
 Calls us to this full council, here to meet 590
 In grave consult how best we may repair
 Past disappointments, and repel the spite
 Of this new Champion, levell'd at our shrines.
 Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,
 And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what name, 595
 Nature and office to ascribe to CHRIST;
 In form the lowliest of the sons of men,
 In miracles omnipotent as God;
 Whose voice controuls the stoutest of our host,
 Bids the graves open and their dead come forth; 600
 Whose very touch is health; who with a glance
 Pervades each heart, absolves it or condemns;
 Whose virgin birth credulity scarce owns,
 And Nature disavows. Prais'd to all time,
 Immortal as himself be the renown 605
 Of that wise spirit, who shall devise the means
 By force or fraud to overthrow the power
 Of this mysterious foe, what shall I say?—
 Priest, Prophet, King, Messias, Son of God.
 Yet how God's unity, which well we know 610
 Endures no second, should adopt a Son
 And essence indivisible divide,

Baffles my weak conjecture : Let that pass !
 To such hard doctrines I subscribe no faith :
 I'll call him man inspir'd, and wait till death 615
 Gives sentence of mortality upon him.
 Meanwhile let circumspection on our part
 Fill all the anxious interim ; alarm
 Rome's jealousy, stir up the captious spleen
 Of the proud Pharisee, beset him round 620
 With snares to catch him, urge the envious priests,
 For envy still beneath the altar lurks,
 And note the man he trusts. MAMMON could tell,
 Though MAMMON boasts not of his own success,
 How few of human mould have yet withstood 625
 His glittering, golden lures. The sword can kill
 Man's body, gold destroys his very soul :
 Yet mark me well, I counsel not to tempt
 The Master ; poverty can do no more
 Than his own mortifying penance does, 630
 Hunger and thirst and obstinately starve,
 When his mere wish could make the rock a spring
 And its hard fragments bread : Yet sure I am
 All are not CHRIST's in heart, who with their lips
 Confess him ; these are men, and therefore frail, 635
 Frail and corruptible : And let none say,
 Fear prompts this counsel ; I disclaim all fear

But

But for the general cause : In every heart
 Nature hath built my altar ; every sect,
 Nation and language with one voice confess 640
 Pleasure the sovereign good : The Stoic churl,
 The dogged Cynic snarling in his tub,
 And all the ragged moralizing crew
 Are hypocrites ; philosophy itself
 Is but my votary beneath a cloak : 645
 It harms not me, though every idol God
 Were tumbled from his base ; alike I scorn
 Sampson's strong nerve and Daniel's flaming zeal :
 And let CHRIST preach his mortifying rules,
 Let him go forth through all the Gentile world, 650
 And on the ruin of our fanes erect
 His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,
 Still, still man's heart will draw the secret sigh
 For pleasures unenjoy'd ; the gloomy cell
 And melancholy fast, the midnight prayer 655
 And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp
 Are penances, from which the sense revolts,
 Fines, that compounding superstition pays
 For pleasures past, or bribes for more to come.

Enough of this vain boast, here SATAN cried ; 660
 More than enough of these voluptuous strains,
 Which, tho' they lull the ear, disarm the soul

OF

Of its best attribute : Not gaudy flowers
 Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed ;
 True wisdom, ever frugal of her speech, 665
 Gives sage advice in plain and homely words.
 The sum of all our reasoning ends in this,
 That nothing but the death of CHRIST can solve
 The mystery of his nature ; till he falls
 Scarce can I say we stand : All voices then, 670
 Though varying in the means, conspire his death ;
 Some cautiously as BAAL ; some with zeal
 Precipitate as MOLOCH, whose swift thought
 Vaults over all impediments to seize
 The goal of his ambition. But, O peers, 675
 Our's is no trivial care ; direct your fight
 Along the ranks of that redeemed host ;
 On us hangs all their safety : Night and day
 My anxious thoughts are labouring in their cause,
 And whilst CHRIST walks the earth I take no rest, 680
 A watchful spy for ever at his side,
 Noting each word and deed ; sometimes I mix
 With the selected Twelve that page his steps ;
 Of these, though some have waver'd, none is false
 Save one alone, ISCARIOT he by name ; 685
 The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart ;
 I've mark'd him for my own. Hear, princes, hear !

This

This night the priests and elders will convene
 Their secret conclave : I am in their hearts ;
 Burning with envy, malice and revenge, 690
 Their only thought is how to tangle CHRIST,
 In whom of force I own no guile is found,
 But gentleness instead and perfect truth,
 A lamb in nature without spot and pure,
 Fit victim therefore for their Paschal rites, 695
 Which now are near at hand ; apt is the hour,
 Apt are the instruments. What now remains
 But to send forth a tempter to persuade
 ISCARIOT to betray his Master's life,
 And damn himself for gold ? Speak, is there one, 700
 One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes
 Point out for this emprise ? Most sure there is ;
 BELIAL hath well predicted of our choice :
 MAMMON, stand forth ! On thee th' election lights.

He spake, and all approv'd, for choice so fit 705
 None could oppose ; when MAMMON thus replied.

Prince of this world ! To whom these armies owe,
 Lost but for thee in everlasting night,
 The glorious prospect of yon rising sun,
 'Tis not to evade the labor, but prevent 710
 The failure of your hopes, that I beseech
 Your wisdom to correct it's choice, and lodge

This

This arduous embass'y in abler hands :
 Nathless if such your will, and my compeers
 Adjudge me to this service, I submit : 715
 In me is no repugnance, no delay ;
 For ever what these toiling hands could do,
 Or patient thoughts devise, that I have done ;
 Whether in heav'n ordain'd to undermine
 God's adamantine throne, or doom'd to dig 720
 The solid sulphur of hell's burning foil,
 Fearless I wrought, and, were there no tongues else
 To vouch my services, these scars would speak.
 How many daintier spirits do I see
 Fair as in heav'n and in fresh bloom of youth, 725
 Whilst I, with shrivel'd sinews cramp'd and scorch'd
 'Midst pestilential damps and fiery blasts,
 Drag as you see a miserable load,
 Age-struck without the last resource of death :
 This for myself, no more. You're not to know 730
 The snares which I employ are golden snares ;
 These are my arts, and like the crafty slave,
 Who in Rome's Circus hurls the fatal net
 Over his fierce pursuer, so oft times
 Have I entangled the proud hearts of men, 735
 And made their courage stoop to shameful bribes,
 Paid for dishonest deeds, perjuries and plots,

That

That draw them off from God, who else had fill'd
 His courts ere now with guests and peopled heav'n.
 These weapons and these hands you still command ; 740
 So dear I hold the general cause at heart,
 So disciplin'd am I in duty's school,
 That reckless of all hazard I present
 Myself your servant, or, if so fate wills,
 Your sacrifice ; for though from mortal man 745
 Discomfiture I dread not, yet if CHRIST,
 Whom the great Tempter foil'd not, shall stand forth
 The champion of his follower, witness for me,
 You my brave peers and this angelic host,
 I fought not this bold heighth, whence if I fall, 750
 I do but fall where SATAN could not stand.

Go then, exclaim'd th' Arch-Enemy of man,
 Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls :
 Auspicious thoughts engender in my breast,
 And now prophetic visions burst upon me : 755
 I see the traitor JUDAS with a band
 Of midnight ruffians seize his peaceful Lord :
 They drag him to the bar, accuse, condemn ;
 He bleeds, he dies ! Darkness involves the rest.
 Ascend the air, brave spirit, and 'midst the shout 760
 Of grateful myriads wing thy course to fame.

He said, and pointing to the sacred towers
Of God's high temple, wav'd his sceptred hand,
Whereat the infernal armies gave a shout
That shook the rocky desert to its base : 765
Meanwhile the fiend, ambassador of hell,
Exulting heard his high election crown'd
With these applauding voices, and the call
Of his great Chieftain echo'd to the skies :
Pride swell'd his conscious breast ; no longer now 770
Crouching with age and pain, but nerv'd anew,
As with a spell transform'd, erect he stood
With towering stature tallest of the throng,
And looks of high supremacy and state.
And now from either shoulder he unfurl'd 775
His wide-stretch'd pinions, and uprising swift
Tower'd in mid-air ; the host with loud acclaim
Hail'd his ascent ; he on the well-pois'd wing
Hover'd awhile, till from his cloudy heighth
Sweeping the wide horizon he descried 780
Far in the west the holy city, of God,
His destin'd port, then to the orient fun
Turn'd his broad vans, and plied their utmost speed.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK TWO OF THE TRIUMPH OF

CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Mammon, alighting on the Holy Mount, assumes the form and character of a Levite, and under that appearance goes in search of Judas Iscariot. He meets that disciple most opportunely for his purpose in a solitary place, and entering into conversation with him, pretends a commission from the priests and elders for engaging him in their service with the promise of a reward, and urges many insidious arguments for detaching him from his Master : They separate with a promise on the part of Judas to report his final answer to the priests that evening. Christ is now brought to view sitting in the midst of his disciples at his Last Supper: He addresses them in those solemn and affecting terms recorded in the Gospel of Saint John, washes their feet, foretells his death, and points out to them his betrayer in the person of Judas then present : The traitor, perceiving himself discovered, hastily departs. Christ, pitying the affliction of his disciples, tenderly consoles them with the promise of his support under their future tribulations, and concludes with an awful invocation to the Father in their behalf: whereupon, warning them that his hour is come, he goes forth to the garden. A reflection, naturally springing from the subject, addressed to unbelievers, closes the book.

C A L V A R Y.

B O O K II.

THE LAST SUPPER.

NOW on the consecrated Mount of God
 MAMMON, invifible to mortal eye,
 Stooping the wing from his aerial heighth
 With feet unhallow'd lands ; a direful peft,
 Fartheft from heav'n of all that outcaft crew,
 Who fell from blifs ; fit meffenger was he,
 And fatal was their choice, who fent him forth
 To work corruption's purpofe in man's heart ;
 For in his pow'r excelling he can take
 The femblance of each virtue, shift each form,
 And turn and turn new faces on the world,
 Till he hath fnar'd a foul ; then he appears
 In nature as he is, loathfome, obfcene,
 Rapacious as thofe filthy-monfters feign'd
 By fabling poets of amphibious breed,
 Harpies,

Harpies, of earth and ocean the foul spawn,
 Half brute, half human, with cadaverous face
 Horribly pale, and hollow hungry eye,
 Glaring aghast, with wings outstretch'd to chace
 And talons crook'd to pounce their mangled prey. 20
 And now by dev'lish spell transform'd he seems
 A reverend Levite, bearded to the waist ;
 Hypocrisy ne'er wore a graver mask :
 And still with wolf-like watch he prowls around,
 If haply in those haunts he might surprize 25
 Occasion to put forth his damning arts,
 And from the flock of their good Shepherd cull
 One tainted straggler, one, whose fordid soul
 Avarice might tempt to take the price of blood,
 And sacrifice the Son of God for gold : 30
 Of CHRIST no care had he, but to elude
 His vigilance, which still was all his dread ;
 Nor of the Twelve, save JUDAS, was there one
 Whom to assail ; on him alone, on him,
 Son of perdition, rested all the hopes 35
 Of SATAN and his legions. Now the fiend
 With ineffectual search had coasted all
 The sacred region round, and in the shade
 Beneath the temple porch awhile-repos'd,
 List'ning the converse of the idle crowd, 40

The

The sun then high at noon ; and much they talk'd
 Of CHRIST and his great miracles, of some
 Elias deem'd, of some the Baptist John
 Ris'n from the dead, but by all tongues confest
 A prophet mighty both in word and deed : 45
 Silent the whilst in secret musings wrapt
 The wizard spirit stood, when all at once
 Loud voices strike his ear, and strait comes one
 Leaping and bounding 'midst the shouting throng,
 A cripple new restor'd ; the very bed, 50
 Which from his birth the palsied wretch had press'd,
 Now in it's turn was carried, and to all
 Triumphantly expos'd : Behold, he cried,
 The token of my cure ; I am the man
 Whom ye all knew, and this the doleful bed, 55
 On which, fast bound in misery and pain,
 Helpless before your charitable gates
 I laid and begg'd for pity and relief :
 Lo ! I am free ! Mark how these new-found limbs
 Nimble the health-restoring voice obey ! 60
 CHRIST gave the word ; he spake and I am whole.

This whilst he heard, conviction smote the fiend ;
 His conscious heart a sudden tremor seiz'd
 And off he flunk abash'd : A winding path
 Led down the mount, and here as he pursued 65

In gloomy thought his solitary way,
 Behold by happy chance the man he fought,
 ISCARIOT and alone : Joy flush'd the cheek
 Of the incarnate dæmon, thus to find
 His labour in auspicious moment crown'd. 70

Hail, son of Simon ! peace be to thee, friend !
 Fairly encounter'd art thou in good hour,
 The priest-like Tempter cried ; thy worth is known
 To all our Levites, from whose tribe I come
 With friendly greeting charg'd : This night they meet 75
 In special conclave ; our chief pontiff there
 Will in the holy convocation move
 Points of high import to our antient law,
 Questions it much importeth thee to hear,
 And well accepted shalt thou be of all, 80
 Who with large recompence and honors due
 Will greet thee so complying : I have said.

Grave Sir, I know thee not, JUDAS replied ;
 Yet for thy greeting thanks, and peace for peace,
 As holy men becomes. To him the fiend. 85

Unknown I well may be, who night and day
 Serving God's altar rarely stir abroad,
 And little commerce hold with this great world ;
 But thee I know one of that Teacher's train,
 Who walks at large, nor shuns the haunts impure 90

Of

Of finners and of publicans : Alas !
 That one of thy wife bearing should be seen
 In such base fellowship, paging his steps,
 Calling him Lord and Master, whom the world
 In mere derision suffers to grow up 95
 To full-blown vanity, at once to crush.
 But good report is pregnant with thy name,
 As one exempted from the general scorn ;
 And sure I am thou wilt not so abase
 And lower thy nobler thoughts to one so mean, 100
 Vile and mechanic ; to the driv'ling crew
 Of children and of women leave that task,
 To Peter and his brethren of the net :
 Fine reas'ning we shall have, and well be school'd,
 When fishermen turn preachers and instill 105
 Doctrines and laws, which Moses never taught.
 Woe to our scribes ! Rare mockery of the world
 And the world's wisdom, if these simple folk,
 Lur'd from their daily drudgery, should set up
 Fishers of men ; the synagogue, to them 110
 A barren element, will never yield
 Such gainful earnings as the sea affords.
 And what is CHRIST, that JUDAS so should court
 His starving service ? What so tempting lure
 Hath this deceiver to beguile thy hopes ? 115

Not of this world my kingdom, he hath said ;

Yet of this world are we, in this alone

We live and move, here only we expect

Or pain or pleasure, all that lies beyond

In the unknown abyfs is dark as death.

120

And wherefore carriest thou that bag about ?

A beggar needs no treasurer, and thy Lord

Feeds but by miracle : Alas for him,

Who serves a master, that keeps Sabbath fasts

Forty long days in the bare wilderness,

125

Makes poverty his passport into heav'n,

And bids us throw away life's present means

For doubtful chance of interest after life !

And art thou of all reason so bereft

As to account prosperity a crime,

130

Or think none blest but him, whose every step

Through misery's thorny path is mark'd with blood ?

O son of Simon, take thy last resolve ;

Either resign thy body to the worm,

And die with CHRIST, or him renounce, and live

135

Rich, honor'd, prosperous, and enjoy the world.

The Fiend now paus'd, well pleas'd that he had gain'd

Audience so large ; when JUDAS, in whose soul

The pois'nous instillation 'gan to work,

Thus to corruption's advocate replied.

140

That

That CHRIST, rejected and despis'd of men,
 Hath in this world no part I freely grant ;
 Therefore if we his followers, who renounce
 Things present, build our hopes upon a dream
 Of what shall never come, we are of all 145
 Most miserable ; if we, who bid farewell
 To all that Nature holds most dear to share
 Sorrows and pains and poverty with CHRIST,
 Find not those blisful mansions in the heav'n
 Which he hath promis'd ; if, when all is past 150
 And this sad scene concludes, no reck'ning comes,
 No grateful compensation after death,
 Hard is our fate, and much hath he abus'd
 Our weak credulity ; but still these hopes
 Of an expected glory, though with doubt 155
 And darkness clouded, faint yet not extinct,
 Yield not to words ; words made them what they are,
 CHRIST's words, and surely man ne'er spake like him ;
 Wherefore if these your doctors of the law
 Invite me to their conclave but to hear 160
 A railing accusation, I hold off
 From their assembly, and to CHRIST adhere,
 As to the better reas'ner ; and though poor
 The servant, equal is the Master's lot,
 Poor as the poorest, houseless and forlorn, 165

A man of sorrows ; nor can we complain,
 Whilst he of all we suffer still partakes,
 First in all labours, penances and pains.
 You ask, and bid me take my last resolve,

If I will give this body to the worm 170

And die with CHRIST : To die is Nature's dread ;
 Instinctively she loaths the gloomy grave,
 And turns a longing eye to light and life ;

But fortune gives to all things their degrees ;
 To them, who bask in sunshine thro' the day, 175

Night comes with double sadness, whilst to me,
 Who toil from morn to noon, from noon to eve,

Yet nothing but a dim horizon see
 Low'ring in clouds, darkness is nothing strange,

Nor death a terror : Wealth presents no dower 180

To wed me to the world ; no pleasures cling
 Around my heart ; no soft affections woo

My longer stay on earth, there to prefer
 Brief joys possess'd to hope of future blifs.

Thus whilst he 'plain'd the subtle Tempter's ear 185

Caught the soft murmur that betrays the soul,
 The sigh capitulating virtue breathes,

When from her last defences she retreats ;
 Whereat a bolder tone he now assum'd,

And thus the wav'ring false disciple plied. 190

All

All joys that gold can purchase wait your choice ;
 Rich to your heart's ambition you shall be,
 Nor only rich, but rescued from a doom
 So dreadful, had you all the wealth in store,
 Which the sea covers or the earth contains, 195
 'Twere well bestow'd to purchase your redemption.
 With CHRIST impending death, with me you meet
 Life with encircling pleasures. Throw aside
 That beggar's purse, your starving office spurn ;
 Serve God's high priest, whose treasury is full ; 200
 Cast those few mites away, the scanty dole
 Of some contaminating leper's hand,
 For which you bid God heal him and pass on ;
 Whilst he, good cred'lous soul, cries out amain,
 As powerful fancy works, Lo ! I am clean ; 205
 Behold a miracle ! But gold performs
 Greater and happier miracles than this :
 Gold with a touch can heal the mind's disease,
 Quicken the flow-pac'd blood, and make it dance
 In tides of rapture through each thrilling vein ; 210
 Cast out that worst of dæmons, poverty,
 And with a spell exorcise the sad heart,
 Haunted with spectres of despair and spleen.
 If then this prize can tempt thee, if thy soul
 Still thirsts for life, for riches, for repose, 215

If

If in thy breast there dwells that manly scorn,
 Which flighted merit feels, when envious pride
 Thrusts it aside to build th' unworthy up,
 Now, now assert it; from a Master turn,
 Who turns from thee, who before thee exalts 220
 Thy meaner brethren, Peter, James and John :
 On them his partial smile for ever beams,
 They have his love, his confidence, his heart ;
 Of them revolting he might well complain,
 Of thee he cannot; thine were just revenge : 225
 He is no traitor, who resents a wrong ;
 Who shares no confidence, can break no trust.
 Bid conscience then be still, let no weak qualms
 Damp thy reviving spirit ; but when night
 Wraps her dark curtain round this busy world, 230
 Come thou to CAIAPHAS ; there will be found
 Our priests and scribes in council to attain
 And bring to judgment this presumptuous man,
 Who boasts himself Messias Son of God.
 If thou, to whom his midnight haunts are known, 235
 His secret incantations and his spells,
 By which he does those feats that cheat our sight,
 Wilt to those guilty haunts conduct our guard,
 And render up his person to the law,
 Much praise and large reward shalt thou receive ; 240

If thou wilt not—But wherefore should I doubt ?
 I would persuade, not threaten : Know withal
 It is not thou, 'tis justice gives the blow ;
 The law will have its victim. Thinkest thou
 That we, to whom the custody is given 245
 Of God's prophetic oracles, ordain'd
 To guard his worship and expound his laws,
 Will let this innovating Teacher spurn
 Our holy order, mock our ancient rites,
 Prophane our Sabbaths, and himself exalt 250
 Co-equal with Jehovah, to confound
 His unity, and claim divided power ?
 No, let death arbitrate 'twixt him and us ;
 If he be very CHRIST, death shall not dare
 To aim his dart at immortality ; 255
 His incorruption shall defy the grave :
 If man, blaspheming man, he justly dies.
 Living or dying thus his fate dispells
 All mystery ; truth starts of force to light,
 And God is glorified in either case. 260

He ceas'd, and on the Traitor fix'd a look,
 Which, like the serpent's fascinating eye,
 Gaz'd motion's power away ; fullen he stood,
 As with a spell entranc'd ; the awful sense
 Of his great Master's virtue and the dread

265

Of

Of an hereafter terrible to thought,
 No longer serv'd to hold the wizard fiend
 And his fell arts at bay : The word of truth,
 Sown on the surface of his stony heart,
 Had perish'd without root ; religion's lamp, 270
 Faint and more faint as MAMMON's crafty breath
 Blew up the storm of passion, now expir'd
 In his benighted soul ; there rankling pride,
 Malicious envy, avarice and revenge,
 Leagu'd with hell's minister and uncontroul'd 275
 Their impious orgies held. At length the wretch,
 To calm deliberate treachery resign'd,
 With all th' unrighteous Mammon in his heart
 And vile prevarication on his lips,
 Thus with consent in dubious phrase implied 280
 The grand seducer of mankind dismiss'd.

Great is the peril of the attempt you urge,
 For great the power of him you would destroy :
 Therefore if I demand some pause for thought,
 Deem it not much. Your offers shall be weigh'd ; 285
 But now no more : Occasions call me hence ;
 This night the Master hath convok'd the Twelve
 To keep the sacred feast, ordain'd of God
 With bread unleaven'd and the Paschal lamb :
 Thither, tho' last and in his favor least, 290

I go,

I go, a cited guest : There whilst I sit
 Unnotic'd at his table's lowest foot,
 My meditations shall recall your words,
 And ponder them apart. Say to your priests,
 Those conservators of our ancient law, 295
 This night they may expect my last resolve.
 And now behold the length'ning shadow marks
 The ev'ning hour, that warns me hence : Farewell !

This said, their conf'rence ended, they embrace
 As friends, who plight their faith : Upon the touch, 300
 So quick th' infection ran, so dire the blight,
 The pois'nous ferment on the instant reach'd
 ISCARIOT'S tainted heart, and now he burnt
 With the fell lust of gold. Joy seiz'd the Fiend ;
 For well he knew how mortal to the soul 305
 That deadly aconite, the growth of hell.
 Oh ! wretch for ever lost, for ever curst,
 Whom Mammon thus embraces ! Who shall wake
 Thy conscience from its lethargy ? Who now
 Shall stop the courses of that baneful drug, 310
 And stem the swift destruction ? 'Tis too late :
 Better for thee hadst thou ne'er seen the light,
 Or lost it ere this fatal hour had birth.
 Thy doom is seal'd ; hell hath its hour of joy,
 Thou, traitor, an eternity of woe : 315

The meditation of thy heart shall hurl
Thee to perdition and thy Lord to death.

Now JUDAS down the mountain turn'd his steps ;
Not so the Tempter ; he from the high rock,
Exalted where he stood, his impious eye 320
Glanc'd o'er the city' of God full in his view
From East to West in moony crescent stretch'd.
Here yet JEHOVAH was ador'd, here reign'd ;
All else to SATAN and his idol gods
Thro' earth's wide range belong'd ; to their dire names 325
Each temple echo'd, every knee was bow'd :
How oft, ev'n here upon his holy hill,
Did Judah's kings with their polluted groves
Affront God's house, and pagan altars raise
To Chemos, Milcom, Ashtarothe and all 330
The host of heav'n within his sacred courts !
Witness that impious king, who pass'd his son
Through fire to Moloch, homicidal God,
Which rous'd th' Almighty's vengeance, and entail'd
Mournful captivity on all his race. 335
Hither, as to the delug'd world of old,
In promis'd time the dove of peace was sent ;
Upon this Ararat, his sacred mount,
He rested ; hence salvation dawn'd on man ;
Him to destroy the Tempter now aspir'd, 340

Secure of his new convert firmly leagu'd
 In his dire plot and to perdition feal'd :
 Nor rested on that mount the darkling Fiend,
 Nor further need had he of priestly garb,
 Than till he saw ISCARIOT join the train 345
 Of CHRIST and his disciples ; then at once
 To his own airy properties dissolv'd
 A spi'rit invifible, with eager fpeed
 To hell's affembled chiefs he wing'd his flight.
 The fun had funk beneath the Western hills, 350
 And now at ev'ning hour the Jews prepare
 To celebrate their Paffover, ordain'd
 T' eternize their deliv'rance, when God's wrath
 Smote ev'ry first-born male in Mizraim's coaft,
 Save where the blood of lamb piacular, 355
 Sprinkling the confecrated door, was found
 Of the deftroying angel : To this feaft,
 Prelufive of his own pure facrifice
 And type of his blood-fhedding, JESUS came :
 The guefts were prefent and the table fpread ; 360
 With loins begirt, as men upon the march,
 And ftaff in hand, they fnatch a hafty meal :
 This done, in penfive meditation rapt,
 The Savior, confcious of impending death,
 Sate in the midft ; to his all-prefent mind 365

The treason and the traitor stood confest.
Low'ring, abash'd and from the rest apart,
ISCARIOT at the table's lowest foot
Took post, where best he might escape that glance,
From whose intelligence no heart could hide 370
Its guilty meditations : All eyes else
Were center'd on the Savior's face divine,
Which with the brightness of the Godhead mix'd
Traces of human sorrow, and display'd
The workings of a mind, where mercy seem'd 375
Struggling to reconcile some mortal wrong
To pardon and forbearance : Such a look
Made silence sacred, every tongue was mute ;
Ev'n PETER's zeal forbore the vent of words,
Or spent itself in murmurs half suppress'd. 380
At length the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,
Where gentle resignation, tempering grief,
Beam'd grace ineffable on all around,
And with these words the awful silence broke.

Muse not if I am sad, nor stand aghast 385
As doubtful of my constancy ; these pangs
And more which I must suffer were foreseen ;
The hour now coming comes not by surprize,
It is the consummation of my charge,
And fills the measure of atonement up. 390

Shall

Shall I then say, Father, avert this hour,
 And save me from these agonies? Not so.
 With heart prepar'd to suffer and submit
 I meet my doom forewarn'd: Yet ere we part
 Take this last office from your Master's hands; 395
 And when you see me stoop to wash your feet,
 As soon as you shall, remember 'tis your Lord,
 Your dying Lord this legacy bequeaths,
 And edify by his humility.

This said, his seamless mantle he threw off, 400
 And girt his tunic close about his waist;
 And now with mute amazement they beheld
 The Son of God in servant-like attire
 Prepar'd to execute his menial task.
 All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice oppos'd; 405
 None dar'd to pray forbearance of the deed,
 Till he, whose heart was ever on his lips,
 PETER, in warm expostulation cried:

Lord, dost thou wash my feet, thy servant's feet,
 Mean as the dust he treads on? Never, Lord, 410
 Never shalt thou do that for one so vile,
 So all-unworthy: That be far from thee!
 Such homage ill becometh thee to pay,
 Me to receive.—To him the Lord replied:

PETER,

PETER, as yet thou know'st not what I do, 415
 Hereafter thou shalt know; therefore no more:
 Cease to oppose, for if I wash thee not,
 With me thou hast no part.—Struck to the soul
 With horror at the thought, his eager words,
 Wing'd with the flame of rhapsody, burst forth: 420

Oh! not my feet alone, my hands, my head,
 Wash me all o'er, and sanctify each part.

There needs not this, the meek REDEEMER cried,
 Enough is done; thus wash'd, though but in part,
 Thou shalt be clean throughout: Yet I'll not say 425
 Ye are all clean: Spite of the Shepherd's care
 The taint hath touch'd his flock. Alas! for him
 On whom the foul contamination lights;
 Woe to that wretch that ever he was born!
 And do ye need a comment to expound 430
 This lesson of humility and love?
 Ye call me Lord and Master; well ye say,
 For such in truth I am; if then your Lord
 Be meek and lowly, will not ye renounce
 Pride and contention? If the Master stoops 435
 To wash his feet who serves, shall ye do less
 To these your equal brethren? Learn of me,
 And each with other deal, as I with you:

Write

Write on your hearts my words ; the time draws nigh

When I shall speak no more with you on earth : 440

Ye have all heard ; how blest if ye obey !

I speak not of you all : Whilst here ye sit

In seeming fellowship around my board,

Sharing this social meal, my last on earth,

Doubt not but I can search into your breasts, 445

And see whose hearts are loyal, whose is false ;

And mark me well, I fall not by man's wiles,

Not unpredicted is the trait'rous act,

And well I know the wretch, whose faithless hand

Dips with me in the dish, shall soon be dy'd 450

With my devoted blood. Betray'd I am,

Deceiv'd I cannot be.—This when they heard,

Each with the other interchang'd a look

Of question and suspect ; speechless they star'd,

Confounded and aghast : As men drawn forth 455

For decimation tremble to unfold

The lot of life or death, so these in doubt

On whom the word of prophecy might light,

Curious yet fearful to enquire of CHRIST,

Search'd their own hearts in silence. All perceiv'd 460

Omniscience, which to God alone belongs,

Familiar with their thoughts, and every soul,

Save that dire wretch whom conscience inly smote,

Trembled left unpremeditated guilt
 Might be denounc'd upon him, or the sin 465
 Of one man, as of Korah, move the Lord
 With the whole congregation to be wroth.

But PETER, in whose ever-anxious mind
 These terrors undispell'd long could not dwell,
 To the belov'd Disciple, on the breast 470

Of CHRIST reclining, now gave sign to ask
 The fearful question, in what traitor's heart
 Plot so accurs'd could harbour. Thus besought,
 Though much his humble nature fear'd offence,
 In accent soft, with supplicating eye 475

Turn'd on the Master, the meek suitor said :
 Lord, shew thy true and faithful servants grace,
 And let us know the traitor.—He it is,
 JESUS replied, on whom I shall bestow
 This sop, when I have dipp'd it in my cup. 480

He said, and as he plung'd the morsel in,
 All eyes were fix'd upon the fatal work,
 Wond'ring on whom he would bestow the spell ;
 And soon with silent horror they beheld
 The saturated sop to JUDAS giv'n, 485
 Pledge of perdition ; he with greedy haste
 Devour'd it, by the fiend within him urg'd ;
 For MAMMON to the dark diyan had told

The

The joyful tidings, and had posted back
 Swift as the magic whirlwind conjur'd up 490
 By all hell's wizard imps could drive him on,
 And now fate nestling in the traitor's heart,
 Brooding his filthy spawn : Great was the joy
 Of the infernal tempter, thus to find
 That guardian Pow'r, whose providence he fear'd, 495
 By these symbolic elements withdrawn,
 And his apostate victim now cast out
 From the Lord's Supper, alien from God's grace,
 And foul-surrender'd to hell's gloomy realm.

Now, as the spell within him 'gan to work, 500
 The traitor's visage, like the troubled sea
 Uptorn and furrow'd with tempestuous winds,
 Shifted it's hues, now deadly pale, aghast
 And horror-struck, now fiery red, deform'd
 With hellish rage, and from man's semblance chang'd 505
 To very dæmon, terrible to fight.
 Oh ! what a fall from heav'n to deeper hell
 Than thought can fathom, horrors worse than heart
 Of man, unless abandon'd of his God,
 Can suffer or conceive ! Words do but fail 510
 To paint that unreveal'd abyss, those depths
 Of the immeasur'able profound, where groans,

Wailings and woes and tossings amidst fires
Unquenchable await the wretch condemn'd !

Meanwhile in cloudless majesty and mild

515

The Savior's face divine on all around
Effulgent beam'd ; about his temples shone
A radiant glory : This when JUDAS saw,
Whom now the spi'rit of darkness had possess'd,
And none such in the sphere of that pure light

520

Long could abide, he started from his couch
Prepar'd for flight, when thus in few the Lord—

Go then ! and what thou hast in hand to do,
Do quickly ; so depart !—The word of power,

Though gentle yet commanding, JUDAS heard,

525

And instantly the spirit took him thence ;

Nor could he not obey, for so rebuk'd

The prince of hell, SATAN himself, had fled.

The faithful remnant sat in mute suspense,

Pondering what this dismissal might import.

530

The Master with a glance discern'd their thoughts ;

He saw them in profound conjecture lost,

Humbled in heart and sad, their honor stain'd

By base defection, and their faith convuls'd :

When thus, at once to strengthen and console

335

Their wav'ring minds, these healing words he spake.

Let

Let not your heart be troubled : Ye believe
 In God, believe also in me his Son.
 Doubt not but in the compass of the heav'ns
 My Father will provide for all his Saints 540
 Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,
 Where spi'rits made perfect after death shall dwell,
 And rest from earthly toils : Thither I go
 To seal your sure election, and prepare
 For you my faithful servants an abode ; 545
 That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss
 With me your Lord, now dying for your sakes,
 Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live
 In heavenly communion undisturb'd.
 Lament not therefore if I now depart, 550
 Your provident precursor, for ye know
 Whither I go, and also know the way.

Lord, we are ignorant and dim-sighted men,
 THOMAS replied, we see not what thou see'st ;
 And as it stands not in our reach to guess 555
 Whither thou go'st, how should we know the way ?

I am the way, th' inspired Teacher cried,
 I am the Truth, the Life : None can approach
 The Father but by me ; me had ye known,
 This blindness had been done away, and now 560
 Behold Him present !—Where ? still doubting cried

One of th' astonish'd number ; Oh ! impart
That intellectual vision to discern
And see the Father ; set Him in our view
In form demonstrative ; we ask no more. 565

Say'st thou ? resum'd the Lord, and have I been
So long familiar yet so little known ?
Will not the works, O PHILIP, I have done,
Done in thy fight, instruct thee whence I am,
And what my power ? Doth there need light for this ? 570
'Midst the broad blaze of proofs that shines about thee
Can'st thou not see God's presence in his power ?
Of this mortality which ye behold,
This fleshly self, I speak not ; 'tis the Spirit,
The virtue of my Father, which is in me, 575
In act how visible, in voice how strong,
Clear and express ! And can you see and hear
And yet withhold belief ? Oh, slow of faith !
If words cannot persuade, let works convince :
If miracles, which only God can do, 580
Are done before your eyes, how say you then,
Shew us the Father ? Sanctify your hearts
From fear and terror ; though the hour comes on,
When to the silent mansions of the dead
From this impenitent world I must withdraw, 585
Mourn not, but let your grief be turn'd to joy ;

For

For as in me the Father, so in Him
 I live and move ; my Spirit, though unseen
 Still present, shall protect and hover o'er you.
 I will not leave you comfortless ; my name 590
 Shall be your tower of refuge ; with my peace
 Now dying I endow you ; of that peace
 The powers of this world never shall despoil you,
 And in my Name whatever ye shall ask
 Believing, ye shall have : By faith in me 595
 Ye shall command the elements, uplift
 The everlasting mountains by their roots,
 And whelm them in the centre of the sea :
 This in my Name potential ye shall do,
 And greater works than this : By faith in me 600
 Ye shall confront th' oppressor ; 'midst the shock
 Of tribulations and the angry scorn
 Of a malignant world, abhorr'd, despis'd,
 Thrust from their synagogues, ye shall possess
 Your souls in patience, glorying to endure 605
 Like tribulation with your martyr'd Lord.
 Despair not therefore, for before that day
 A Comforter shall come, whom I will send,
 And he shall teach you all things. When ye stand
 Before the judgment seat of impious men 610
 Friendless, accus'd, environ'd with a throng

Of

Of perjur'd witneffes athirft for blood,
 Your Guardian Spirit fhall provide a voice,
 Action and eloquence, and prompt your lips
 With untaught languages to found my Name 615
 With tongue miraculous through all the world.
 Wars then and rumors and portentous figns,
 Famine and earthquakes and difaftrous plagues
 Shall vex the nations ; prophets fhall arife
 With lying divinations to confound 620
 The weak, pervert the wavering and perplex
 The very Saints themfelves. Await the time ;
 Thefe are but harbingers of mightier woes ;
 The day of terror is but in it's dawn :
 The powers of earth and heav'n muft undergo 625
 Direful convulfion ; this majestic pile,
 This temple, fhall become fo mere a wreck,
 That not one ftone fhall reft upon another :
 Then fhall your hour of tribulation come ;
 Then to confefs my Name fhall be your crime 630
 By torture and by death to be aton'd :
 The tyrants of the world fhall then let loofe
 Their perfecuting rage, and great fhall be
 The falling-off of many ; rocks and caves
 Shall be your hiding-places, yet from thence 635
 Your found fhall echo to the fartheft ends

Of the redeemed earth ; from those dark cells
The beams of revelation shall break forth,
Maugre the pow'rs of hell ; and blest is he,
Whose faith unshaken shall abide the time, 640
Till the great end and consummation comes
My peace and my salvation to ensure.
Few are the moments now and passing swift,
Which thus conversing we have yet in hand.
Servants no more, henceforth I call you friends ; 645
Therefore, as friends and children, let your love
Each to the other knit your hearts together
In brotherly communion ; this command,
New to the world, I give you : Let good will,
And peace and concord harmonize your souls, 650
And mark you as the followers of him,
Whose every act was charity, whose life
Was spent and clos'd expiring for your sakes :
And stronger proof of love what man can give,
Than to yield up his body to the grave, 655
And die, as shortly I shall, for his friends ?
Time was that I have shadow'd out my speech
In proverbs and allusions ; time now is
To cast obscurity aside and shew
Th' unveiled glories of the Father to you. 660
Henceforward ye shall ask of Him and have ;

My

My Name for your petitions shall suffice ;
 My prayers ye need not, for the Father's love
 Without an intercessor shall protect
 Mine, as you love me, and prevent your wants. 665
 From Him I came into this world, to Him,
 This world now leaving, I again return.

This said, conviction smote their glowing hearts
 With faith, and hope's bright image new inspir'd,
 And scenes of future glory beaming on them : 670
 When thus with voices join'd in loud acclaim
 CHRIST in the Godhead manifest they hail'd.

Now, Lord, we hear and understand thy words,
 Plain words and not in parables involv'd :
 Now are we sure all knowledge is reveal'd, 675
 All pow'r committed to thee from above,
 And without further question we believe
 And henceforth know thou camest forth from God.

Do ye at length believe ? the Master cried ;
 Behold, the hour comes on, yea now is come, 680
 When your strong faith shall stagger at the scene
 Of these impending horrors, and shrink back
 Confounded and appall'd ; to the four winds,
 Wide as your fears can spread you, all shall fly,
 And leave me struggling with a storm of woes 685
 Unfriended and alone ; what did I say ?

Alone

Alone I cannot be, for in me dwells
 The Father ever present: Let this thought
 Arm you with constancy to meet the shock
 Of tribulation, and withstand the powers 690
 Of this brief world; for to your comfort know,
 I have o'ercome the world. This said, he paus'd,
 And fate, whilst all were hush'd, as one entranc'd,
 So fast the heav'nly vision pour'd upon him:
 Then with uplifted eyes and heaving breast, 695
 Full of his God, this solemn pray'r breath'd forth.

O Father! give thy glory to the Son,
 As he hath glorified thy Name on earth,
 And these, whom thou hast giv'n him, taught to know
 Thee, the true God alone, and JESUS CHRIST 700
 Thy messenger and advocate with thee
 For lost mankind. Father! To me restore
 That glory, which was mine before all time,
 Or e'er the world was made and man fell off
 From his obedience, now at length redeem'd 705
 From sin by my atonement, and made heir
 Of life eternal, purchas'd with my blood.
 The act of mediation is complete;
 Thy work is finish'd and thy Name gone forth
 To these of thine election: Thine they were, 710

To me thou gav'st them, and they have receiv'd
 And kept as faithful witnesses thy Word.
 For them I pray : The world, which now I leave,
 Hath no more part in me ; for them alone,
 Not for the world, I pray ; they must abide, 715
 I shall depart and be at peace with Thee.
 O holy Father ! keep them in thy Name
 Whole and entire, link'd in the bond of faith,
 Firm as I hold them. One alone is lost,
 Son of perdition ; him the prophets saw 720
 In their prospective visions, and foretold
 That so thy Son should suffer ; but for these,
 They are unstain'd, they stand not in the guilt
 And condemnation of that wretch accurst.
 I pray thee not to take them from the world, 725
 Through which I send them forth as shining lights
 To draw men's eyes and hearts, and guide their search
 To the bright source, whence thy salvation beams.
 These are my ministers, as I am thine :
 Oh ! sanctify them through thy truth ! For them, 730
 And all through them converted to thy word,
 Father ! I pray. Translate them in thy time
 From this unquiet world to that high state
 Of heav'nly bliss, where they may dwell with me

And see my glory : So shall they receive 735
 Thy love, through me transfus'd into their hearts,
 And rest from all their sorrows in thy peace.

So spake the Lord, and with these gracious words
 His faithful remnant cheer'd, for soft they fell
 As heav'n's blest dew upon the thirsty hills, 740
 And sweet the healing balm, which they distill'd
 On sorrow-wounded souls.—Now treach'rous eve
 Crept silent on, and threw her dusky veil
 O'er Nature's face, masking the deeds of men :
 The Savior rose, for in his conscious breast 745
 A warning voice had whisper'd, Up, arise,
 Go forth to death ! One solemn act remains,
 One sacrifice ; 'tis now God's wrath demands
 Atonement, a whole world's redemption now
 Hangs on the minute's point. Behold him then, 750
 A voluntary victim, leading forth
 His sad disciples to the fatal spot,
 Where treason lurk'd in ambush for his life,
 Where stood the prince of darkness and his pow'rs
 Arm'd with commission'd terrors to assail 755
 Him single, him forsaken, him oppos'd
 To myriads, whilst Heav'n's angels soar'd aloof
 Trembling spectators of th' unequal strife.
 Who now so comfortless as God's own Son?

His soul in woes unutterable whelm'd, 760
 All commerce with its native heav'n denied,
 Press'd down to earth; nor other strength had he,
 Than in his human nature might be found,
 To combat more than human agonies,
 Accumulated pangs, which all the sins 765
 Of all the world, from loss of Paradise
 By man's first fall to the last damning page
 Of heav'n's black register, had pil'd upon him,
 The mass of ages. Oh! what tongue can speak
 The love of our REDEEMER? And yet man, 770
 Ingrateful impious man, hourly reviles
 His Benefactor's name, affects the style
 Of sophistry and metaphysic pride
 To quibble with salvation, and renounce
 Those guides, that lead us by the hand to heav'n. 775
 This they call reason, this man's natural right
 To question his Creator, and in pride
 Of independant dignity reject
 Salvation, rather than consent to own
 God's privilege to save him by such means 780
 As to God's wisdom best and meekest seem'd.
 Such monsters doth this teeming earth produce:
 Impious audacity! which dares to say—
 I need no Mediator, I disclaim.

CHRIST and his offer'd peace ; 'twixt God and me 785

I want no advocate to plead my cause,

By my own rectitude I stand or fall :

The Evangelic Volumes I regard

As fabricated tales of juggling tricks,

Witness'd by none but partners in the craft : 790

Deep read in pagan story I confront

The sacred records with the silent page

Of those, who register no strange eclipse,

No noon-day darkness, not one friendly groan

Of sympathizing Nature to attest 795

CHRIST's dying hour.—Shut, shut the Book of Life

Go to the Jews, the Pagans, for thy creed,

Go to the dust, blasphemer ! In the ear

Of Death whisper thy doubts, and learn of him

Thy folly's confutation and thy doom 800

In those sad realms, to which he shall conduct

Thy trembling soul, when the Arch-angel's trump

Hath summon'd thee to judgment, and set ope

The grave, thy rashness deem'd for ever clos'd.

Of course, the *Journal* is not a journal in the traditional sense of the word. It is a journal in the sense that it is a record of the work of the *Journal* of the American Statistical Association.

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1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26

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CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Iscariot, having separated himself from Christ, wanders through the streets of the city in a disconsolate manner, and at length arrives at the brook Cedron without the gates. Here he breaks forth into soliloquy, in which, after reviewing his past situation, he affects to justify his present motives for betraying his Master to the priests. Christ and his disciples, proceeding to the Mount of Olives, are discovered by him as they are passing the brook in their way thither, and Judas resolves upon availing himself of the opportunity for delivering Christ into the hands of his enemies. In the mean time the priests and elders assemble in the palace of Caiaphas, and there hold a council upon the measures to be pursued for the apprehension of Christ: The high priest harangues the assembly to this immediate purport: In the interim Judas is announced, and being admitted makes his proposal to the council; this produces some observations on the part of Caiaphas, and is objected to by Nicodemus, who after delivering his opinion quits the assembly. Caiaphas then takes up the matter afresh, controverts the sentiments of Nicodemus, and with the approbation of all present closes with the proposals of Judas, and sends out a company with that traitorous disciple to the Mount of Olives, there to apprehend the person of Christ. The assembly breaks up, and the hall is no sooner evacuated by the priests and elders, than their seats are filled by Satan and his infernal spirits. Satan addresses to them a congratulatory speech on the success of Mammon's temptation, on whom he bestows many high encomiums; an ovation takes place in honor of that daemon, when Chemos appears wounded by the spear of Gabriel, whom he had encountered on the Mount of Olives, where he had been posted as a spy upon the motions of Christ and his disciples. Satan, enraged at the account, sallies forth with a resolution to revenge the attack by punishing the temerity of Gabriel, arms himself for the occasion, and after much proud vaunting of his superior prowess disappears, and the infernal spirits disperse.

C A L V A R Y.

B O O K III.

THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

DARK came the ev'ning on, and the pale moon,
 Now faintly glimm'ring through a wint'ry cloud,
 Shed her dim horrors o'er the shadowy earth;
 Whilst through the silent streets with step disturb'd,
 And heart by hellish meditations rent, 5
 The Outcast of the Lord pursued his way,
 ISCARIOT, name for evermore accurst.
 Onward he went unquestion'd, unobserv'd,
 For all upon this solemn night kept house,
 Nor stopp'd till forth the city gates he came 10
 To Cedron's brook, whose bubbling current laves
 The olive-crowned Mount, favor'd of CHRIST
 For its umbrageous groves and silent haunts,
 For pray'r and contemplation fit retreat.
 Here first, as one awaken'd to new thoughts, 15

Starting he check'd his step, and with a groan,
That rent his lab'ring bosom, thus broke forth.

Oh, my torn heart ! Oh, foul-tormenting scenes !
Can I forget the blisful hours I've pass'd
Beneath your shades lift'ning the Master's words ? 20
When as he spake of heav'n and heav'nly joys,
Of righteousness and the blest Spi'rits with God,
Such life in his description glow'd, methought
All Paradise was present to my view
And courted me to enter. Heav'n and earth ! 25
Must I remember ? Never man like him
Could with such magic eloquence entrance
The senses of his hearers, lift the soul
To heav'nly contemplations and transport
To thoughts beyond itself ; thence to look down 30
Upon this lower world and all it's cares,
It's pains, it's persecutions with contempt :
Sometimes envelop'd in mysterious schemes
And parables he couch'd the moral truth,
Which painted on the memory left it's tints 35
Indelible : But when with tongue inspir'd
The fall of nations he foretold, and drew
The curtain of futurity aside ;
When in the pomp of numbers he describ'd
Jerusalem beleaguer'd with a host 40

Of

Of Gentile foes and trodden down to dust,
Her matrons and her virgins whelm'd in blood,
Or dragg'd to violation, flame and bondage
By ruffian spoilers ; when his soaring flight,
Spurning the world's wide compass, scal'd the skies, 45
And there amidst the empyrean fields,
As in his proper region, shook the spheres
Of sun, moon, stars, as with a master's hand,
And shew'd them falling in prophetic awe
Of his own glorious coming in a cloud 50
With pow'r and state supernal, then our hearts
With sympathetic raptures burnt within us,
And we vain mortals saw, or thought we saw,
Our own vile bodies glorified to share
In his triumphant entry, and ourselves 55
To dignities and thrones and starry spheres
Exalted, loftiest in the realms of light.
But now these bright illusions are no more ;
Vanish'd these glitt'ring scenes, my claims on heav'n
All cancell'd, and my hopes a bankrupt's dream, 60
Mocking the haunted fancy with a pile
Of visionary wealth. Behold me sham'd,
Banish'd his board, detected, and my thoughts
Turn'd outward to provoke my brethren's scorn,
And blazon forth his prescience : Let that pass ! 65

Traitor pronounc'd, a traitor I will be;
 That prophecy at least shall be fulfill'd.
 Though master of my will I could refute
 And dash his bold prediction, yet my heart
 Ponders revenge more suited to it's wrongs, 70
 Greater than such slight triumph can bestow,
 And not less terrible than death itself.

This night, the last that he shall walk at large,
 This night shall be his triumph or his fall.
 If these grave elders, who conspire his death, 75
 These reverend priests revolt not from the deed,
 That casts on them, their function and their tribe
 The peril of his blood, why should my heart
 Shrink from it's purpose? What have I to fear
 In act subordinate, in cause supreme, 80
 Traitor prejudg'd, of uncommitted crimes
 Arraign'd, and thrown upon the world condemn'd?

More he had said, but, like a serpent coil'd,
 With sudden start he shrunk into himself,
 And list'ning held his breath to catch the sound. 85
 Of steps, that echoing o'er the flinty soil
 Bespoke a company in near approach :
 With these the Master's well-known voice he heard ;
 Whereat, like murd'rous Cain when call'd of God,
 The cowering conscious outcast slunk aside, 90

And

And wrapp'd his ruffet cloak about his head,
 Then darkling stood ; the holy troop meanwhile
 Forded the shallow brook and held their way
 Strait to the Olive Mount, their wonted haunt.
 Forth sprung the lurking caitiff from his watch : 95
 The greedy Mammon rush'd upon his heart,
 Glorying that now he held them in his net,
 Darknefs conspiring with occasions apt
 Of hour and place to make his vengeance fure.
 Remorse was dead within him, every sense 100
 Of virtue lost, yet in his coward breast
 Such languor, dread and cold repugnance dwelt,
 Scarce could the breath of hell's worst fiend suffice
 To blow it into flame : Now sudden rage
 Impell'd him onward, now with palsied fear 105
 Struck back, he reel'd and shook in ev'ry joint.
 This SATAN saw, and evermore at hand
 To drive the wav'ring sinner to his doom,
 Breath'd all his spi'rit upon him ; direr blast
 Cocytus never vented, the full tide 110
 Of aconite engender'd with his blood,
 His brain, set ev'ry fev'rish nerve in play,
 And screw'd his heated fancy to the pitch
 Of daring and defiance ; yet the wretch,
 Not less a traitor to himself than CHRIST, 115
 Or

Or e'er the acting of the dreadful deed
Thus strove by sophistry to gloss it o'er.

Why do I doubt? What horrors shake my mind?
Why should not my affronted honor stir
Me to betray, as their insulted law 120

Provokes our elders to destroy their foe?
For Moses they, I for myself oppose;
And where's the wrong, if he, who knows my heart
And all it's meditations, will not deign

To turn it from it's purpose, and divert 125

The danger he foreknows; nay rather helps
To lure the embryo treason into birth?

Either his own free will makes death it's choice,
And so becomes accomplice in the deed,
Or else, foredoom'd to die, he knows his hour, 130

And thus, not acting of ourselves but rul'd
By strong necessity, we stand absolv'd,
Mere guiltless tools and instruments of fate.

What then? Why let the Scriptures be fulfill'd,
Let prophecies, which are the voice of God, 135

Sound out his knell; we fight not against Heav'n.

Let CHRIST, if glory waits him in the grave,
Descend into the dust and seek it there:

If his soul covets to make league with death,
And dwell in consort with corruption's worm, 140

What time more apt for death than this dark hour,
 Image of death itself? And who so fit
 As God's high-priest, the temple's minister,
 To put life's intervening veil aside,
 And usher him to glory? I meanwhile, 145
 His humble harbinger, will go before
 T' announce his coming, and make clear the road
 That leads to death, the goal of his ambition.
 Yet how if all this tame indifference
 Be but a feint to draw the world about him, 150
 And then amaze them with some grand display
 Of wonder-working power? And who can tell
 How far his hand miraculous may stretch,
 Who from the tomb pluck'd forth the fest'ring corpse
 Of shrowded Lazarus, three days in earth, 155
 And bade him live again? Stupendous act!
 This we beheld and hail'd him Lord of Life;
 But still the unconverted Jews stood off,
 And deem'd us witnesses of flight account,
 Weak cred'lous men, first dup'd and thence become 160
 Affociates in imposture. What remains
 But instantly to put my thoughts in act,
 And yield him up to those, who in th' attempt
 Succeeding vindicate their disbelief,
 Failing abide the shame of their defeat? 165

In

In this or that opinion there must be
 A dangerous error ; to persist were fatal :
 This night dispells all doubt : If he be CHRIST,
 He lives confest and triumphs over death ;
 If man, he falls unpitied and abjur'd. 170

Thus for foul deeds pretending fair excuse,
 The caitiff wretch on trait'rous errand bent,
 Back through the city gates pursu'd his way,
 And to his nightly affignation hied.

Perch'd on the fummit of the sacred Mount, 175
 Should'ring God's temple, a proud palace stood :
 There dwelt the sovereign pontiff, and this night
 Held solemn convocation and consult,
 Not for God's glory, other cares had they,
 Cares nearer to their selfish hearts, concerns 180
 Heav'n had no part in, impious dire cabals
 How to prevent the day-spring from on high,
 Now by CHRIST's revelation and his acts
 Miraculous just dawning on the world,
 Aforetime wrapt in darknes black as death, 185
 Best veil for their hypocrisy and craft.

In their great hall of council, there in ranks,
 Precedencies and dignities dispos'd,
 Doctors and long-rob'd pharisees and scribes
 And bearded elders met ; senate, to whom 190

For

For machinations, plots and secret wiles
 Rome's purple conclave stoops. High over all
 On throne pontifical in robes of state,
 With sacred ephod girt of various hues,
 And breast-plate glitt'ring bright with mystic gems, 195
 Mitre-crown'd CAIAPHAS, the temple's chief,
 Exalted fate : The fanhedrim was full.
 All came, whom lust of power, or bigot zeal,
 Or enmity to CHRIST rous'd to the call ;
 Mouth-worshippers of God, agents of hell 200
 In heart, and hypocrites abhorr'd of CHRIST,
 To public scorn held up and pictur'd out
 As rebel husbandmen, who basely flew
 Their Lord's commission'd Son. Scarce was there one,
 Whose galled conscience had not felt the sting 205
 Of some keen truth extorted from the lips
 Of the else-humble JESUS, meek to all
 But the proud Pharisee or cavi'lling Scribe,
 To knaves, who thought by cunning to outwit
 Wisdom itself, and snare him in his talk ; 210
 To hypocrites, who fasted oft with sad
 And woe-worn faces to be seen of men,
 Or such as made long pray'rs for a display
 Of righteousness, and vaunted their good deeds,
 Mocking their conscience and insulting Heav'n : 215

To these in all the majesty of truth
 Frowning he spake, nor spar'd he for rebuke
 Severe, indignant ; many a time and oft
 To their whole sect he had denounced woe,
 Woe trebled on their heads : What wonder then, 220
 If thus combin'd by interest to oppose
 His spreading glories, their envenom'd hearts
 Rankled with envy, hatred and revenge ?
 Nor were there wanting to their great divan
 Those, who can work unseen within the heart, 225
 Dark ministers, who know to touch the springs
 And cords, whose movements can convulse the soul
 With furious passions, bursting from their mine,
 Like sulph'rous fires that tear the quaking earth :
 SATAN himself was there, for at this hour 230
 He and his host had furlough upon earth,
 Dæmons of blood, ambition, envy, strife
 Rang'd the vex'd world at large : Loud were their tongues,
 And fiery hot their zeal against the Lord,
 Whose miracles, resounding through the land, 235
 Rung in their ears the downfall of their pow'r,
 Ill-omen'd knell.—Brethren ! 'tis time to rouse,
 Cried CAIAPHAS, and started from his throne
 Furious as Korah, when at his tent door
 With his rebellious company he stood, 240

And

And waving high his censer call'd aloud
 To mutiny 'gainst Moses : So now call'd
 With voice as loud, and deeper plung'd in crime
 Than these who sunk outright, this second priest,
 This worse revolter against God himself 245
 In his own Son reflected ; from his state,
 High o'er their heads exalted, he look'd down
 On all beneath ; then with uplifted eyes
 And hands extended, as in act to rend
 His robes pontifical—Yes, sacred seers, 250
 Again he cried, yes, venerable priests,
 Elders, and reverend sages of our law,
 'Tis more than time to call your vengeance up ;
 Awake ! ye sleep too long : For me, your slave,
 Servant of servants, me, by how much more 255
 In place exalted so much more in heart
 Abas'd, as meriteless of such high state,
 I were content to cast these robes aside,
 Pluck off this beard, and on this mitred head,
 Unworthy of such honors, scatter dust 260
 And ashes, might such penitence avert
 The shame, that for my sins is falling on you,
 And quell the mad'ning faction now afloat,
 Since this bold Bethlemite hath started up
 To mock the church of God. Shall it be said, 265

That for my punishment these evils light
 On you the righteous? that in my day rose
 This innovator to conspire your fall,
 To broach new doctrines and unhinge the faith
 Of the still wavering multitude? If I, 270
 If I am in the crime, if in your thoughts
 My negligence hath foster'd this revolt,
 Make me your sacrifice, thrust me from hence,
 For this high place unfit; set up your cross,
 And there exalt me: But if I am clear, 275
 And this your looks encourage me to hope,
 If CHRIST not CAIAPHAS deserves the death,
 Why do ye pause? What terror holds you back?
 Time-honor'd rabbi, elders, sages, guides
 And masters of our Israel! ye, by whom 280
 Our synagogues are taught, of God's own law
 Interpreters ordain'd, which of your grave
 And reverend council will at once unfold
 To my yet faithless ears the mighty spell
 By which this JESUS works? Who will expound 285
 This prodigy, that sets the crowd agape,
 This more than man, of whom the people bruit
 These more than human doings? You are dumb;
 None offers a reply; for none will say
 This wisdom and these mighty works accord 290
 With

With one so mean of birth, with Joseph's son,
 A base mechanic : Fitter task for him
 To use his father craft, and humbly ply
 The workman's tools, than in the temple sit
 Disputing with our doctors ; or withdrawn, 295
 As late the Baptist, to some desert mount,
 There sit in fullen dignity enthron'd,
 And from his rocky theatre declaim
 To list'ning thousands. Here be some have heard
 His doctrines, many have endur'd his taunts, 300
 And though in wise and well-pois'd minds like your's
 Such meteors breed no terror, yet they draw
 The gazing vulgar, and so rank a taint
 Runs through th' infected fold, that much I doubt
 If half the flock of Israël be not touch'd ; 305
 So diligent is he to spread the plague,
 So careless we to stem it. If his word
 Be suffer'd thus to overturn our law,
 The monument of ages, then alas !
 We've seen the last of these solemnities : 310
 Before this night returns there'll not be found
 Or lamb to sacrifice, or priest to slay,
 Or temple to receive our Paschal rites ;
 Rome, whose ambition grasps the conquer'd world,

Shall

Shall plant her eagles on our holy mount, 315
And Jupiter usurp JEHOVAH's shrine.

He paus'd, yet stood as one in act to speak,
Struggling for words, which furious passion choak'd
And stifled on his tongue; a stormy cloud
Hung on his brow, his visage ghastly pale, 320

Mad'ning with rage he stamp'd and shook his robe :
As when the Delphic prophets, convuls'd
And foaming on her tripod, sets aghast
The scar'd enthusiasts, who believe her fill'd
And fighting with the God oracular; 325

So through the hall of council silence reign'd,
Whilst expectation turn'd all eyes and ears
On their rapt prophet; till the word being giv'n,
That one of CHRIST's disciples stood without
And instant audience crav'd, that awful name 330

Their spell-bound faculties at once set free ;
Instant loud murmurs fill'd the vaulted roof,
Like the deep roar of subterranean tides,
Whose eddies undermine the cavern'd shores
Of sea-girt Mona or Bermuda's isle : 335

This past, the senate's chief resum'd his throne ;
Whence from his state inclining he gave sign
For silence and commanded to admit

Their unexpected suitor ; at the word
 Wide flew the doors apart, and there behold 340
 With cloak to' the knee tuck'd up and staff in hand
 ISCARIOT, caitiff viler than the worst
 That e'er wore pilgrim's sanctimonious garb
 In after-times, when fierce crusading zeal
 Sent forth it's wand'ring eremites to put 345
 The murd'rous sword in meek Religion's hand,
 The cross, on which our patient Lord expir'd,
 Their badge of victory, and signal made
 For their destroying armies, lur'd to war
 With pardons earnt in fields of carnage, fought 350
 For God's pretended glory', as if, dire hope!
 Rivers of blood could waft their souls to heav'n.
 Founder of these, and prototype of all,
 Who dy'd the cross with blood, ISCARIOT stood
 Full of the fiend, and cast around on all 355
 His haggard eyes, that augur'd vengeful ire
 And fraud deep brooding in his treach'rous heart :
 When after pause now summon'd to expound
 His purpose, whether by his Master sent,
 Or self-impell'd, thus MAMMON's convert spake. 360

Fathers of Israel, patrons of our law,
 And chiefly thou, great priest, vicar of God,
 And faithful shepherd of the remnant sav'd

From

From Abraham's scatter'd flock ! I muse not, lords,
That you are cast in wonder to behold 365
Me standing in this place, me, to your cause
Unfriendly deem'd, and, which to all is known
Nor on my part denied, one of the Twelve,
And follower of JESUS. But, grave sirs,
I do adjure you by your love to truth, 370
No longer wear this jealous eye upon me,
Than to your patient ears I shall unfold,
Why hither I am come, not as a thief
To steal into your councils, spy them out
And after blazon them, but in fair faith 375
And plain sincerity with no double heart
To make confession sure, and give my life
A pledge into your hands. Stand not amaz'd,
As if it were a thing impossible
That CHRIST's disciple should not be his friend. 380
Mine hath been toilsome husbandry, my lords,
And none but bitter fruits have I reap'd from it,
Fruits of repentance : Weary days and nights
I've minister'd to him without reward,
And weary miles full many travel'd o'er, 385
Fainting and pinch'd with hunger ; then at night,
When the wild creatures of the earth find rest
And covert in their holes, houseless have watch'd

Amidst

Amidst the flock of elements, and brav'd
 Storms, which the mail'd rhinoceros did not dare 390
 Unshelter'd to abide : Sometimes on sea
 Lash'd by the furling waves I've toil'd for life,
 Whilst he fate sleeping, reckless of the gale :
 Rescu'd from these, for I of force confess
 His pow'r is absolute, and safe on shore, 395
 My labors ceas'd not with the scene ; new toils,
 New tasks succeeded : Now to rocks and caves,
 To sandy wilds, or wheresoever else
 The Spirit led and desolation reign'd,
 His wand'ring steps I follow'd, yes, his steps, 400
 But at what distance from his heart he held me,
 Bear witness, mem'ry ! Others had his heart,
 Peter and James and John, to them he breath'd
 The secrets of his soul, on them he shower'd
 His promises ; of these he made no thrift, 405
 These he abounded in ; to me he gave
 What he had least in store, a barren purse,
 And bade me bear it ; no hard task I own,
 For it was light as beggary could make it,
 But office most ignoble. Here perchance 410
 Your wisdom would demand of me a cause,
 Why I endur'd these flights year after year,
 And still toil'd on in such a thankless service ;

What fascination and what spell, you'll ask,
 Doth this man work with, so to charm the mind 415
 And lure it on through mortifying toils,
 Sorrows and pains, and, worse than these, contempts,
 Yet hold it still enchain'd slave to his will?
 Most equal judges, I must here submit
 My weakness to your censure, and refer 420
 My cause to mercy, or in self-defence
 Conjure you for a moment to descend
 From your high state, and to my humble place
 And peasant thoughts accord your own great minds :
 My lords, I neither mean to varnish o'er 425
 My own too feeble nature, nor to smooch
 The rough sincerity of truth through fear
 Or flattery of those, 'fore whom I speak :
 If JESUS works by spells, I know them not ;
 Pray'rs but not incantations I have heard ; 430
 If these be charms, they are no charms for devils,
 Yet such he's charg'd withal : Neither by league
 With Beelzebub, as some have gravely urg'd,
 Nor art Samaritan, nor else by imp
 Or genius, as the heathen loudly vouch 435
 Of their fam'd Socrates, do I believe
 His miracles are wrought : Alas, alas !
 Which of hell's ministers will be suborn'd

To work his own confusion ? No, they shriek,
 They tremble, at his bidding they come forth 440
 From men possest, they vanish to the winds,
 They sink into the pit from whence they sprung.
 I am a man, my lords, not over-prone
 To rash credulity, nor apt to veer
 With ev'ry breath of doctrine, and I've heard 445
 A voice, that sways the elements, commands
 The springs of health, making maim'd nature whole,
 Nay, life itself return into the trunk
 Which it had left, and give a second pulse
 To the cold heart of death : This to have seen, 450
 And not to stand in reverence of the pow'r
 That wrought these miracles, were a degree
 Of apathy above my nature's reach.

No more ! cried CAIAPHAS, no more of this !
 You much abuse our patience with this talk. 455
 Here is no place to sound CHRIST's praises forth ;
 We are not met to recognize his pow'r
 And back his daring claims, but to chastise
 Imposture, to assert our sacred law,
 And vindicate the majesty of Heav'n. 460
 You tell us you are wearied with the tasks
 Of a hard Master ; quit him then and earn
 A better service, earn a rich reward

By yielding him to justice. You well know
 His haunts, his privacies, his darkling hours, 465
 When without hazard of a public brawl
 We may make lawful seizure for the state
 Of his attainted person : On this point,
 So you will order your discourse aright,
 You may speak freely ; of his praise no more. 470

To him th' Apostate : If from my forc'd lips,
 Unwilling witnesses although they be,
 Truth wrings this praise, the last which they will utter,
 Suffer thus far in candor, and let pass
 These words in justice to a Master's fame, 475
 Whom I renounce and with an oath devote
 To wrath, to punishment, to death itself,
 If death you doom. But oh ! most reverend lords,
 It is not as a false and juggling cheat,
 A dealer with familiars I present him 480
 To your just judgment : Wretches vile as these
 Would but disgrace your wrath and my revenge.
 But take him as a victim from my hands
 Richer than hecatombs of vulgar blood,
 A sacrifice for God's high priest to make, 485
 Whilst all earth's scepter'd monarchs stood around
 To gaze upon the work. Be not deceiv'd :
 I know the jeopardy in which I stand,

Yet

Yet I will on ; in me is no delay :
 This night, this hour, this instant I am your's 490
 To trace him to his haunts, to be your guide
 And marshal you to vengeance. But beware !
 Let them be chosen men you send, approv'd
 And constant, though the heav'ns shall rain down fire,
 And the earth rock beneath them : He, who call'd 495
 The dead anatomy to life, can well
 Make corpses of the living.—Here the voice
 Of one, who nearest to the throne had place,
 Cut short the traitor's speech : Of high renown
 Was he now rising, NICODEMUS, known 500
 To after-ages as the nightly guest
 Of JESUS, and his converse with our Lord
 In holy writ recorded : Grave he was,
 A Pharisee and ruler of the Jews,
 Yet not of foul vindictive like the rest, 505
 Nor aspect arrogant ; when thus he spake.

I call the time mispent, that is bestow'd
 On loud-tongu'd orators, whose art it is
 To launch their hearers upon passion's tide,
 And drive them on by gusts of windy words 510
 A giddy desperate course to rocks and shoals,
 Which steer'd by sage experience they had shunn'd.
 Such shipwreck of our wisdom we might make,

Should

Should we our better senses now permit
 To take improv'dent counsel of our ears, 515
 By this high-ton'd declaimer thus assail'd.
 I pray you, therefore, carry back your thoughts
 To times foregone, when prophets have arose
 And boasted mighty works, which, being done
 Of man's device and cunning, came to nought : 520
 So will it be with JESUS, if his spirit
 Be not of God ; time will o'ertake deceit,
 If time be let to run ; but cut it short
 By death's rash stroke, you cover him with glory,
 And from his ashes raise a mightier name, 525
 Than living he had reach'd with all the aids
 Of artifice to back him. Give me, Heav'n !
 That tolerating policy, which shews
 No bitterness in speculative points :
 Disdaining from my heart what this man says, 530
 A traitor says, who comes to sell his Master,
 My sentence never shall affect the life
 Of this or any other man accus'd
 On vague presumptions, nor will I say, Die !
 Till I have that in proof, which merits death : 535
 For if this JESUS vaunts himself to be
 What he is not, God will confute his pride ;
 But if with pow'r divine he acts and speaks,

Commission'd

Commiſſion'd to ſome awful unſeen end,
 Shall man contend with God? Vain ſtrife! ſhall we 540
 Fall off from our great origin, the faith
 Of our bleſt father Abraham? Shall we,
 Sore ſmitten for our trefpaſſes, cut ſhort
 And waſted to a remnant, we, on whom
 The guiltleſs blood of all the prophets reſts, 545
 Send this man up to heav'n to cry againſt us,
 And to a burthen heavier than enough
 Add more and weightier guilt than all the reſt?
 Heav'n's grace foreſend! You have my conſcience, lords;
 I leave it to your thoughts: I ſtand abſolv'd. 550

He ſaid, and conſcious that his words were loſt
 Upon obdurate hearts, departed thence,
 So warn'd of God, and from the gulph eſcap'd
 Of that night's dire perdition, wherein all
 Save him alone were loſt. So in the wreck 555
 Of ſome great admiral, full fraught for war,
 When his tall veſſel ſplits, and the bold crew
 Plunge quick into th' abyſs, Heav'n ſometimes deigns
 By wond'rous providence to ſnatch one life
 From the devouring waves, and waſt him home 560
 A ſolitary relick, there to tell
 God's mercies and his ſad companions' fate.

Him

Him thus departing the proud pontiff ey'd
With look malign, and to these taunts gave vent.

Weak is that cause, whose advocate flies from it : 565
I pause to see if any here will follow.

None moves, none speaks, none seconds his appeal :

'Tis well ! One only convert to our foe,

One patron of his cause this senate held,

And holds no longer : Vanish'd, flown, escap'd ! 570

One heart, one mind, one voice now rules the whole.

For me, I nor opinion shift nor place,

Faithful I shrink from neither. You have heard

What this wise elder counsels ; he hath left

His conscience as a legacy behind him : 575

Let him, who loves the giver, take the gift ;

I, for such part as to my share may fall,

Scorn to engraft that scyon on my heart,

Which, if admitted, might impart the seeds

Of treason and apostacy like his. 580

Till cold and hot agree, till selfish fear

And temporising maxims coalesce

With patriot zeal for Israel and firm faith

In God's reveal'd decrees, his thoughts and mine

Will never mix, and the attempt to join 585

Their jarring elements could only serve

To

To make this breast a field of mental war.
 Mark, brethren, mark how this man contravenes
 Your antient just retaliating law.
 Moses said—Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth ! 590
 So is revenge a virtue : By this rule
 Jesus must die ; for who puts out the law,
 Puts out the light of Israel, stabs the life,
 And life for life is justice upon record.
 This ordinance our absent elder spurns ; 595
 He holds at nought our antient equity,
 And sets new doctrines forth ; tells us forsooth,
 That we must wait the time, wait till the light
 Of Israel be extinct, and leave redress
 For those, who without eyes can spy it out : 600
 Such councils would make cowards of us all,
 Rebels to God, deserters from the faith,
 Traitors to Israel. Can I wear these robes,
 And wear a heart within so vile, so base ?
 Tear them away, uncover me to shame, 605
 Make me the scorn of men, if, thus array'd
 And trickt in outside honors, I am found
 False to that King, whose standard I support.
 No, venerable sages, if your rule
 Were short to teach us what our duty is, 610
 The very heathen would inform us of it :

The Roman foldier, who deferts his poft,
 Or fleeping fuffers a furprize, fhall die ;
 But we, with God's own armies in our charge,
 We, whose commander is the Lord of Hofts, 615
 Should we be found thus criminal, what death,
 What doom, more terrible than death itfelf,
 Can recompence fuch treason ? Forth then, lords !
 Draw out an armed band and fend them forth.
 Behold a ready leader ! Time yet ferves ; 620
 This night no ftir, no ftragglers in our ftreets
 To fhake the city's peace : JESUS secur'd
 And hither brought, a largefs I decree
 To all concern'd ; to JUDAS a reward
 Befitting us to give, him to receive. 625

No more ; loud acclamations fhook the hall :
 'Th' affembly rofe, the traitor bow'd affent,
 A band of ruffians arm'd with fwords and ftaves
 Forth iffued with ISCARIOT at their head,
 And to the Olive Mountain bent their courfe. 630

Oh, hour accurst ! Oh, all ye ftars of heav'n !
 And thou pale waining moon, etherial lights,
 Firft-born of Nature, look not, ye chafte fires,
 Upon this monfter-breeding earth, but quench
 Your confcious lamps and whelm this murd'rous crew 635
 In darknefs black as their own damning plot.

And

And thou, conductor of this Stygian band,
 Vile hypocrite, what fiend inspir'd the thought
 To hail thy Master with the kifs of peace,
 And so betray him? Wretch, the time will come, 640
 When rack'd with horror, and to all hope lost,
 Thine agonizing soul shall rue this deed,
 Curse its birth-hour, and whilst thy Master soars
 To heav'n, triumphant over death and sin,
 Thou shalt sink howling to the depths of hell. 645

Now break your fynod up, ye envious priests,
 Elders and scribes! prepare your harden'd hearts
 To judge the Lord of Life, convene your spies
 To forge false witness, and make smooth the way
 To man's redemption by the blood of CHRIST, 650
 The very Paschal Lamb, whom by the type
 Of this night's sacrifice ye shadow'd forth,
 Blind unbelieving prophets as ye are.
 Fit hour ye chose, ye murd'ers, to embrue
 Your curst hands in that pure Victim's blood, 655
 Peace-offering for the sins of lost mankind.
 Hence to your homes! there meditate new plots;
 The fiends shall be your helpers, to your thoughts
 Present, though not to fight, they swarm around,
 Now here, now there, now hovering over head, 660
 Where, as your enmity to CHRIST breaks forth,

And your blaspheming voices fill the roof,
 Like steaming vapors from sulphureous lakes,
 Joyous they catch the welcome sounds, and fan
 With clapping wings the pestilential air, 665
 Applauding as they soar. Now clear the hall ;
 Yield up your seats, ye substituted fiends ;
 Hence, minor dæmons ! give your masters place !

And hark ! the King of Terrors speaks the word,
 He calls his shadowy princes, they start forth, 670
 Expand themselves to fight and throng the hall,
 A synod of infernals : Forms more dire
 Imagination shapes not, when the wretch,
 Whom conscience haunts, in the dead hour of night,
 Whilst all is dark and silent round his bed, 675
 Sees hideous phantoms in his fev'rish dream,
 That stare him into madness with fix'd eyes
 And threat'ning faces floating in his brain.
 The ghostly monarch mounts the vacant throne ;
 Gives sign for order, the superiors sit, 680
 Each as his stellar attribute gives rank
 And place peculiar, the untitled stand
 Circling their LUCIFER, their fallen sun :
 He of his state more jealous, as in heart
 Conscious of faded glory, in the midst 685
 Now rising, after many a hard essay

To

To wreath his war-worn face into a smile,
 Semblance at least of joy, at length with voice
 Screw'd to the pitch of triumph vaunting cries.

Pow'rs and Dominions, Lords by victory's right 690

Of earth and man, now from his Maker won

By overthrow of Heav'n's last champion giv'n

In God's own city, battle fairly gain'd

On hostile ground, his Sion's sacred mount,

Warriors, your king applauds you : Thanks, brave friends ;

Now shall your temples with loud pæans ring, 696

Your vindicated altars and your groves

Exhale rich clouds of incense, steaming forth

From od'rous gums ; your statues gaily crown'd

With garlands, every trophy, that the art 700

Of painting or of sculpture can bestow,

Shall be hung round to decorate your shrines ;

Your oracles henceforth shall find a voice,

Which future CHRISTs shall never put to silence,

And nations from your lips shall ask their fate : 705

This day to all posterity shall be

Sacred to games, processions, triumphs, feasts,

And laurel-crowned bards shall hymn your praise.

But sure no spirit of etherial mould,

For such of right ye are, will so forget 710

His native dignity as to repine,

Or

Or gloat with envy, if I now demand
 Your tribute of especial praise to him,
 Whom your joint suffrages deputed first
 To this important embassy ; a spirit 715
 Our subterranean empire cannot mate
 For high authority and potent sway
 O'er man's subjected heart : MAMMON, stand forth !
 Stand forth, thou prosp'rous, rich, persuasive pow'r,
 Worshipp'd of all, great idol of the world ; 720
 May fortune on thy patient labors smile,
 Thou persevering deity ! Pursue
 Thy darling metal through earth's central veins,
 Ranfack her womb for mines, send forth thy slaves
 To undiscover'd realms and bid them sap 725
 Potosi's glittering mountains for their ore ;
 Pull down her golden temples, strip her kings,
 Rack them with tortures, wring their secrets out
 By slow-consuming fires, lay Nature waste,
 Let nothing mortal breathe upon the soil 730
 That covers gold : All hell applauds thy zeal,
 And all hell's engines shall assist thy search.

He said, and lo ! from either side the throne
 Upon the signal a seraphic choir
 In equal bands came forth ; the minstrels strike 735
 Their golden harps ; swift o'er the sounding strings

Their flying fingers sweep, whilst to the strain
 Melodious voices, though to heav'nly airs
 Attun'd no longer, still in sweet accord
 Echo the festive song, now full combin'd 740
 Pouring the choral torrent on the ear,
 In parts responsive now warbling by turns
 Their sprightly quick divisions, swelling now
 Through all the compass of their tuneful throats
 Their varying cadences, as fancy prompts. 745
 Whereat the Stygian herd, like them of old
 Lull'd by the Theban minstrel, stood at gaze
 Mute and appeas'd, for music hath a voice,
 Which ev'n the devils obey, and for a while
 Sweet sounds shall lay their turbid hearts asleep, 750
 Charm'd into sweet oblivion and repose.
 The praise of MAMMON the rapt seraphs sung
 And Gold's almighty pow'r; free flow'd the verse;
 No need to call the Muse, for all were there,
 Apollo and the Heliconian Maids, 755
 And all that pagan poet e'er invok'd
 Were present to the song. Above the flight
 Of bold Alcæus, Tifias bard divine,
 Or Pindar's strain Olympic, high it soar'd
 In dithyrambic majesty sublime. 760
 At the right hand of hell's terrific Lord

MAMMON exalted fate, and as the choir
 Chanted their hymn, his swelling bosom throb'd
 In concert with the strain; pride flush'd his cheek
 Furrow'd with care and toil, his eyes, now rais'd 765
 From earth, their proper center, sparkling gleam'd
 Malicious triumph, whilst ovations loud
 And thund'ring plaudits shook the trembling roof.

The song was clos'd, and, order now resum'd,
 MAMMON stood forth to speak; when ere the words 770
 From his flow lips found way, the infernal King,
 With eager action starting from his throne,
 Gave sign for silence and thus interpos'd.

Pause, worthy spi'rit, awhile! my mind forebodes
 Cares more immediate, for amid the throng 775
 I spy our faithful CHEMOS; well I know
 'Tis not on flight occasion he hath left
 The post assign'd him; and behold! his looks
 Augur important tidings. Fall back, friends,
 And give our gallant centinel access. 780

Obedient to the word the opening files
 Fell back and let him pass; he to the throne
 Low rev'rence made, and thus his chief address'd.

Imperial Lord of this seraphic host,
 As I kept station on the faithless Mount, 785
 Where once my altar blaz'd, revolted now

From

From it's allegiance and with olive crown'd
 In token of God's peace, I thence descried
 By glimpse of the pale moon a vagrant train,
 With JESUS at their head, fording the brook, 790
 As thither bound : I couch'd upon the watch,
 So bidd'n, and to their talk gave heedful ear.
 A melancholy theme the Master chose :
 Sadly he warns them of his own death's hour
 Now near impending, and how all shall fly, 795
 Like scatter'd sheep, and their lone Shepherd leave
 Forlorn, abandon'd : This the fiery zeal
 Of PETER, to our chief well known, disclaims,
 Who boldly vouches, though all else should swerve,
 His own unshaken constancy ; when CHRIST, 800
 Severe though not with railing, him reproves,
 And solemnly denounces triple breach
 Of this vain boast, and instant, for this night,
 Or e'er the cock's shrill trumpet twice shall sound,
 So CHRIST predicts, he shall be thrice denied 805
 Of this self-vaunting man : All this I heard,
 And held it for my duty to report ;
 What more enfu'd imperfectly I learn ;
 For now the Master taketh three apart,
 And much disturb'd in soul and fore amaz'd 810
 Wills them stand off and watch, whilst he retires

And vents his grief in pray'r: I saw him fall
 Prostrate to earth, and vent such heart-felt groans,
 That were I other than I am, less wrong'd,
 Less hostile to the tyranny of Heaven,
 Whence I am exil'd, I had then let fall
 Weak pity's tear and been my nature's fool.
 But, lords, I cannot so forget your cause,
 Or my own wrongs, nor would I wear a heart
 Made of such melting stuff. With noiseless tread
 The kneeling Suppliant I approach'd, and mark'd
 His agony of soul, whilst from his brow
 I saw large drops and gouttes of bloody sweat
 Incarnardine the dust, on which they fell.
 Bear witness, my revenge, 'twas there, ev'n there,
 The very spot, on which he knelt and pray'd,
 Where now his blood, wrung out by agony
 As in atonement, dropt, on which my shrine,
 Rear'd by the wives of the uxorious king,
 Deck'd out with blazing tapers proudly shone,
 And front to front of God's own temple stood,
 Till Afa's parricidal hand pluck'd up
 Maacha's groves and burnt my shrine to dust.
 Now hear the sequel: As I stood at gaze,
 Noting his pray'r, one of the heav'nly band
 And of the highest, GABRIEL, with his spear

815

820

825

830

835

Couch'd as for combat, started forth to view,
 And frowning bade me take my flight with speed,
 Nor trouble that just person : Valiant peers !
 I am not one to back at his proud bidding, 840
 Nor ever did I turn my face to flight
 Save in our army's universal rout,
 When all from heav'n fell headlong to the gulph :
 Such weapon as I had, this trenchant sword
 Of adamantyne proof, forthwith I drew ; 845
 But ere my arm could wield it, swift as thought
 I felt his spear's sharp point with forceful thrust
 Deep plung'd into my side : Staggering, amaz'd,
 I gave back so compell'd ; he still advanc'd
 Arm'd for a second onset, when my strength 850
 Foil'd, though immortal, and my fight grown dim,
 My wound the whilst fore rankling, I took wing
 And hither came on painful pinions borne,
 Your faithful servant, whether to attempt
 Fresh battle, or my present loss repair. 855

This said, he put his azure tunic by,
 And bar'd his wounded side, where GABRIEL'S spear
 Had lodg'd it's massy fluke, a ghastly chasm
 Trench'd by the force of arch-angelic arm,
 And to aught else than deathless spirit death. 860

Fir'd at the fight with eyes that sparkling blaz'd
SATAN uprofe, and thus infuriate fpake.

GABRIEL in arms ! Hah ! warriors, we are brav'd :
CHRIST hath his guard about him and defies us.
If this immortal fpirit could not ftand, 865
What fhall ISCARIOT do ? Myfelf will forth ;
We fhall then fee who wields the ftonger lance,
SATAN or GABRIEL : In the fields of heaven,
In the mid-air, on earth, in deepeft hell
He knows my might fuperior, and fhall rue 870
His dafardly affault. Why not with me,
The fender rather than the fent, this ftrife ?
So might he boaft the conteft, though fubdued.
The fcars by this fharp fword in battle dealt
Are the beft honors GABRIEL hath to vaunt ; 875
The brighteft laurels on his brow are thofe
I planted when in equal fight I deign'd
To meafure fpears with fuch inferior foe.
Doth GABRIEL think God's favour can reverse
Immutable pre-eminence, and raife 880
His menial fphere to that, in which I fhone
Son of the morning ? Doth he vainly hope
Exil'd from heav'n we left our courage there,
Or loft it in our fall, or that hell's fires

Have

Have parch'd and wither'd our shrunk sinews up? 885
 Delusive hope! the warrior's nerve is strung
 By exercise, by pain, by glorious toil:
 The torrid clime of hell, it's burning rock,
 It's gulph of liquid flames, in which we roll'd,
 Have calcin'd our strong hearts, breath'd their own fires 890
 Into our veins, and forg'd those nerves to steel,
 Which heav'n's calm æther, her voluptuous skies
 And frequent adorations well nigh smooth'd
 To the soft flexibility of slaves,
 Till bold rebellion shook it's fetters off, 895
 And with their clangor rais'd so brave a storm,
 That God's eternal throne rock'd to it's base.
 Now break we up this council: Each disperse
 Or to his post, his pleasure or pursuit;
 Sufficeth for this task my single arm: 900
 CHEMOS shall be reveng'd; the public zeal
 Of MAMMON still shall be our theme of praise;
 Nor shall ISCARIOT's nightly plot be foil'd
 By intervening angels, nor these priests,
 Whose seats we fill and whose allies we are, 905
 Fail of their victim, or find us remiss
 To second them in this our common league
 And joint emprise against the pow'rs of Heav'n.

'Twas

'Twas said, the princes of th' assembly rose
In reverence to his will ; the legion round 910
Smote on their shields the signal of assent.
Tow'ring he stood, the Majesty of Hell,
Dark o'er his brows thick clouds of vengeance roll'd,
Thunder was in his voice, his eye shot fire,
And loud he call'd for buckler and for spear ; 915
These bold AZAZEL bore, enormous weight,
For Atlantean spirit proper charge :
With eager grasp he seiz'd the towering mast,
And shook it like a twig ; then with a frown,
That aw'd the stoutest heart, gave sign for all 920
Strait to disperse, and vanish'd from their fight.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A general review of Christ's agony in the garden : His disciples, who are ordered to watch, fall asleep ; Christ prays apart ; he awakens them, and warns them to watch lest they enter into temptation. Satan arrives, and takes post near the spot where Christ is praying in his agony : He is discovered by Gabriel, the supporting angel ; their interview described : Christ approaches, and reproving Satan, by the word of power casts him to the ground disabled and in torments. Judas now advances with an armed company ; betrays his Master with a kiss ; Christ is seized and carried away to the palace of the high priest. Satan, unable to rise, laments over his disconsolate condition : He is discovered by Mammon, who consoles him and assists in raising him from the ground : Satan testifies to the power and divinity of Christ, feels a presentiment of his impending doom, and having delivered his last injunctions to Mammon, is lifted from the earth by a stormy gust and carried through the air out of sight of that evil spirit, who terrified by the fate of his chief turns to flight and escapes.

C A L V A R Y.

BOOK IV.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

O MOUNT of Agony ! water'd with tears
 From my Redeemer's eyes, and by his knees,
 Preffing thy turf, made sacred as the ground,
 Where ev'n the Chosen Shepherd might not stand
 But with unsandal'd feet, Ah ! where is now
 That purifying Angel me to cleanse
 From this vile world, that so I may approach,
 Though but in thought, with a right spi'rit renew'd,
 Thy hallow'd solitude ? Lo ! where the Lord
 Sorrowing retires apart : Where are the Three
 Station'd to guard his sacred privacy ?
 Stand they aloof, as their forefathers stood,
 When from the midst of darkness, cloud and fire,
 JEHOVAH thunder'd out of Sinai's mount ?
 Ah, no ! within that olive grove they lie

Stretch'd on the ground, a drowfy flumb'ring guard.
 And could ye not, ye sleepers, watch one hour
 For such a Master ? Oh ! what heart could taste
 Of rest or peace, whilst his was rack'd with pain ?
 Was it the sighs his suffering virtue breath'd 20
 Into the air of sad Gethsemane,
 That so entranc'd your senses ? Or was he,
 The strength'ning Angel, sent from Heav'n to shield
 The Savior's anguish from all human eyes,
 And veil the mystery of that awful hour ? 25
 Then was that angry cup, full mix'd and red
 From God's right hand, presented to his lips :
 The bitter essence of original sin,
 With every life-destroying extract, drawn
 From man's corruption since, were there infus'd, 30
 Compounded and resolved into that draught,
 Mix'd by the hand of Death and drugg'd in hell.
 The coward, shrinking under fortune's blows,
 With desperate lip hath oft-times drank and died ;
 'Tis refuge, 'tis desertion from a post 35
 He dare defend no longer, 'tis the hope,
 False fruitless hope, of a perpetual sleep,
 When he hath bottom'd that Lethæan cup :
 But our Redeemer's potion was not such ;
 Horrors and heart-dissolving woes and pangs, 40

That mock imagination's scope, and stretch
 The heart's strong cordage, till it bursts asunder
 And leaves the mind a wreck, these were the drugs,
 That brew'd that cup of agony, which God
 Now tender'd as the wrath-atoning draught 45
 For a revolted world ! Myſterious act !
 The Father ſacrifice the Son belov'd !
 The juſt to ſpare the unjuſt lay the rod
 Upon the guiltleſs head ! Shall all offend,
 And One atone for all ? One Victim bear 50
 The accumulated load of puniſhment,
 The maſs of vengeance, that amazing whole,
 Which each particu'lar fin had pil'd in ſtore,
 And that devoted ſacrifice a Lamb
 Pure, without ſpot or blemiſh ? O my ſoul ! 55
 Beware, nor to that tabernacle preſs,
 Where clouds and darkneſs canopy thy God.

Lo ! where the Savior kneels ; he looks around
 For ſome to ſuccour, to ſupport, ſome friend,
 Whoſe ſympathiſing eye might beam upon him, 60
 And with a moment's glance of pity chear
 His deſolated ſpirit. All around
 Is vacant horror, ſolitary, dark ;
 The partners of his heart, the choſen few,
 The friends, who ſhould have watch'd, are wrapt in ſleep, 65

Infensible, supine, oblivious sleep ;
 Woes multiplied by woe, and that the worst,
 Ingratitude, the sharpest fang that gnaws
 Man's bleeding bosom. In this sad extreme,
 His soul revolting from the noisome draught, 70
 With eyes to Heav'n uplifted, and a sigh,
 Which shew'd that human weakness then o'erpower'd
 His soul's diviner part—Abba ! he cries,
 Father, all things are possible to Thee,
 Remove this cup !—Then bows his patient head 75
 And qualifies the pray'r—Yet not my will,
 But Thine be done !—No voice from Heav'n replies :
 All Nature sleeps in silence still as death,
 As if the planets in their spheres had paus'd
 To watch the trembling balance, on whose point 80
 The fortunes of this globe suspended hung,
 It's ruin or redemption, death or life.

'Twas then the strength'ning Angel dealt the blow,
 That put the hovering spy of hell to flight,
 Seen of our Lord in ambush where he lay. 85
 And now the Mourner rises from the earth,
 On which he knelt, and a few paces moves
 Pensive and slow to find his station'd friends :
 He finds them not as friends upon the watch,
 Not as God's faithful soldiers should be found, 90

But

But at their length stretch'd out in lazy sleep
With folded arms supine. Rous'd by his voice
They stare, they start confounded and amaz'd.
Could ye not watch one hour? the Sufferer cries :
Watch, for the foe of man is near at hand ;
Pray, lest ye fall into the Tempter's snare :
The spi'rit is ready, but the flesh is weak.

95

So warn'd, he leaves them with this mild rebuke :
A second time he seeks the dismal dell,
Again he prays remission of his woe,
And deprecates the agonizing cup :
Meanwhile his drowsy centinels perceive
A languor, which their senses must obey,
And down they sink, their leaden eye-balls clos'd
As in a death-like trance. Again he comes,
Again he calls, a second warning gives,
And so departs.—Now SATAN on the wing
Swift as a fiery meteor rides the air,
With shield and spear arm'd at all points for war :
Then down at once with huge Titanian bulk,
Plumb down he lights upon the solid soil,
Hard by th' angelic post : Earth felt the shock,
And trembling to her center inly groan'd.
Nor did his haughty courage deign to crouch,

100

105

110

Or

Or lurk with lion watch, but firm of foot 115
 Erect and confident in arms he stood,
 As one, whose prowess all advantage scorn'd
 And mean surprize of an unguarded foe :
 Such arts to weaker spirits he resign'd ;
 He of his former self felt no decay, 120
 Or feeling scorn'd confession, for his pride
 Still deem'd that heav'n, though lost, contain'd no peer
 To mate with him in hardihood and proof,
 Save only the Almighty ; to such heighth
 Of arrogance had pow'r long time usurp'd 125
 Over the Gentile nations, and the sight
 Of God's own Son, now, as he falsely deem'd,
 Vanquish'd and prostrate, swell'd his impious heart.

Our blessed Lord meanwhile having preferr'd
 For the last time his interceding prayer, 130
 Summon'd his strength, and conscious that the hour
 Was come, which finish'd or revok'd the task
 Of man's redemption from the powers of hell,
 Whose representative hard by at hand
 Stood eager to arrest the forfeit prize, 135
 Put forth his hand, and as he took the cup,
 SATAN, who stood spectator of the deed,
 Started aghast ; cold tremor shook his joints,

His

His threat'ning spear now droop'd, and his broad shield,
So proudly borne aloft, weigh'd down his arm 140
Slack and unnerv'd; confusion seiz'd his heart,
And his high courage quail'd. This GABRIEL saw,
Yet left he not his post till CHRIST had drain'd
The cup mysterious; to its lowest dregs
He drank it; now convulsion shook the fiend, 145
Death shriek'd amain and through his hollow ribs
Drove his own ebon dart with desp'rate rage.
Bitter the draught and hateful to the taste,
But Immortality had crown'd the cup,
And Light and Life on phoenix wings sprung forth 150
From the foul dregs in new-born glories bright.

GABRIEL, who knew that by this solemn act
Thus happily perform'd his charge expir'd,
Now turn'd away in search of that fierce spi'rit,
Whom thro' the darkling covert he had seen, 155
Whilst by the side of God's afflicted Son
Minist'ring he stood: Right well he knew the form
And towering port of hell's terrific King;
Nor had the dire confusion and dismay
Of that fell dæmon scap'd th' angelic glance. 160
Him now within a gloomy dell retir'd
To further distance, wrapt as it should seem
In pensive thought, the Guardian Seraph spied.

In the same moment SATAN's ghastly eye
 Glanc'd on his foe : bright in cærulean arms 165
 Heav'n's champion shone, high o'er his crested helm
 The arch-angelic plume triformed wav'd,
 Ensign of throned state and high command.
 The grisly monarch gnash'd his teeth with spite
 To find himself encounter'd at such odds ; 170
 His foe fresh blooming in immortal youth,
 Vigorous, in heav'nly-temper'd armor brac'd ;
 Himself at this ill hour surpriz'd, his strength
 As by enchantment blasted, and that voice,
 Which in the ears of all hell's princes vouch'd 175
 Such bold achievements, shrunk from it's high pitch
 To feeble murmurs and weak whining sighs.

So when on Zama's plain the rival chiefs,
 Rome's consul and the Punic captain, met
 To parley in mid-way 'twixt either camp, 180
 The war-worn veteran, blighted and defac'd
 By wint'ry marches over noisome fens
 And snows on mountains pil'd, with envious eye,
 Sole relick of his toil, survey'd the form
 And blooming features of his youthful foe ; 185
 Then to his mind recalling glories past,
 When his proud menace aw'd immortal Rome,
 Sigh'd to reflect how far in the decline

From that bright morn his evening fun had sunk ;
 Then ey'd the youth again, and in his face, 190
 Shadow'd by fate, saw Carthage doom'd to fall,
 And his own glories to a foe transferr'd
 Less than his equal once, his conqu'ror now.

But 'twas not long that SATAN so endur'd,
 For now the conscious sense of former deeds 195
 Bold, though unblest, and high innate disdain
 Of mean capitulation and demur
 Rous'd his proud heart, like a hot courser spur'd,
 To chafe and lash his languid courage up :
 Red'ning he swell'd, and gnaw'd his nether lip 200
 For vengeance that it would not give him words
 To hurl defiance on th' advancing foe :
 When GABRIEL, noting his disorder'd mien
 And haggard aspect, strait bespoke the fiend.

Thus ever may the foe of CHRIST be found 205
 Speechless, abash'd, struck down of Heav'n and quell'd !
 How long, malicious Spi'rit, wilt thou persist
 To trouble this vex'd earth ? How long to haunt
 This righteous person, whose strong virtue mocks
 Thy faint attempts ? Warn'd by this shame, avaunt ! 210
 Hence, baffled Tempter ! roaming thus at large,
 Thou dost but shew by melancholy proof,
 That a tormented conscience never rests.

As the fierce panther, through the ribs transfix'd,
 Writhes round the bloody weapon in his side, 215
 And tugs it to and fro with foamy teeth,
 Mad'ning with pain and gnawing at his wound;
 So 'gainst himself and foe alike enrag'd,
 Hell's gloomy Lord, by this deserved taunt
 Cut to the heart, with many a hard essay 220
 Struggled for voice; at length collecting breath,
 These words disdainful, though of their full tone
 And energy abated, found their way.

GABRIEL, the brave in danger earn renown;
 True valor spares the weak, but thou, more wise 225
 Than valiant, studiest well the safer hour,
 When to come forth and wage inglorious war
 'Gainst unprovided foes; if CHEMOS then,
 Or some slight Cherub, crosses thy wary path,
 Woe to the straggler! if thy barbed spear 230
 Can make safe tilt at his unweapon'd side.
 But I, who day and night have pac'd this globe,
 Found in all quarters, I, who never shun'd,
 Rather have fought, thy walk, am left to roam
 Free and of thee unquestion'd from the hour, 235
 When on the confines of this new-made world
 We parlied under Eden's shady fence,
 To th' instant now, when faint and ill at ease,

Unwarlike Angel, thou hast found me here
Nerveless, and little more than match for thee. 240

To whom th' indignant Virtue thus reply'd :
If SATAN here is found in evil plight,
He's found of me unfought. Thine own dark wiles,
Degen'rate Spi'rit, and Heav'n's all-ruling hand
Have cast thee in my way. Must I turn off 245
From duty's road direct because forsooth
A wounded adder hisses in my path ?
Why didst thou press into this place of prayer,
This hallow'd solitude, where CHRIST hath breath'd
A charm, that withers up thy blasted strength ? 250
Could'st thou not learn, by late experience taught,
There is a sphere about the Son of God,
In which no spi'rit like thee accurst can draw
His breath blaspheming ? At a word begone !
Though with my foot I could have spurn'd thee hence, 255
I tread not on the fall'n ; nor do I vaunt
Conquest of thee ; that to a mightier arm,
Rebel to God, to God's own Son thou ow'st,
To CHRIST, not GABRIEL : Nor shalt thou alone
Stoop to his name, but every idol God, 260
And ev'ry pow'r of darkness with their prince,
And Sin hell-born, and thy foul offspring Death.

Whereto, by these prophetic words appall'd,
SATAN with taunting argument replied.

Since this angelic form, from death exempt, 265
Sometimes shall yield to aches and transient pains
And natural ailments for awhile endur'd,
What wonder, if ethereal spi'rit like me,
Pent in this atmosphere and fain to breathe
The lazy fogs of this unwholesome earth, 270
Pine for his native clime? What, if he droop,
Worn out with care and toil? Wert thou as I
Driv'n to and fro, and by God's thunder hurl'd
From Heav'n's high ramparts, would that filken form
Abide the tossing on hell's fiery lake? 275
Hadst thou like me travers'd the vast profound
Of antient Night, and beat the weary wing
Through stormy Chaos, voyage rude as this
Wou'd ruffle those fine plumes. I've kept my course
Through hurricanes, the least of which let loose 280
On this firm globe would winnow it to dust,
Snap like a weaver's thread the mighty chain,
That links it to heav'n's adamantine floor,
And whirl it through the Infinite of Space.
And what hast thou, soft Cherub, done the whilst? 285
What are thy labors? What hast thou atchiev'd?

Heav'n

Heav'n knows no winter, there no tempests howl;
 To breathe perpetual spring, to sleep supine
 On flowery beds of amaranth and rose,
 Voluptuous slavery, was GABRIEL'S choice : 290
 His bosom never drew th' indignant sigh,
 That rent my heart, when call'd to morning hymn
 I paid compulsive homage at God's throne,
 Warbling feign'd hallelujahs to his praise.
 Spirits of abject mould, and such art thou, 295
 May call this easy service, for they love
 Ignoble ease ; to me the fulsome task
 Was bitterest slavery, and though I fell,
 I fell opposing ; exil'd both from heav'n
 Freedom and I shar'd the same glorious fall. 300
 Go back then to thy drudgery of praise,
 Practise new canticles and tune thy throat
 To flattery's fawning pitch ; leave me my groans,
 Leave me to teach these echoes how to curse ;
 Here let me lie and make this rugged stone 305
 My couch, my canopy this stormy cloud,
 That rolls stern winter o'er my fenceless head ;
 'Tis freedom's privilege, nor tribute owes,
 Nor tribute pays to Heav'n's despotic King.
 Thus whilst he spake, the Savior of mankind, 310
 New ris'n from pray'r, drew nigh ; whereat the fiend,

Or

Or e'er the awful presence met his eye,
 Shivering, as one by sudden fever seiz'd,
 Turn'd deadly pale; then fell to earth convuls'd.
 Dire were the yells he vented, fierce the throes 315
 That writh'd his tortur'd frame, whilst through the seams
 And chinks, that in his jointed armour gap'd,
 Blue sulph'rous flames in livid flashes burst,
 So hot the hell within his fuel'd heart,
 Which like a furnace sev'n times heated rag'd. 320
 Meanwhile the winged Messenger of Heaven,
 GABRIEL, with horror and amazement fix'd,
 Stood motionless behind his orb'd shield:
 Not so the Savior; he with look compos'd
 And stedfast noting the disastrous plight 325
 Of that tormented fiend, these words address'd.

SATAN, thou see'st the serpent's primal curse
 At length falls heavy on thy bruised head;
 When man lost Paradise, by thee betray'd,
 This was thy doom, Deceiver; and although 330
 Ages have roll'd on ages since, yet God,
 Who from eternal to eternal lives
 Blessed for evermore, computes not time
 As thou, whose mis'ry makes short years seem long.
 Yet was the interim thine, and thou, who first 335
 Brought'st sin into the world, hast reign'd in sin:

Thou

Thou hadst the power of death, but I through death
Am destin'd to destroy that power and thee.

And now my hour is come, I go to death,
That all through me may live ; therefore begone ! 340

Get thee behind me ! Thou hast now no part
On earth, thy dwelling is prepar'd in hell :

There when we meet, expect to meet thy doom.

This said, the fiend replied not but with groans,
Nor staid the Angel longer than to turn 345

One last sad look upon his prostrate foe,
Then flew to heav'n. The Savior bent his steps

In search of his disciples ; them he found
Wrapt as before in sleep.—Sleep on, he cried,
And henceforth take your rest : It is enough : 350

The hour is come. Behold ! the Son of man
Into the hands of sinners is betray'd :

Rise, let us go ! The traitor is at hand.

And lo ! while yet he spake a mingled crew
Arm'd and unarm'd approach ; before them all 355

JUDAS advancing thus bespeaks the throng :

Whom I shall kiss is He, the CHRIST ; Him seize.

And in safe keeping hold.—Upon the word

He gives the trait'rous greeting, and exclaims,

Hail, Master !—When at once the swarming crowd 360

Rush in a space, then stand in circle round,

Like

Like blood-hounds held at bay, their eager eyes
 Fix'd on his face, which to behold they rear
 Their flaming torches, whilst the prospect round
 Glares with the ruddy blaze; a ghastly troop, 365
 Like that dread chorus, which the tragic bard
 Pour'd on the scene, when the Athenian wives
 Dropt their abortive burthens with affright,
 To see their snaky locks and fiery brands
 Kindled in Phlegethon's sulphureous waves : 370
 So glares that haggard crew; in front they see
 JESUS in conscious majesty unmov'd,
 Behind him to some little space withdrawn
 PETER and JAMES and JOHN, the chosen Three,
 Small band, but in their Leader's power a host 375
 Invincible, 'gainst whom whole armies leagu'd
 Were but as chaff before the whirlwind's blast,
 Had he so will'd; but now with accent firm,
 Whom seek ye? he demands: They answer make,
 JESUS of Nazareth.—I am the man, 380
 JESUS replies; He, whom ye seek, is found.
 His air, his utterance and that voice divine,
 Which could have arm'd Heav'n's legions in his cause,
 Or gulph'd them to the center at a word,
 Swift as the vollied thunder smote their hearts, 385
 And hurl'd them to the ground: Headlong they fell

*

With

With hideous crash, nor ever thence had ris'n,
 Had not his gracious purpose so decreed
 For man's redemption : Up they rise from earth,
 And in like manner to the same demand 390
 A second time make answer ; he repeats—

I told you, and ye heard, that I am He :
 If therefore me ye seek, let these depart.

Then burst the chidden zeal of PETER forth,
 Arm'd with a sword he rush'd upon the throng 395
 And at the foremost aim'd a random blow,
 That gash'd the caitiff's head, but miss'd the life.

Put up thy sword, rash man ! the Savior cries,
 Did I want rescue, would I ask of thee,
 With all my Father's Angels at command ? 400

No ! let me do His will and drink His cup :
 And you, that here encompass me about,
 As 'twere a felon ye came out to take,
 With swords and staves, suffer thus far, behold !

The wound his weapon makes my touch shall heal : 405
 'Tis done ! Know all, that they, who take the sword,
 Shall perish by the sword. What needs this stir,

This midnight plotting and this traitor's kiss,
 These staves, these torches and this arm'd array
 To make one harmless peaceful man your prize ? 410

You saw me daily in my public walks,

Freely we commun'd, for you harm'd me not ;
 You heard me in the Temple; for I taught
 In very zeal the simple way of truth,
 Lab'ring full hard to turn your hearts to God: 415
 If this were my offence, why not arrest
 Your Preacher in the act, and drag to death
 Him, who would fain have train'd you in the road
 To life eternal? Never on the poor
 Turn'd I my back; I courted not the rich; 420
 Were this my fault, in the broad face of day
 Ye might have smitten me and earn'd the praise
 Of the proud Pharisee and braggart Scribe:
 I fed the hungry and I heal'd your sick,
 I succour'd the tormented and posses'd; 425
 Are these the heinous acts for which I die?
 In field, in city, in frequented ways
 The wretched flock'd around, if these be crimes,
 Why is their punishment so long reserv'd
 To this dark hour of night? The sun himself 430
 Witness'd my doings, so might he my death.
 But see! my followers are dispers'd and fled,
 And I stand in your peril here alone:
 No need to fear him, who makes no defence;
 Conduct me to my doom: God's will be done! 435
 This said, their sacrilegious hands they laid

Upon

Upon his sacred person : He in' the midst
 With meek composure and submitted look
 March'd slowly onward, as they led the way
 To the proud dome of CAIAPHAS, high-priest 440
 Of MOLOCH than of God more fitly call'd.

Oh ! ye hard hearts, was this the Paschal Lamb,
 Ye worse than pagan butchers, whom ye cull'd
 Pure and unspotted for your bloody feast ?
 Well did your lawgiver decree this day 445
 A record and memorial to be kept
 Throughout your generations to all time ;
 A memorable day, a noted feast
 Your stubborn incredulity hath made it.
 To you a day of darkness and disgrace ; 450
 To us Salvation's glorious dawn, to us
 By our great Captain led, the Lord of Life,
 Who through the darksome avenue of death
 And depths mysterious of the mazy grave,
 Holding the clue of prophecy in hand, 455
 Unravell'd all the ways of Providence
 And to our view set ope the golden gates
 Of Paradise regain'd, whence light and life
 And bliss eternal beam on all mankind ;
 For all, who with their lips confess the Lord, 460

And in their hearts believe that from the dead
God in his pow'r hath rais'd him, shall be fav'd.

Meanwhile the prince of hell, whom CHRIST had left
Rolling in torments on the stony rock,
Mad as leviathan, when tempest-wreck'd 465
Flound'ring he lies upon the shoaly beach,
Now to one last and desperate effort driv'n,
Straining each nerve with many a dolorous groan
Half his huge length had rear'd. His right hand grasp'd
His spear, the other on his buckler propp'd 470
Pillow'd his head, raging with pain and thoughts
Black as the night around him : To arise
And stand surpass'd his power ; in vain he spread
His feathery vans to raise him in the air ;
About him all the ground with azure plumes 475
Beat from his shatter'd pinions was bestrewn :
Despair now seiz'd him, now too late he rued
His blasphemies and bold rebellious taunts
'Gainst Heav'n's Omnipotent, his Judge incens'd :
Hopeless of mercy now he curs'd his doom 480
Of immortality, and as he roll'd
His haggard eyes in night, hell's flaming gulph,
Terrific vision, seem'd to burst upon him
With treble horrors charg'd ; then with a sigh,
That

That strain'd his heaving cors'let, he breath'd forth 485
In murmuring lamentations these sad words.

Ah ! who will lift me from this iron bed,
On which Prometheus-like for ever link'd
And rivetted by dire necessity
I'm doom'd to lie, and wail the cruel boon 490
Of immortality, my baneful fate ?

O earth, earth, earth ! Cannot my groans pervade
Thy stony heart to' embowel me alive
Under this rock, before to-morrow's sun
Find me here weltering in the fordid dust, 495

A spectacle of scorn to all my host,
Wont to behold in me their kingly chief ?
Will not some pitying earthquake gulph me down
To where the everlasting fountains sleep,
That in those wat'ry caverns I might flake 500
These fires, that shrivel my parch'd sinews up ?

Ah ! whither shall I turn ? who will unbrace
This scalding mail, that burns my tortur'd breast
Worse than the shirt of Nessus ? Oh ! for pity,
Grant me a moment's interval of ease, 505

Avenging, angry Deity ! Draw back
Thy red right hand, that with the light'ning arm'd
Thrust to my heart makes all my boiling blood
Hiss in my veins ; or if thou wilt destroy

Whom thou hast vanquish'd, terminate these feuds 510
 'Twixt good and evil, thee and me, reduce
 This incorruptible to mould'ring dust,
 Make Death a parricide, and so conclude
 Me and my sufferings and my sins at once.
 But 'twill not be. Happy I might have been, 515
 Immortal I must be: God can create
 Nothing but bliss; I made the pains I feel:
 Sorrow had no existence, Death no name
 'Till I lost heav'n; to be was to be blest,
 And beings blest could never cease to be. 520
 This earth and man its habitant were good,
 Till envy, pride, rebellion, in my heart
 Engend'ring, marr'd God's perfect work with sin;
 And but for sin the universe were heav'n:
 So am I author of the hell within me, 525
 And these tormenting fires God cannot quench;
 For that would be to turn from what he is,
 Parent of good, and to become like me
 Patron and friend of evil. Reas'ning thus
 I must renounce all hope of future peace, 530
 And wage eternal enmity with God,
 Whom longer to oppose I now despair,
 And under whose strong hand weigh'd down to earth
 Prostrate, confounded, I can rise no more.

Must I be ever thus ? Must these fierce pangs, 535
 Or worse, if worse can be, torment me ever ?
 Are there no means to make a truce with Heav'n ?
 Submission, penitence, atonement, pray'rs
 And intercessions—Oh ! fallacious, vain,
 Impracticable terms ! Can pride shed tears, 540
 Falsehood keep faith, or perjury pass it's oath
 Upon that Judge, to whom all hearts are known ?
 It cannot be. Ages of sin have roll'd
 'Twixt me and pardon, gulph impassable.
 Man's loss of Paradise, a delug'd world, 545
 Sin paramount on earth, the nations turn'd
 From God to idols, scarce a remnant left
 Of this his chosen race, corruption spread
 Ev'n to' the heart of Judah', and from this Mount,
 Sad witness of my overthrow and shame, 550
 Scene of my triumphs once, his standard torn
 And hell's proud banners flanting in it's place ;
 These and a countless multitude of wrongs
 Cry in the catalogue so loud against me,
 That should the thunder of God's vengeance sleep, 555
 Mercy herself would seize th' uplifted bolt
 And speed the ling'ring blow. What is my hope,
 If such the task to purchase peace for man,
 Man so subordinate in sin to me,

The spring and fountain-head of that foul stream, 560
 Which he at distance drank ? If CHRIST must die
 For man, if nothing less than God's own Son
 Can stand betwixt the Father's wrath and man,
 What mediator can be found for me ?
 None, and no wonder if his wrath, withdrawn 565
 From man now pardon'd, fall with worse recoil
 On my devoted head : Ev'n now it falls.
 Me like an eagle in my tow'ring flight,
 From the proud zenith of the sun's bright sphere
 Headlong he hurls to earth with shatter'd wing 570
 And plumes dishevell'd grov'ling in the dust :
 Me, the sole mover of man's foul revolt,
 He marks for tenfold vengeance ; for if CHRIST,
 The patient meek Redeemer, groans in pain,
 What shall the Tempter feel ? If on the rack 575
 Of agony his guiltless brow sweats blood,
 Well may this body' of sin burst out in flames,
 A conflagration horrible to fight,
 And blazing beacon to th' astonish'd world.
 And what is this vile JUDAS, who seduc'd 580
 By wily MAMMON sells his Master's life ?
 What PETER's self, whom, had not JESUS pray'd,
 I'd sifted into chaff ? These purblind priests,
 Who with their half-shut eyes askance behold

Their

Their own Meffias in his wond'rous acts, 585
Yet give thofe wonders to the powers of hell,
And trembling for their craft complot his death,
What are they ? Whence but from myfelf their lyes ?
'Tis I in them, and not they of themfelves,
That kill the Prince of Peace ; his guiltlefs blood 590
Sprinkles their hands, but in a flood-gate tide
Redder than fcarlet whelms my finking foul.

He ceas'd, and in his mantle hid his face
For fhame and forrow to be thus surpriz'd ;
For MAMMON, ever on the foot by night, 595
Had fpied him through the gloom, and thus began.

What ails thee, Prince of air, that here thou lieft
On the dull earth, not refting it fhould feem
From victory, but vanquifh'd and o'erthrown ?

Vanquifh'd, alas ! and in the duft o'erthrown 600
By God's all-pow'rful Son, SATAN replied,
Too fure I am ; and how it wrings this heart
So to be found of thee words cannot fpeak.
Yet thou of all the fpirits heav'n hath loft
Art he, of whom my pride hath leaft to fear ; 605
For thou wilt not as others gall my fpleen
With fcorn and taunting : Thou, a friendly chief,
Hafp pity for the forrows of a friend ;
To thee my valor and deferts are known,

For thou wert ever neareſt where I fought 610
 In front of danger on the battle's edge ;
 Thou know'ſt the hazard and the chance of war,
 And with what malice fortune thwarts our beſt,
 Our braveſt efforts : Scarr'd thyſelf with wounds,
 Thou from the wounded wilt not turn aſide ; 615
 Therefore, O MAMMON, as my hand to thee
 Were preſent, didſt thou need it, ſo to me,
 Thy ſovereign in diſtreſs, reach forth thine hand,
 And, if thou canſt, upraiſe me from this fall ;
 If thou canſt not, let not my armies know 620
 Their leader's fate, be mindful of my fame,
 And bury this ſad ſecret in thy breaſt.

He ſaid, nor need had he of further ſuit,
 For MAMMON now had put forth all his ſtrength
 To raiſe him from the ground ; in his ſtrong graſp 625
 He ſeiz'd his giant limbs in armour clad
 Of adamant and gold, a ponderous wreck :
 Earth trembled with the ſhock ; dire were the groans
 Hell's Monarch vented, horrible the pains,
 That rack'd his ſtiffen'd joints ; yet on he toil'd 630
 Till by Heav'n's ſufferance rather than by aid
 Of arm angelic once again he rear'd
 His huge Titanian ſtature to the ſkies,
 And ſtood ; yet not as late with look erect

And

And lofty mien : Ruin was in his face ; 635
Sordid and foil'd with ignominious dust
His robe imperial, and his azure wings
And glossy locks, that o'er his shoulders curl'd,
Dishevell'd now, and in like tatter'd trim
With vessel tempest-torn or by the force 640
Of engines weigh'd from bottom of the deep,
Founder'd in creek or harbor, where she lay
Gulph'd in the slimy ooze ; when MAMMON thus.

Joy to our gallant Leader ! Once again
With firm foot planted on the subject earth 645
We stand as spi'rits by our own strength redeem'd
Erect and dauntless. Wherefore droops that eye,
As it would root itself into the soil,
From which with vigor new restor'd you rise
Antæus-like indignant of defeat ? 650
Oft, when in search of gold or silver ore
In earth's metallic veins, I've labor'd long
And hard, in damp and darksome caverns pent,
Mining the solid rock, at length to light
And the free air emerg'd, I've found my limbs 655
Stiffen'd with cramps, or with cold ague numb'd :
Yet never did my patient courage droop
Or slack it's gainful toil. I am not apt,
When wealth or glory can be bought with pain,

To stagger at the terms; and if it please 660
 Heav'n's Monarch in his vengeance to attach
 To this eternal being eternal pain,
 Good hope, as poisons may be sheath'd by use,
 So long familiarity with pain
 May draw it's sting, and habitude convert 665
 It's hostile property to friendly ease.
 But thy great heart perhaps is rent with grief,
 Of pain disdainful as of lesser ill:
 And wherefore grieve? Our joys were lost with heaven,
 Our passions all revers'd, our natures chang'd, 670
 Virtues to vices, amity to hate;
 Deeds, that in heav'n had been our shame, in hell
 Become our glory'; and whilst the world endures,
 Whilst evil is to good oppos'd, we keep
 The fight at doubtful issue, oft-times win 675
 The glorious field and triumph over God.
 Why did I tempt ISCARIOT to betray
 His guiltless Master? 'Twas not that I lov'd
 The traitor, no, the treason was my joy;
 I laugh at fools in their own folly caught: 680
 The wretch I tempted, him I shall destroy,
 And like a worn-out weapon cast him by;
 He shall not live to see his Master's fall,
 And for the sorry purchase of his sin

He

He shall but touch the adder's sting and die : 685
 So much for JUDAS ! Thus at once I flay
 Two victims and refine upon revenge.

To whom with clouded brow and nothing cheer'd
 By this discourse hell's gloomy Power replied.

MAMMON, you well describe the rueful change 690
 Wrought in us by our overthrow from heav'n,
 And for such solace as in thought you find
 Pondering the sad eternity of pain,
 My argument shall never be employ'd
 To make that little less; but when you vaunt 695
 ISCARIOT's treason and th' impending fall
 Of that just Person, now before the bar
 Of envious judges, who shall doom his death,
 You vaunt a deed, which, though the' elect of hell
 Jointly with me advis'd, brings on us all 700
 Ruin with loss of empire, and all hope
 So quenches, nought can stand us now in stead
 But patience and your reconciling rules
 To wout our natures to eternal pain.
 My potency you know, and can you think 705
 Less than the hand of God could hurl me down
 To misery like this? It must be God,
 Who speaks in CHRIST, the Father in the Son :
 Though meek, Almighty he controuls the world

And

And me the world's late master ; he destroys 710

Sin my begotten and Sin's offspring Death.

Oh ! that I never had approach'd him more,

Foiled in my first temptation. Now, ev'n now,

I feel a nature in me, not mine own,

That is my master and against my will 715

Enforces truths prophetic from my tongue,

Making me rev'rence whom in heart I hate :

I feel that now, though lifted from the ground,

I stand or move or speak but as he wills,

By influence not by freedom : I perceive 720

These exhalations, that the night breathes on me,

Are loaded with the vaporous steams of hell ;

I scent them in the air, and well I know

The angel of destruction is abroad.

I cannot fly from fate ; the man foredoom'd. 725

To bruise my head is CHRIST, the time is come,

The prophecy is full ; exil'd from hence,

As first from heav'n, my reign on earth is o'er,

And my last care is for those hapless friends,

The partners of my fall, when I am gone 730

Left like a headless trunk. Warn them to fly

Impending ruin ; sure I am, when CHRIST

Breathes forth his sacred spi'rit into the air,

His dying gasp shall blow them like a spell.

To

To the four winds of heav'n : Let them be gone 735

In time and ply the wing ; there's shelter yet

In this wide world for them : Though I must hence,

They may abide, and though their names be lost,

Their altars levell'd and their idols maim'd,

Yet shall their arts and offices endure, 740

Their influences still shall draw the hearts

Of many ; sin shall not at once recede

From earth, nor darkness wholly yield to light.

To thee, auspicious spi'rit, whose potent arm

Hath rais'd me from the ground, I can assure 745

A longer term of residence and power :

Thy empire in earth's inmost centre roots,

Thy influence circulates through all her veins ;

Nor earth alone, but ocean wafts to thee

Continual tribute ; commerce hails thy name ; 750

In thee war triumphs, thee fair peace adores

And gilds the feathers of her dove with gold

To dedicate to thee her worldly god,

Thee, the last foe whom CHRIST shall chase from earth.

So spake the parting fiend in his last hour 755

Prophetic, father though he were of lyes :

To him the inferior dæmon answer none

Attempted, but in ghastly silence stood

Gazing with horror on his chieftain's face,

That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the north, 760
With nitrous vapors charg'd, convulsive shoots
It's fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,
Making heav'n's vault a canopy of blood ;
So o'er the visage of the exorcis'd fiend
Alternate gleams like meteors came and went ; 765
And ever and anon he beat his breast,
That quick and short with lab'ring pulses heav'd.
One piteous look he upward turn'd, one sigh
From his sad heart he fain had sent to heav'n,
But ere the hopeless messenger could leave 770
His quiv'ring lips, by sudden impulse seiz'd
He finds himself uplifted from the earth ;
His azure wings, to footy black now chang'd,
In wide expanse from either shoulder stretch
For flight involuntary : Up he springs 775
Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round ;
As when the Lybian wilderness caught up
In sandy pillar by the eddying winds.
Moves horrible, the grave of man and beast ;
Him thus ascending the fork'd light'ning smites 780
With sidelong volley, whilst loud thunders rock
Heav'n's echoing vault, when all at once, behold !
Caught in the stream of an impetuous gust
High in mid-air, swift on the level wing

Northward he shoots and like a comet leaves
Long fiery track behind, speeding his course
Strait to the realms of Chaos and old Night,
Hell-bound and to Tartarean darkness doom'd.

785

His sad associate, left on earth, look'd up
And with like conscious terror ey'd his flight,
As when the merchant trembling for his freight
Looks seaward from some promontory's top,
And thence descries his gallant bark a wreck
Driving at mercy of the winds and waves
Full on the rocky shoal, her certain grave ;
Then having bid farewell to all his hope
In this one bottom stor'd, now lost to fight,
Turns with a sigh aside, and o'er the strand
With heavy heart takes homeward his slow way.

790

795

So sigh'd the fiend, and for his own sad fate
Trembling yet fearful to attempt the wing,
Slunk cowering off veil'd in the shades of night.

800

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

This Book, proposing to treat of the trial and condemnation of Christ, opens with an invocation to the Evangelists, the sacred historians of that event.—Christ, brought before the priests and elders in council, accused by the witnesses, interrogated by Caiaphas, persists in keeping silence, till being solemnly called upon to declare himself, he answers by an affirmation of the truth. Instantly all voices are let loose upon him, accusing him of blasphemy and pronouncing him worthy of death: He is delivered over to mockery and insult. The Jews resolve to arraign him before Pilate on the following morning. He turns and looks upon Peter, who according to prediction had three several times denied him. The sorrow and contrition of that Disciple is described; he retires apart to bewail his crime and supplicate forgiveness. His prayer and confession in the temple-porch. The council of the Jews resort to Pilate next morning and appeal against Christ. He informs them that by the Roman law no judgment can be given till the accused is confronted with his accusers, and heard in his defence. Now commences the trial of Christ before Pilate, who, finding nothing worthy of death in that just person, refers him to Herod as belonging to his jurisdiction. Herod, after mocking him, arrays him in a gorgeous robe, and in that apparel sends him back to Pilate. He again appears in the judgment hall before Pilate, who after many fruitless efforts to save him, the Jews still urging him by their clamorous importunity to crucify him, finding no other way to prevent a tumult of the people, after declaring himself innocent of the blood of Jesus by the ceremony of washing his hands before the multitude, delivers him to be crucified.

C A L V A R Y.

BOOK V.

THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST.

YE sacred Guides, whose plain unvarnish'd page,
 Penn'd by the hand of Truth, records the scene,
 Where CHRIST before the bar of impious men,
 Patient of all their scorn, arraign'd, betray'd
 And of his own abandon'd, silent stands, 5
 You I invoke ; so from the same pure source,
 Whence my faith flows, shall also flow my song,
 Not idly babbling, like that shallow rill
 Trickling at foot of the Parnassian Mount,
 But deep, serene, to hallow'd airs attun'd : 10
 Aid me from Heav'n, where now before God's throne
 In evangelic attributes ye stand
 Six-wing'd and thick bespangled o'er with eyes,
 Ranging all points before you and behind,
 Seraphic minstrels, chanting day and night 15

Your

Your ceaseless hallelujahs to the name
 Of Him, who was and is and is to come.
 Led by your hand with trembling step I press
 The sacred ground, which my Redeemer trode,
 Now like a lamb to slaughter led, and now 20
 Pendent, Oh horror ! on the bloody tree ;
 And whilst to tell his sacrifice of love,
 His soul-dissolving agonies I strive,
 My heart melts into sorrows deep as those,
 When the sad daughters of Jerusalem. 25
 Water'd his passage to the cross with tears.

Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard
 Far onward in the wint'ry track of age,
 I shun the Muses haunts, nor dalliance hold
 With fancy by the way, but travel on 30
 My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years ;
 One that finds little favor with the world,
 Yet thankful for it's least benevolence
 And patient of it's taunts ; for never yet
 Lur'd I the popu'lar ear with gibing tales, 35
 Or sacrific'd the modesty of song,
 Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts
 To make the vulgar sport and win their shout.
 Me rather the still voice delights, the praise
 Whisper'd, not publish'd by fame's braying trump : 40

Be thou my herald, Nature ! Let me please
The sacred few, let my remembrance live
Embosom'd by the virtuous and the wise ;
Make me, O Heav'n ! by those, who love thee, lov'd :
So when the widow's and the children's tears 45
Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep
Pomplefs and from a scornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which it's malice rent, shall shoot
So water'd into life, and mantling throw
It's verdant honors o'er my grassy tomb. 50

Here in mid-way of my unfinish'd course,
Doubtful of future time whilst now I pause
To fetch new breath and trim my waining lamp,
Fountain of Life, if I have still ador'd
Thy mercy and remember'd Thee with awe 55
Ev'n in my mirth, in the gay prime of youth—
So conscience witnesses, the mental scribe,
That registers my errors, quits me here—
Propitious Pow'r, support me ! and if death,
Near at the farthest, meditates the blow 60
To cut me short in my prevented task,
Spare me a little, and put by the stroke,
Till I recount his overthrow and hail
Thy Son victorious rising from the grave.

Now

Now to that dismal scene return, my thoughts ! 65
Where CHRIST in midst of an irreverent crew,
Usher'd by torches through the darkling streets,
And now at summit of the holy Mount
Arriv'd, before the pontiff's lofty gate,
Waiting the call of impious pride, attends. 70
The halls and lobbies vomit forth a swarm
Of faucy servitors with ideot stare
Gazing the wond'rous Man, and venting loud
Their coward mockeries : He stands unmov'd.
Great is the stir within, and on the post 75
Through all the palace runs the buzzing news
Of this great Prophet's capture, circling round
With ever new enlargement of strange fights
And fearful doings in the garden seen
Of those who took him. CAIAPHAS meanwhile 80
Summons the Temple-chiefs, elders and scribes,
A hasty Sanhedrim : No longer now
With stately step in measur'd pace they march ;
Huddled together by their fears they flock,
They cluster in a throng, safest so deem'd, 85
And fill the council seats. In speech abrupt
And brief their hierarch the cause expounds
Of their so sudden meeting—CHRIST is seiz'd,

The

The Prophet, whom they dreaded, is in hold,
 Th'Enchanter, who by league with Belzebub 90
 Scar'd them with magic spells, is at their door;

Now is the time to put his art to proof,

Now is the moment to decide if thus

Their unreveal'd Meffias shall appear

After long promise in this abject state 95

A shackled pris'ner, or a conquering king.

Admit him! with faint voice some two or three

Of the least timorous cry.—Behold, he comes!

The rabble throng rush in, and at the bar

Of the immur'd divan present him bound 100

With cords, his raiment foil'd with hands profane,

His head uncover'd and his sacred locks

By the rude winds and ruder men despoil'd

Of their propriety, dishevell'd, spread

Like shatter'd fragments on the branching top 105

Of piny Lebanon after a storm.

Silence now reign'd, the roar of tongues was hush'd,

And expectation with suspended breath

Sate watchful when some sign or word of power

Should in a miracle break forth upon them. 110

None such that patient Sufferer vouchsaf'd,

Nor menace nor complaint his eye bespake,

But meek serene composure. Noting this,

As cowards out of danger loudest vaunt,
 The council now took heart : Then soon were heard 115
 The lying tongues of witnesses suborn'd
 Various and loud ; but these no order kept ;
 Falshood with falshood clash'd, and each to each
 Irreconcilable, as all to truth :
 Shame held the council mute, for vilest hearts, 120
 Cloak'd in the robes of judgment, will affect
 Some outward shew of what they ought to be,
 Then most malicious when most seeming just.
 Confusion now ensu'd and perjury
 In it's own labyrinth had lost itself, 125
 When some of graver note within the pale
 Of justice seated, but far thence remov'd
 In conscience and in heart, started new charge,
 Averring they had heard the Pris'ner say—
 I will destroy this temple made with hands, 130
 And within three days will another build
 Made without hands.—The charge was gravely urg'd,
 And, colour'd to the semblance of a plot,
 Breath'd sacrilegious menace to God's house,
 Fit matter for descant pontifical : 135
 When CAIAPHAS, as foremost in degree
 So first to sound forth danger and affix
 Solemnity to malice, from his state

With

With magisterial dignity arose,
 And sternly fixing on the face divine 140
 His eye inquisitorial, thus began.

Hear'st thou what these alledge? The words in charge
 Stand witness'd by these present : Face to face
 Th' accusers they and thou th' accused meet :
 Justice is open. What is thy defence? 145
 Answerest thou nothing?—Nothing answer'd he,
 But as a lamb before it's shearers mute
 He open'd not his mouth ; the mystery couch'd
 Under those words, prophetic of his death
 And following resurrection, to expound 150
 To their perverted minds beseem'd not him,
 Searcher of hearts and Savior of mankind :
 Silent not pertinacious he endur'd
 Their scorn, nor did his meek demeanour shew
 More than the dignity of conscious truth, 155
 Which knows itself prejudg'd and scorns a plea.

But CAIAPHAS, who brook'd not this repulse,
 And still occasion sought from his own lips
 By subtlety to' ensnare him, thus re-urg'd
 Question with solemn adjuration back'd. 160
 Hear me, thou man accus'd, and answer make
 I do adjure thee by the living God
 To what I now demand. Art thou the CHRIST,

The very CHRIST, Son of th' eternal God,
Or art thou not? Resolve us who thou art! 165

Then JESUS by this solemn adjuration urg'd,
Lifting his eyes to heav'n in mute appeal,
Whilst all his Father's virtue in his face
Effulgent beam'd, these glorious words pronounc'd;
Hear them, O heav'n, and Oh! record them, earth, 170
Write them, ye mortals, on your hearts—I am,
I am the CHRIST; all that you ask I am;
And ye shall see me coming in the clouds
Of heav'n, enthron'd at the right hand of Power.

As when on rapine bent a savage horde 175
Arab or Indian, in some sandy dell
Or by the feggy lake in ambush lodg'd,
Upon the watch-word by their leader giv'n
Leap from their treach'rous lair with sudden yell
And bloody weapons waving to surprize. 180
And overpower th' unguarded traveller,
Fatally trapp'd into their murderous snare;
So at the signal of their priestly chief
Uprose the dire divan with rushing found,
Like roar of distant waters. Terror-struck, 185
Frantic as Bromius, with furious hands
Th' enthusiastic hierarch seiz'd his robes,
And into tatters like a cancell'd scroll

Tore

Tore them, exclaiming vehement and loud
 That all might hear—What need of further proof? 190
 Ye' have heard his blasphemy. How think ye, firs?
 What may such crime deserve?—Th' infuriate priests
 Seiz'd by like phrensy with one voice pronounce—
 Death be his sentence!—Death through all the hall
 Rebouncing echoes back th' accurs'd decree. 195
 Horrible sentence! Murder hatch'd in hell;
 Libation for the fiends! Dæmons, on you
 And on your generations to all time:
 His righteous blood shall rest. Now uproar wild:
 And horrid din succeeds: The scoffing crowd. 200
 Rush to the bar, so privileg'd, and there
 With scurril taunts and blasphemies revile
 The patient Son of God! Oh thought of horror!
 The Savior of mankind revil'd by man;
 The Just by th' unjust! Others more profane 205
 Vent their vile rheum upon his sacred face,
 Or smite him with their palms, then gibing cry—
 Tell us who smote thee; prophecy, thou CHRIST!

Monsters, that CHRIST hath prophesied, your doom
 Already by that Prophet is pronounc'd, 210
 The lips you strike have utter'd it: Behold!
 Jerusalem is fall'n, her towers are dust,
 Your city smokes in ruin: Lo! what piles

Of mangled carcases; what horrid scenes
 Of violated matrons: Hark! what screams 215
 Of infants butcher'd in their mothers arms;
 And look! your temple blazes to the sky;
 It's beams of cedar overlaid with gold,
 It's fretted roof with carvings rich emboss'd,
 And all it's glorious splendor feeds the flames 220
 Infatiate; mark how high their serpent spires
 Hissing ascend: God fans them in his ire:
 Thither the wild beasts of the desert hie,
 There carrion owls by midnight haunt, there dwells
 The dragon, and the satyrs dance: 'Tis done! 225
 That prophecy is seal'd. There yet remains
 An awful consummation unreveal'd,
 Till God shall gather up your scatter'd race
 Still vagrant o'er th' inhospitable earth.
 Ah! wretched people, broken and dispers'd, 230
 Did ye preserve the oracles of God
 But to convict your own obduracy?
 Sad nation, on whose neck the iron yoke
 Of persecution hard, too hard, hath lain,
 And yet lies heavy, will ye not accept 235
 A High Priest, holy, harmless, undefil'd,
 From finners sep'rate and exalted high
 Above the heavens? And do ye not perceive

The

The word of JESUS in yourselves fulfill'd ?
 Rue then the prophecy, which you provok'd, 240
 Of faithless fathers ye still faithless sons !

Whilst shuddering I recount the impious taunts
 Of that blaspheming rout : But neither taunts
 Nor violence could shake the Savior's peace ;
 He in his own pure spi'rit collected stood, 245
 Nor of their base revilings took account.

'Twas now that CHRIST, knowing himself denied
 Three times of PETER, turn'd and look'd upon him.
 He from the garden, where his Lord was seiz'd,
 Following at distance JUDAS and his band, 250
 Had kept his eye upon their moving fires,
 And up the sacred mount pursued their track,
 Till at the palace-door he stood and fought :
 Admission with the crowd ; when there behold !
 A damsel at the portal scans him o'er 255
 With scrutinizing eye and strait exclaims—
 Thou too wert in this Galilean's train ;
 Thou art of JESUS.—Sudden to his heart
 The coward tremor runs and there suggests
 The fear-conceived lye ; before them all 260
 With confidence to falsehood ill applied—
 I know not what thou say'st—he strait avers,
 And to the porch goes forth : There in his ear

The cock his first shrill warning gives and sings
 The knell of constancy's predicted breach, 265
 Of constancy, alas ! too strongly vouch'd
 By him in rash and over-weening zeal,
 Boasting like martyrdom with CHRIST himself,
 Sole sacrifice appointed for mankind.
 But he, though of presumption warn'd, by fear 270
 Still haunted and the guilty dread of death,
 Strait to a second questioner replies—
 I do not know the man—and to engage
 Belief, binds down the falsehood with an oath,
 Fatal appeal to Heav'n ! insult to God 275
 And His all-righteous ears ! Is this the man,
 Who with such glowing ardor self-affur'd—
 Though all shall be offended, I will not—
 Proudly averr'd, and for that pride reprov'd—
 Though I should die with thee, dauntless rejoin'd, 280
 Yet will I not deny thee—? Man, weak man,
 Pride was not made for thee. If PETER fell
 Presuming, who shall say, Behold ! I stand
 In my own strength nor ask support of God ?
 And now, as if devoted to his shame, 285
 Curious to pry, yet-fearful to be seen,
 He mixes with the throng that crowd the hall ;
 And there once more is challeng'd for his speech,

As

As favo'ring of the Galilean phraſe ;
 Then with reiterated oaths abjures 290
 His Maſter the third time ; when hark ! again
 The cock's loud ſignal echoes back the lye
 In his convicted ear ; the prophet bird
 Strains his recording throat, and up to heav'n
 Trumpets the trebled perjury and claps 295
 His wings in triumph o'er preſumption's fall.

Oh ! fall'n how low, is this thy promis'd faith,
 Favor'd of CHRIST ſo highly ? Know'ſt thou not,
 Diſciple, thine own Lord ? or know'ſt him only
 In ſafety, in proſperity, in power, 300
 For thine own ſelfiſh ends, a ſummer gueſt,
 Prone to deſert him in the wint'ry hour
 Of tribulation, poverty and woe ?
 Is thy frail memory of that ſlippery ſtuff,
 That a friend's ſorrow waſhes out all trace 305
 Of a friend's features ? Look upon his eyes !
 Behold, they turn on thee : Them doſt thou know ?
 Their language canſt thou read and from them draw
 The conſcious reminifcence thou diſown'ſt ?
 Mark, is their ſweetneſs loſt ? Ah ! no ; they beam 310
 Celeſtial grace, a ſanctity of ſoul
 So melting ſoft with pity, ſuch a gleam
 Of love divine attemp'ring mild reproof,

Where is the man, that to obtain that eye
Of mercy on his sins would not forego 315

Life's dearest comforts to embrace such hope ?
O death, death ! where would be thy sting, or where
These awful tremblings, which thy coming stirs
In my too conscious breast, might I aspire
To hope my Judge would greet me with that look ? 320

Vaunt not yourselves, ye scorers, nor exult
In this recital of a good man's fall,
Faithful historian of his own offence :
But rather let it physic your proud spleen
To mark how mean, prevaricating, false 325
And despicable a vain-glorious man.

PETER's denial, David's heinous sin,
And all the guilty lapses of man's heart,
Though summ'd together into one account,
Each spot and blemish malice can search out 330
To tarnish the fair lustre of a name,
Stand but as lessons of humility,

Warnings of frailty to o'er-weening man ;
And if our mournful page hath now set forth
The fall of virtue, let it next record 335
It's glorious resurrection : We have shewn
The' offender in his shame, what now remains
But to display the penitent ? Behold !

Abash'd he stands bath'd in remorseful tears :

One glance from his beloved Master's eye, 340

Like Nathan's parable, hath rous'd from sleep

His drowsy conscience. Mark, where he retires

To weep in solitude and purge his heart

By sorrowful repentance of it's guilt.

O PETER, could my verse fit offering make, 345

That verse should be bestow'd upon thy tears.

Now the assembled elders and their chief,

After short consultation had, resolve

With the next dawn of morning to arraign

Their Prisoner at the prætorian bar 350

Of PILATE, procurator for the state

Imperial of Rome and Cæsar ; he

Held judgment sovereign of life and death

In tributary Jewry, judge corrupt,

And like Rome's venal emissaries prone 355

To every sordid purpose ; train'd in blood

And for tribunal bloody therefore fit.

Meanwhile forth issuing from the fatal hall,

Scene of his shame, the sad Disciple took

His pensive way across the temple-court 360

Silent and solitary, seeking where

To' unbosom his full sorrows and give up

His soul to pray'r, and pardon seek of God

For his revolt. Pale through night's curtain gleam'd
 By fits the lunar intermittent ray, 365
 That quiv'ring serv'd to light his lonely steps
 To the fair gate call'd Beautiful, whose porch
 High over-arch'd, on writhed columns propp'd
 Of spiral brafs convolv'd, was for it's shade
 Of CHRIST and his Disciples much in quest. 370

Hither he came, and falling on his knees,
 Like the' humble publican smote on his breast,
 And this confession self-accusing made.

Here let me fall and in repentant tears
 Weep out my soul upon these piti'less stones, 375
 Made sacred by His steps, whose awful name
 Thrice blasphem'd, thrice abjur'd, I dare not speak,
 Though in my supplication. Can I say,
 Spare me, O God of mercy? Can I ask
 Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myself? 380
 Oh! wretched recreant creature as I am,
 What shall redeem me from this misery,
 And reconcile my conscience to itself,
 A perjurd conscience? Never more can peace
 Dwell in this bosom; never can my soul 385
 Ascend out of the dust, or lift a thought
 In hope tow'rd's heav'n. With JUDAS let me dwell,
 Colleague in treason; with his sin my sin

In

In the' execration of all time be link'd.
Or shall I venture to look up and say, 390
O God, behold a wretch, who dares not sue
For mercy but for mitigated wrath,
For punishment proportion'd to my bearing,
Protracted, not too sudden, lest it take
My senses from me and with them all power 395
Of meditation, penance and atonement?
Spare me a little to abhor myself;
And if the arrow, which my conscience drives
Into this guilty heart, draws not enough
Of it's vile blood to purify what's left, 400
Let the strong hand of justice force it home
And finish me at once. Was I not warn'd
Of my presumption, and a signal set
To number my denials, when I swore
Never to swerve but follow him to death? 405
Mine, like ISCARIOT'S, was predicted sin:
I spar'd not him, I call'd his wilful guilt,
Obstinate malice; and can I now urge
Necessity my plea? All things are known
To CHRIST; the evil motions of my will 410
He saw, not over-rul'd: I might have pray'd
For grace, support, prevention; I pray'd not,
But heedless of the prophecy and blind

Rush'd

Rush'd into sin prepenſe, ſelf-will'd, ſelf-loſt.
 What fascination ſeiz'd me to draw forth 415
 The ſword in raſh defence of Him, whoſe word
 Legions of Angels could have call'd from heav'n ?
 And what prevaricating dæmon breath'd
 The lye into my lips, when the ſame night,
 Nay, the ſame hour, that ſaw me prompt to' oppoſe 420
 My life to danger, ſaw me meanly ſhrink
 From what I courted, and behind a lye
 Three times repeated like a coward ſculk ?
 And did I not know CHRIST whom I denied ?
 Did I not know the Maſter whom I ſerv'd, 425
 Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart
 His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts
 From the mean drudgery of a fiſher's trade,
 And taught me in the energy of faith
 To walk upon that ſea, in which ere-while 430
 I dragg'd the net and toil'd for daily bread ?
 O memory, once my glory, now my curſe,
 To what ſad purpoſe do I call thee home,
 Abſent in danger, preſent in deſpair ?
 Is there a wonder done of CHRIST on earth 435
 I have not witneſs'd ? Did I not behold
 Dead Lazarus revive at his command ?
 What ſhall I ſay to him, whom I ſaw die,

When

When living he arraigns me face to face?

What answer make to those, whom I have serv'd 440

From one small wallet with the bread of thousands?

The very blind, ere they receiv'd their sight,

Saw more than I, and hail'd him LORD and CHRIST.

Who shall believe when I renounce belief?

The very devils own Him whom I denied. 445

Can I call these accurst, whose impious cry

Dooms him to death; who smite him with their palms

Blaspheming? Harder than their hands my heart.

Wretch, 'twas my false tongue train'd them on to murder;

On me, me only all their sin rebounds: 450

I stand condemn'd, they free. Can I forget

How oft my lips confess'd him Son of God?

Perish that tongue, which could revoke it's faith,

Disown confession and belie my heart.

Denied of me on earth, when in the clouds 455

Of heav'n he comes at the right hand of Pow'r,

And sends his Angels with the trumpet's sound

To gather his elect from the four winds,

When, as a shepherd culling out his flock,

To separate all nations and divide 460

The good from evil he proceeds, Ah! then,

Then will he not retort the fatal words

First us'd of me, I know thee not! Depart,

Thou

'Thou wicked fervant, into outer darkneſs,
 There weep and gnaſh thy teeth in fires prepar'd 465
 For SATAN and his outcaſt crew accurſt?

Thus he all night with deep remorse o'erwhelm'd,
 Mournfully kneeling at God's temple-gate,
 Bewail'd his crime and ſupplication made
 For pardon; and let after-times atteſt 470
 How full a portion of God's ſpi'rit abode
 In this bleſt Penitent, when with the ſound
 Of ruſhing mighty winds it was pour'd down
 On him and on his fellows, thence inſtall'd
 Apoſtles, and with gifted tongues inſpir'd 475
 To ſpeak all languages and preach the Word
 Of CHRIST throughout the whole converted world.

Here in this very ſpot, where now he kneels
 Repentant, fill'd ere long with pow'r divine,
 He bade the cripple in the name of CHRIST 480
 Riſe up and walk: He at the word in fight
 Of all the people roſe and ſtood and walk'd
 And in the temple gave loud praiſe to God.
 Then let not his offence, pardon'd of God,
 By man but for example's ſake be nam'd, 485
 And once more, hail, thou renovated Saint!
 Made brighter by repentance: Enter thou
 Into thy Maſter's joy once more; reſume

Thine

Thine apostolic primacy, and feed,
 Shepherd of CHRIST deputed, feed his flock. 490
 Nor shall thy faith once falter, nor thy zeal
 Shrink from the test of martyrdom, reserv'd
 To glorify thy Master on the cross.

Now morning from her cloudy barrier forth
 Advancing crimson'd all the flecker'd East, 495
 As blushing to lead on the guilty day.
 With the first dawn the wakeful elders meet,
 Short council hold, for little time suffic'd
 To take their voices, whose relentless minds
 In the same bloody league were banded all ; 500
 And now unanimous with their high priest
 In stately grave procession forth they march
 To find their heathen judge, and at his bar
 Arraign the Holy One.—But check, my heart,
 Thine indignation ; let the verse proceed !— 505
 Him in his seat of judgment high enthron'd,
 With axes and with lictors round embay'd
 In martial state, with reverence they salute,
 And lowly stoop their tributary heads
 To his vice-gerent majesty : With smile 510
 Of condescending favor he accepts
 Their abject greeting, and to his right hand
 Their chief advances ; others in their ranks

And orders he disposes ; then with feign'd
Solicitude, as if to seek the cause 515
Of this concerted meeting, he begins.

What cause so weighty brings JEHOVAH's priest
With these wise elders and time-honor'd scribes
Thus early to seek justice at my bar ?
Appeal so reverend, with such leader grac'd 520
And by such followers witness'd, well demands
Of Cæsar's servant his most equal ear.

Whereto the' high priest, second to none in craft,
With solemn accent and demeanor grave
Masking his base collusion, thus replies. 525

When he, whose hand the sword of justice sways,
Her balance also holds in equal poise
Over this realm provincial, we have cause
To thank the master of our liberties,
Who by such delegation of his power 530
Makes light that yoke, which else would gall our necks,
Though Cæsar lays it on us : Then let praise
Be giv'n to Cæsar for the love we bear
To PONTIUS PILATE. Have I leave to say,
That we your servants, a peculiar race, 535
Pay worship to one God and hold at heart
As sacred that commandment handed down
From our forefathers, which for ever makes

His

His undivided Unity the creed
 Of all our nation ; and whoe'er blasphemes 540
 His name and controverts our holy faith,
 Dies by our law ? This sentence we have pass'd,
 But execution staid, so bound in duty,
 Upon a certain Nazarite, by name
 JESUS, obscure of birth, but of our peace 545
 No slight disturber ; for the common herd,
 A monster as you know with many heads,
 And every head with twice as many ears
 Itching for novelties, have rais'd this man
 To dang'rous eminence ; and for he cheats 550
 Their gross credulity with juggling sleights,
 Which they call miracles, have blown his pride
 To such a monstrous bulk, he now scales heaven,
 There seats himself—Oh ! where shall I find words
 To speak his blasphemy ?—at God's right hand, 555
 His Son, his equal, sharer of his throne,
 Judge of the world. If this be not a crime
 For death to expiate we are slaves indeed,
 And every statute, ordinance and law
 Rome leaves inviolate, JESUS shall break 560
 Unpunish'd : Nor is this, dread sir, the whole
 Of his presumption ; mark, I pray, the height
 To which his phrensy rages, mark his threat !

He will put down this temple in three days
 And in like time with hands invifible 565
 Erect another.—Patron of our laws,
 Fountain of juftice ! ought this man to live ?
 Such madnefs breath'd into our peoples minds
 Will fpur them to the deed, break every band
 That ties, them down to order, and turn loofe 570
 Their fury not on us alone but Rome,
 Not on our temple only but perhaps
 On this tribunal, which Heav'n guard ! And now
 Take the whole matter of our charge at once :
 This JESUS hath pronounc'd himfelf a king, 575
 Our king, your mafter's rival : You beft know
 If your great empe'ror abdicates his right
 To our allegiance, which we fain would hold,
 Where we have vow'd it, to imperial Cæfar,
 Not to this mean mechanic, Jofeph's fon. 580
 This is our plea, O PONTIUS, why we claim
 Juftice againft the pris'ner, who now waits
 Your fentence under guard and bound, as fits
 Delinquent fo atrocious : I have faid.

To him the Roman—Be it known to all, 585
 The fentence, which you urge againft the life
 Of your now abfent pris'ner, cannot pafs
 By praftice of our law, till face to face

With

With his accusers he shall stand at bar,
 And licence have to answer for himself 590

Touching the crime in charge ; therefore these words,
 Which you have largely spent, are spent in air,
 Else might the ear of justice be forestall'd
 By the empleader's charge, and so perchance

Let fall the axe upon the guiltless head. 595

Much knowledge of your laws I cannot boast,
 Nor with these learned scribes hold argument ;
 For so much therefore as to them pertains
 I on the part of Cæsar am no judge ;

His tributes, his supremacy and rights 600

Disputed or oppos'd I shall uphold
 'Gainst all offenders. Let th' accus'd appear !

This said, behold the blessed Son of God

Dragg'd to a pagan bar ! There whilst he stood
 A spectacle of pity, patient, meek, 605

Submitted to his fate, PILATE, who knew

Him innocent and his accusers false,

Envious and cruel, ey'd him o'er and o'er ;

And as he ponder'd in his mind how base

The sentence he was now requir'd to give, 610

Some sparks of Roman virtue, not quite dead

Though faintly felt in his degenerate breast,

Revolted from the deed : Soft was the touch,

Though

Though ineffectual, which sweet pity gave
To his stern heart : He wish'd, yet knew not how, 615
To' unfold the gates of mercy, and through them
Let pass the rescued Innocent to life ;
The son of Epicurus could no more.

Upon the Sufferer's brow serene he saw
Where innocence and sanctity enthron'd 620
Sate visible and claim'd his just award :

He turn'd him to th' accusers and beheld
Such malice, as brought up to view a groupe
Of his own furies from their fabled hell ;
Then with a frown he cries—What law is your's, 625
Which makes this man a culprit ere he's tried ?

Unmanacle his limbs ! A Roman judge
Hears no man plead in shackles ; he, who speaks
In life's defence hath call for every aid
That Nature can bestow, free use of limbs, 630

Action and utterance to grace his cause,
And hold him up against the world's contempt :
I will not hear a man that pleads in bonds.

Cut those vile cords asunder : Set him loose !

And now our blessed Lord, his arms releas'd 635
From the harsh thongs, which the malignant Jews
Had bound about them, 'gan to re-compose
His decent vesture and with calm survey

To

To note his persecutors, those dire priests
 And cruel hypocrites that bay'd him round. 640
 In every breast transparent to his eye
 Malice and craft and envy he discern'd :
 In PILATE's face the shifting hues bespoke
 Internal strife of passions all in arms,
 Combat 'twixt good and evil: In his hand 645
 He held a scroll, which with intentive eye
 And thoughtful brow deep pondering he perus'd :
 The writing well he knew, but the contents,
 Thus worded, much perplex'd his wav'ring thoughts.

" O Pilate, if thy wife was ever held 650
 " In honor, love or trust, I do adjure thee
 " This once take warning from her voice inspir'd
 " To snatch thee from destruction. Oh ! withhold
 " Thine hand from that just person, harm not him,
 " That holy JESUS, who now stands before thee ; 655
 " Touch not his sacred life, or on thine head
 " A fearful judgment thou shalt else pull down :
 " A mighty Pow'r protects him, what I know not,
 " But mightier sure than all the Gods of Rome ;
 " For I have seen his glory in a dream, 660
 " And dreams descend from heav'n. Pilate, beware !"

Such was the warning scroll he now perus'd,
 Ev'n on the judgment seat, by timely hand.

Sent for his rescue : Happy ! had he turn'd
 His heart so warn'd to justice, and obey'd 665
 The visitation of the spi'rit vouchsaf'd :
 But he, like Cæsar, deem'd his manhood pledg'd
 To make slight 'count of a weak woman's dream :
 Yet much confus'd, uncertain and perplex'd
 He look'd around, and saw all eyes upon him : 670
 The Jews impatient, JESUS at the bar
 Prepar'd for trial : What shall he resolve ?
 Break up the court and judgment put aside
 For a mere vapor, for no better plea
 Than to indulge a woman's fond caprice, 675
 And bid the law stand still and wait the time
 " Till PILATE's wife shall meet with better dreams ?"—
 Such scorn he dar'd not to provoke, and now
 Loud murmurs fill'd his ear : Compell'd to rise,
 Though uncollected and in mind disturb'd, 680
 He thus address'd the LORD.—Art thou a king,
 And of this nation, who accuse thee to me,
 King of the Jews ?—Thou say'st it, JESUS cried :
 But say'st thou of thyself this thing, or taught
 Of others art thou prompted so to speak ?— 685
 Am I a Jew ? the fault'ring judge replied ;
 Not I, but these, who if thou wert a king
 Were thine own subjects, elders, priests and scribes,

These

These have accus'd thee. Not of them am I;
 Nor in this business covet further share, 690
 Than on the part of justice to demand,
 What hast thou done? How answer'st thou their charge?

Of this world were my kingdom, said our LORD,
 My servants would defend their King, and fight
 To save me from my' oppressors: But I reign 695
 Not on this earth, nor is my pow'r from hence.

Art thou a king then?—interpos'd the judge:—
 Thou say'st, cried JESUS, that I am a king;
 And truly to this purpose was I born,
 And for this cause came I into the world, 700
 That I should witness bear unto the Truth;
 And all, that to the Truth belong, hear me.—
 What is the Truth? said PILATE, but his voice
 Now falter'd and his thoughts unsettled, wild
 And driv'n at random like a wreck, could grasp 705
 No helm of reason; only this he knew
 There was no fault before him: This aloud
 To all he publish'd and pronounc'd him clear.

Whereat with rage and disappointment stung,
 Furious as wolves defrauded of their prey, 710
 Uprose the priests appellant, and afresh
 Urge o'er and o'er their aggravating charge,
 Forging new falsehoods and re-forging old:

The Preacher of forbearance, peace and love
 Perverter of the nation now they call, 715
 Fomenter of sedition, spreading wide
 From Galilee, the cradle of his birth,
 Throughout all Jewry to the capital ;
 Where now assuming to himself the name,
 Prerogative and state of King and CHRIST, 720
 He stirreth up the people to revolt,
 Forbidding them to pay their rightful dues
 Of tribute to Rome's emperor, himself
 Exalting above Cæsar. This and more
 In the like strain of virulence, with lips 725
 In aspic venom steep'd they now depose ;
 Nor had they brought their malice to a pause,
 When PILATE, hoping he had now found plea
 To shift the dreaded sentence from himself,
 Thus interposing check'd their clam'rous spleen. 730

Break off, and let your tongues take rest awhile :
 It is not at this bar you must emplead
 This man, a Galilean as it seems ;
 Whom, being such, it is not mine to hear
 But HEROD'S : Let his special tetrarch judge 735
 'Twixt him and you : Thither remit your suit.

This said, he rose preventing all reply,
 Whilst they, though by procrastination gall'd,

Yet

Yet of their tetrarch confident, submit :
 But nor with HEROD could their malice speed 740
 To it's main purpose : Little care had he
 For all their priestly clamor ; in his thoughts
 Religion had no interest, truth no weight :
 For prophets and for prophecies no ear
 Had he, alike regardless how CHRIST preach'd, 745
 Or they complain'd ; yet much he wish'd to see
 Some splendid miracle of him perform'd,
 Something to strike his senses with surprize
 And satisfy a wanton curiosity,
 Made eager by the fame of those great works, 750
 Whereof he much had heard and nothing seen.
 But when our LORD to all his questions mute
 Nor word nor sign vouchsaf'd, to wrath impell'd,
 What by enticements he had fail'd to gain
 By taunts he hop'd to' extort ; and now his spleen 755
 To impious scorn and mockery gave the rein :
 Forthwith his Pris'ner in a gorgeous robe
 Apparel'd as a king, to all his court
 Held up for sport and laughter, he expos'd.
 Loud was the roar of blasphemy the whilst, 760
 And wild the revels of the scoffing throng
 As the lewd orgies of the frantic god,
 Or clamor of that sacrilegious rout,

When their mad rage the Thracian minstrel tore,
 Whose wonder-working harp could charm the ear 765
 Of hell and call dead nature into life.
 The priests look'd on and grinn'd malicious joy ;
 Yet would not HEROD execution doom ;
 Or willing to appease the jealousy
 Of PILATE, or content to mark his scorn 770
 Of JESUS by this arrogant display
 Of mercy, as not dreading whom he spar'd.

Now once again at PILATE's bar he stands,
 Not as before like malefactor tied
 And round begirt with cords, but overlaid 775
 With a rich load of sumptuous mockery ;
 A lamb compell'd to carry the proud spoils
 And guilty trappings of the ty'rannous wolf.
 Again the judge with slow unwilling step
 To his tribunal mounts and thus he speaks. 780

You still persist to bring this man to me
 As a perverter of your nation's faith
 And loyalty : Your witnesses I've heard,
 Ponder'd their depositions and throughout
 Examin'd ev'ry tittle of your charge : 785
 Him too I've question'd in the ears of all
 Here present, and no shadow of offence
 Can I discern to warrant your appeal

For

For execution, and pass judgment on him :

No, nor yet HEROD, for to him I sent 790

You and your pris'ner, and behold him freed,

Nothing is done unto him worthy death :

I will chastise him therefore and release ;

Yet this chastisement rather to allay

Your anger, than so merited of him, 795

I shall inflict. Remember this your feast

Hath the long plea of custom to be mark'd

With pardon and forbearance : To reprieve

One culprit from his sentence I am bound

No less by inclination than by rule 800

And usage immemorial : Make your choice !

But let it fall on innocence not guilt.

Instant all voices echo'd forth a cry—

Hence with this man ! away with him to death !

Give us the murd'rer, set Barabbas free : 805

Let JESUS perish !—Wherefore ; for what crime ?

PILATE exclaim'd : What evil hath he done ?

No cause of death in JESUS can I find,

Be witness for me, justice, none in him ;

But for that wretch, on whom ye would bestow 810

Pardon misplac'd, so various are his crimes,

So black their quality, ye cannot name

A death more terrible than he deserves.

Take

Take of the guiltless blood what stripes can draw
 To satisfy your longing, but forbear 815
 To take the life, if not for pity's sake,
 In honor of yourselves, that ye may say,
 There was one prophet, whom ye did not kill.

Loud as the winds that lash the raging seas
 And all as deaf, redoubling now the roar, 820
 Th' infuriate Jews rend their blaspheming throats,
 Howling for blood ; 'till deafen'd with the din
 Of, Crucify him ! crucify him ! dreadful cry,
 PILATE, who 'twixt their tumult and the death
 Of that just Person saw no middle course, 825
 By which t' escape, one solemn act prepar'd,
 By expiatory washing of his hands
 In presence of the multitude, to purge
 His soul, and thereof God alone is judge,
 From the pure blood of that devoted Lamb. 830

Behold ! he cries, I pour this water forth,
 And therein make ablution of my soul :
 From all participation in your crime,
 By washing of my hands from every stain
 Of this inhuman sacrifice, each spot 835
 And sprinkling of this guiltless Victim's blood.
 Rest on your heads the murder ! I am clean.

This said, he turn'd and fix'd a pitying look

Upon

Upon the LORD ; then sigh'd and gave the word :
Eager as hounds, when flipp'd upon their prey, 840
In rush the throng, and soon the hissing scourge
Whirl'd with impetuous swing aloud resounds
Gashing that sacred flesh, whose bleeding stripes
Heal'd our sin-wounded souls ; upon his brow
A thorny crown they fix, whose tortu'ring spikes, 845
Thrust rudely in by sacrilegious hands,
Furrow his temples and with crimson streams
Cover his face divine : Him thus abus'd,
Mangled with stripes and all o'er bath'd in blood,
In purple robe they scornfully array 850
And drag to public view.—Behold the man !—
PILATE proclaim'd with horror in his voice
And out-stretch'd arm, that pointed to a sight,
Which had to pity mov'd their steely hearts,
Had they not been of metal forg'd by fiends. 855
And temper'd in the sternest fires of hell.
Dry-ey'd, as rock of adamant unmov'd,
Obdurate to his sorrows they look'd on,
Nor from their crucifying clamor ceas'd,
Till PILATE, now all hope for JESUS lost, 860
Yielding to their tumultuous fury, cried.

Take him and do your bloody work yourselves :
Impose it not on me ; I find no cause.

Of death, no fault in JESUS. Take ye him
And crucify him ! Of his guiltless blood 865

Lo ! I am innocent ; see ye to that !

On us and on our children be his blood !—

Then answer'd all the Jews. Tremendous words,
Tremendously fulfill'd ! And now afresh

They clamor for the cross ; when thus the judge— 870

Would you that I should crucify your king ?—

We have no king but Cæsar, they rejoin,

Nor art thou Cæsar's friend to spare this man.—

'Twas past ; to that dread name the Roman bow'd

Obedient, and from his sad heart sigh'd forth 875

Th'extorted doom—Death to the LORD OF LIFE !

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK VI.

Bb

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Judas Iscariot seized with remorse returns the thirty pieces of silver to the priests and departs: Mammon reassumes the habit of a Levite, and meeting Judas after he had returned the money to the priests, instigates him to destroy himself. That evil spirit now takes wing and repairs to the wilderness, convenes the dæmons from all parts of Palestine, and informing them of Satan's expulsion from earth, warns them by his command to betake themselves to flight before the hour of Christ's crucifixion: This is no sooner announced than the whole infernal host breaks up in disorder and disperses to various parts of the world therein described.—The subject of the Crucifixion is now brought forward: The procession sets out for Mount Calvary; Christ bearing his cross is bewailed by the spectators as he passes: He is seen by Gabriel and the angels with him from the mount, on which they were stationed: He addresses himself to the daughters of Jerusalem: The executioners nail his hands and feet to the cross; the priests revile him and call upon him to come down; one of the malefactors crucified with him casts the same in his teeth; he is reproved by the other, whose penitence is rewarded by the promise of immediate salvation and glory: Christ from the cross recommends his mother to John the beloved disciple: Christ dies: The sun is darkened, the earth quakes, the rocks are rent, and the bodies of the saints and prophets are raised from the dead and appear upon earth: The priests and elders, alarmed by these prodigies, resort to Pilate and demand a guard of Romans to defend the sepulchre, lest the disciples should take away the body of Christ and pretend that he was risen: Pilate replies, that they have a watch; bids them see to it themselves and dismisses them.

C A L V A R Y.

BOOK VI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

“ **O**N us and on our children be his blood !”—
 Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,
 When in your fight the world's Redeemer stood
 Gash'd o'er with wounds, and emptying ev'ry vein.
 For man's redemption; and behold ! it flows, 5
 It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide ;
 Steep'd to the lips ye are in all the blood
 Of all the righteous shed upon the earth,
 From blood of righteous Abel to the blood
 Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ston'd 10
 Betwixt the altar and the house of God.
 Ye have enough ; the mark is on your race ;
 Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok'd,
 It rests upon you : Yet for you no rest,
 No station, no abiding-place is found ; 15

Strangers and weary wand'ers upon earth,
 If in the dust of your Jerusalem
 With foot proscrib'd ye dare to tread, ye die;
 A savage race usurps your sacred mount,
 And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name; 20
 Should ye but stop to shed a filial tear
 Upon the soil where your forefathers sleep,
 Woe to the circumcis'd that so is found!
 Oh! flow of heart, when will ye understand,
 That thus afflicted, scatter'd and dispers'd 25
 Through every clime and kingdom of the world
 Ye are sent forth to publish, as ye pass,
 How truly CHRIST predicted of your fate;
 And though your lips deny, your sufferings prove
 That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers slew, 30
 Was Savior, Christ, Messias, Son of God.

Amidst the throng that fill'd the judgment-hall
 Stood JUDAS; he upon the watch to' avoid
 The Master's eye with caution took his post;
 Yet was his ear to all that JESUS spake 35
 Still present, and, though few the words, yet strong
 And potent of those few the' impressivè truth.
 There was a magic sweetness in his voice,
 A note that seem'd to shiver every nerve
 Entwin'd about his heart, though now corrupt, 40

Debas'd

Debas'd and harden'd. Ill could he abide,
 Murderer although he were, the dying tones
 Of him, whom he had murder'd: 'Twas the voice
 As of a spirit in the air by night
 Heard in the meditation of some crime, 45
 Or sleep-created in the troubled ear
 Of conscience, crying out, Beware ! It smote
 Upon the soul, for it was CHRIST who spake,
 Well then might JUDAS tremble ; 'twas the traitor
 Lifting the plea of innocence betray'd, 50
 Well might that plea awaken his remorse.
 When the perverting witnesses depos'd
 To crimes, of which he knew his Master free,
 The refutation quiver'd on his lips,
 And hard he struggled to bring forth the words, 55
 Yet could not, tongue-ty'd with despair and shame.
 But if his hearing so alarm'd his heart,
 What were his feelings, when at times his eye
 Glanc'd on the sacred person of his Lord,
 Bound like a felon, his defenceless hands 60
 In manacles confin'd behind his back,
 His cheeks with blows sufflated, and his face,
 Oh, piteous ! with blaspheming flaver stain'd ;
 Then stripp'd, transform'd, in purple stole array'd,
 Saluted with the insolent All-hail, 65

King

King of the Jews ! a spectacle of sport
And merriment to all the scoffing crowd ?
Could heart of man bear this, who had beheld
His miracles, his mercies ; prov'd his love,
His patience, his forbearance ; shar'd his cares, 70
His labors and his watchings ; heard his voice,
When tempest-toft, rebuke the elements,
Though silent now amidst the roar of tongues ?
'Twas all that priestly malice could inflict,
But more than MAMMON's convert could support. 75
Yet worse had these tormentors in reserve
To agonize his soul, another scene
To shift new horrors on that bloody stage :
The torturing scourge now sounded in his ears,
The mangled flesh flew off in tatter'd stripes, 80
The crimson stream ran down, the pavement drank
Libation of his immolated blood :
The hall rebellow'd with the echoing cry
Of monsters, who applauded every stroke,
Wolves, vultures, Oh, for words to speak them worse ! 85
Men turn'd to dæmons. Traitor though he were,
Son of perdition, this was all too much.

Take hence, he cried, take back your bribe accurst,
Damn'd price of damning deed ! Tell o'er your coin ;
Count out your thirty pieces, for each piece 90

Is thirty thousand daggers to my heart :
 Burthen'd too much already with my sins,
 I should but into worse damnation sink
 Under this mercenary load oppress'd.

I have betray'd the innocent ; too late 95

For pardon, I am past redemption lost ;

Ye may redeem the time, if ye recall

Your fatal condemnation and atone

To that just person ye have doom'd to death ;

If not, ye crucify the Lord of Life. 100

This said, he threw the thirty pieces down

And straight departed ; they to his retort

Short answer made remorseless and malign.

And now disburthen'd of his filthy bribe,

It seem'd as though his conscience would permit 105

A momentary pause for one short gleam

Of hope to visit his benighted soul :

'Twas something like atonement, 'twas one step

Turn'd backward from the precipice of sin

And pointed tow'ards repentance ; 'twas the last 110

Faint effort that reluctant nature made

To struggle 'gainst self-murder ; but how vain !

For MAMMON, once the tyrant of man's heart,

Ill brooks expulsion thence, from youth to age,

From age to life's extremest hour he holds 115

Absolute empire, nor does hell contain
 Spirit so jealous of usurp'd command.
 He in the bosoms of those impious priests
 Held high pre-eminence, and them amidst,
 Himself unseen, had noted all that pass'd ; 120
 And much indignant to be now abjur'd
 Of that compunctious traitor, swift as thought,
 Such was his power of motion, took the form
 And habit of that Levite first assum'd,
 And him close following to the outward hall, 125
 There with these taunting words assail'd his ear.

A losing game, friend JUDAS, thou hast play'd
 To set thy soul upon a desperate cast,
 And after pay the stake on either side.
 What folly is it to be knave by halves ! 130
 Who would strike virtue in the face, and then
 Ask pardon for the blow ; fall off from truth,
 Enlist with falsehood and take pay for treason,
 Then by a paltry plea of restitution
 Think to compound one trespass by another, 135
 Desertion by desertion ? Get thee hence,
 Thou shame to manhood ! wring out the sad dregs
 Of thy detested life in hopeless tears,
 For thou hast thrown away both worlds at once ;
 All gain in this, all glory in the next. 140

And

And what art thou, cried JUDAS, so to gall
 A wounded spirit, wounded by thy arts,
 Tempter accurst? Human thou canst not be,
 Else thou wouldst find some pity in thy heart
 For wretch like me. Who but thyself seduc'd 145
 My loyalty from CHRIST? Who sapp'd my faith?
 Who fix'd this adder to my breast but thou?
 Thou, dæmon as thou art, hast hurl'd me down
 From my high hope to fathomless abyss
 Of misery and despair, from heav'n to hell. 150

Rail not on me, quoth MAMMON, but thyself
 And thine own folly; there the charge were just.
 Didst thou not sell thy Master for a bribe?
 My part was faithfully perform'd; the price
 Condition'd for was paid. What wouldst thou more? 155
 I needed treason, and I sought out thee
 As fittest for my purpose: Envious, proud,
 Lustful of pelf, a villain ready-made
 And ripe for mischief, such I mark'd thee down;
 Nay, and yet better; for I thought thee whole 160
 And perfect villain with no rotten part
 Of penitence to mar thee; but, behold,
 Thou hast deceiv'd me vilely, and hast got
 A blinking vice about thee, a perverse

And retrograde depravity of soul, 165
That makes thee hateful to my sight : Begone !
That thou art wicked put not me to blame ;
Hadst thou been constant I had made thee rich,
And riches would have sav'd thee from contempt ;
Now thou art poor and loathsome. Hence ; avaunt ! 170
One remedy I'll give thee for despair,
This cord, a remnant of thy Master's bonds ;
A legacy most opportunely left
To heal thy cares and recompence thy love :
Take, and apply it to it's proper use ; 175
It tied his limbs : Let it encase thy throat.

He said, and stooping, from the pavement took
The cord there left, and hurling it with scorn
To the desponding traitor disappear'd :
Nor did that wretch the fatal gift reject, 180
But eager seiz'd the instrument of death,
And soon within a darksome vault beneath
The judgment-hall fit solitude he found
And beam appropriate to his desperate use ;
Whereto appendent he breath'd out his soul, 185
Not daring to put up one prayer for peace
At his dark journey's end ; but trembling, wild,
Confus'd, of reason as of hope bereft,

With

With heaving breast and ghastly staring eyes
There betwixt heav'n and earth, of both renounc'd, 190
Hung terrible to fight, a bloated corpse.

Oh ! how shall rash and ignorant man presume
To judge for God, and on his narrow scale
Think to mete out by limits and degrees
Immeasurable mercy ? Who can tell 195

How high the sorrows of man's suffering heart
Ascend tow'rds heav'n, how swift contrition flies,
What words find passage to the throne of grace,
What in mid-way are lost, dispers'd in air
And scatter'd to the winds ? Oh ! that my harp 200

Could sound that happy note, which stirs the string
Responsive, that kind Nature hath entwin'd
About the human heart, and by whose clue
Repentance, heav'nly monitors, reclaim
The youthful wanderer from his dang'rous maze 205

To tread her peaceful paths and seek his God :
So could my fervent my effectual verse
Avail, posterity should then engrave
That verse upon my tomb to tell the world
I did not live in vain. But heedless man, 210

Deaf to the music of the moral song,
By Mammon or by Belial led from sin
To sin, runs onward in his mad career,

Nor once takes warning of his better guide,
 Till at the barrier of life's little span 215
 Arriv'd, he stops : Death opens to his view
 A hideous gulph ; in vain he looks around
 For the loft seraph Hope ; beside him stands
 The tyrant fiend and urges to the brink ;
 Behind him black despair with threat'ning frown 220
 And gorgon shield, whose interposed orb
 Bars all retreat, and with it's shade involves
 Life's brighter prospects in one hideous night.
 So JUDAS fell ; so like him every wretch,
 By the same filthy Mammon lur'd, shall fall. 225

Meanwhile the vengeful dæmon unappeas'd,
 Pond'ring the warning of his Stygian Lord
 Late driv'n from earth, and mindful that the charge
 And conduct of hell's host on him devolv'd
 Now claim'd his warieft thought, upon the wing 230
 Sets forth full fail to summon his compeers,
 As many' as in that quarter might be found,
 And them apprize of their foul loss incurr'd
 By their great captain's fall, and what dispatch
 Behoves them now put forth timely to 'scape 235
 Impending danger of their chief foreseen,
 If CHRIST's death-hour should unawares surprize
 Them idly station'd, or with curious gaze

Hovering

Hovering about his cross. So forth he goes :
 But first to spy the land he wheels his flight 240
 Athwart Mount Calvary, and there on guard
 A file of heav'nly warriors he descries
 Covering the sacred hill, and at their head
 GABRIEL in golden panoply array'd,
 Arm'd at all points, commander of the band: 245
 The fate of SATAN and the recent fight
 Of CHEMOS' ghastly wound, with guilty fears
 Haunting his coward fancy, warn'd him fly
 Beyond the range of that strong spear, from which
 Spirit more warlike than himself had fled. 250

As when a pirate galley on the scout,
 Roving the seas of some strong-guarded coast,
 In bay or inlet moor'd under the lea
 Of headland promontory' at anchor spies
 A warlike fleet, whose tow'ring masts and sails 255
 Unbent for sea bespeak their ready trim,
 Down goes the helm at once, the felon crew
 Bestir all hands and veer the vessel round
 To seaward, then ply oars and sails for life :
 So at the sight of that angelic band 260
 The Stygian scout wheel'd round and sped his flight
 Sheer to the wilderness on swiftest wing.
 There on the watch AZAZEL haply found

He

He bade found forth the loud Satanic trump,
 Heard through all Palestine, at call whereof 265
 Spi'rits, to whatever element affix'd,
 In troops swift-posting on the charmed winds;
 Came from all parts; from Sidon and from Tyre
 New ris'n amidst the waves; from Gaza's coast,
 Meridian limit, to the snow-capt mounts 270
 Hermon and Libanus, and them beyond
 From Epidaphne on Orontes' stream,
 Fam'd for it's grove prophetic; from the banks
 Of Pharphar and Abana, Rimmon's haunts;
 From Byblus, where Astarte's wanton train 275
 Howl for the death of Thammuz, yearly lost
 And found as oft by the love-frantic dames.
 These on the desert heath alighting stand
 Obedient to the signal; all around
 Expectant of their arch-angelic chief 280
 They cast an anxious look, but look in vain:
 Him in far other region they shall find
 In chains fast bound amidst eternal fires,
 His dismal dwelling, for them also' reserv'd
 In God's appointed time. To whom the fiend. 285

I muse not, warriors, that ye stand amaz'd
 To see yourselves in absence of our chief
 Here summon'd by his arch-angelic trump,

Which other breath than his before ne'er fill'd;
But public danger urges this bold step, 290
In me presumptuous, had I not to plead
Your safety for my warrant, and withal
His last sad mandate earnestly bequeath'd
At parting, when sole witness I beheld
His utter loss, discomfiture and flight. 295
Ah, friends! how sympathetic with my soul
Is that deep general groan, which now I hear!
Full cause, immortal mourners, have we all
To groan and beat our breasts, nor I the least,
Whose melancholy task it is to pour 300
These heavy tidings in your grieved ears.
But let us yet remember what we are,
And be not therefore heartless, though bereft
Of him, who was the head and brain of all.
Many and mighty are the chiefs yet left, 305
Though he prime chief no longer shall review
This widow'd host. Of SATAN the return
Is desp'rate, such a whirlwind caught him up,
So strong a southern blast at CHRIST's command
Blew him beyond the stretch of angel ken 310
Right onward to the realm of antient Night
Impetuous through the empyrean void
Sheer on the level wing. Of him the fate

Is

Is worse than doubtful; of his Victor's power
 And Godhead irresistible what proof 315
 Greater than this sad downfall can we need,
 Or after such example what provoke?

Behoves us now prepare for instant flight;
 This our late chief, prophetic in his fall,
 With his last words enjoind me to propound 320

To these our legions scatter'd o'er the coasts
 Of Palestine, whom else the coming hour
 Of CHRIST's mysterious passion shall involve
 In like disgrace and ruin with your prince,
 Who to his latest moment upon earth 325

Was studious of your safety. I have now
 In words unworthy of my charge, yet such
 As heart o'erwhelm'd with sorrow can supply,
 Surrender'd to your ears my painful trust.

But whither to repair, whom to elect 330
 As captain and conductor of this host,
 Now headless, conscious that such high command
 With none but with the worthiest should be lodg'd,
 I, as becomes me, to your wiser thoughts
 Submit, and with the general choice shall close. 335

No more, for now with sudden panic seiz'd,
 The Stygian host, no voice imperial heard
 Nor rule nor order kept, uprose at once

Disbanded,

Disbanded, lawless ; dreadful was the yell
 Of that infernal rout, a swarm as thick 340
 As locusts, making horrid night beneath
 Their wings, that with like clangor beat the air,
 As of a flock of cormorants disturb'd
 From some lone island on the rocky coast
 Of Chili, where they haunt ; so they with cry 345
 More hideous mount, there hover for a while,
 Then to all points disperse, as chance falls out,
 Or short consult prescribes. Some to the South
 With Isis and Osiris at their head
 To Memphis, Thin and Tamis take their flight ; 350
 There with the bestial deities to herd,
 Birds, serpents, reptiles, monsters of the Nile,
 Gods that would half unfurnish Noah's ark :
 Some with Melcartus, demi-god of Tyre,
 Light short, and in his temple refuge take, 355
 Where arm'd with massy club and lion-hide
 His huge athletic idol frowning stands :
 Others with Rimmon eastward wing their way
 To fam'd Damascus ; there in bow'ring shades
 By rilling fountains on the flowery turf 360
 To doze away the soft oblivious hours,
 A slumb'ring synod : Some the golden spires
 Of Nineveh attract and Nifroc's fane,

D d

Stain'd

Stain'd with Sennacherib's imperial blood,
 There by the parricidal princes shed : 365
 To Byblus and Belitus others speed,
 Light feathery wantons by Astarte led
 With loose love-ditties and soft smiles lur'd on
 To page her pride and deck her amorous sports :
 But of the rest far greater part repair 370
 To high Olympus, where presides the power
 Of thundering Baäl ; he that station keeps
 Pre-eminent o'er all the idol gods,
 And in his festive hall rich nectar quaffs
 With purple lips, and midnight revels holds 375
 Luxurious, sensual, lewd, in vice immers'd :
 Yet some there were and of no vulgar note,
 Who, grief to tell ! to the biforked mount
 Flew off, and there with the Parnassian maids
 Held shameful dalliance, from whose lewd embrace 380
 Descended a whole family of bards
 Corruptive, illegitimate and base ;
 A spurious breed of wickedness and wit ;
 A Muse's genius with a Dæmon's heart :
 MAMMON meanwhile, a solitary sprite, 385
 Selfish, morose and ev'n by devils abhorr'd,
 Hied him alone, on fordid thoughts intent,
 To rummage in Pactolus' sands for gold ;

None

None join'd, nor fought he partner in his flight,
His sole ambition to engross and hoard. 390

Now came the awful consummation on,
The hour of promise, dimly shadow'd out
By types and prophecies, when from the womb
Of mystery, long travelling in pains
And groanings, now in ripe time should spring forth 395
Her full form'd revelation to dispel

Th' Obscure of antient days and usher in
Twin birth of Immortality and Life.
Now God by the' off'ring of his only Son
The type of Abraham's sacrifice fulfill'd, 400

Who, though unconscious of that type, by faith
Righteous, was of the promises made heir.
And now, as Moses in the wilderness
Lifted the serpent, so the Son of man
Exalted on the cross shall heal the world 405

Of sin, and expiate the wide-wasting plague.
Now the peace-offering of the spotless Lamb
By one conclusive Passover shall rend
The law's symbolic veil, and all absolve,
Whose consciences are sprinkled with his blood, 410
From punishment entail'd upon the world
By man's first disobedience. Forth He comes

From condemnation : Ye too from your tombs
 Come forth, ye prophets !—Son of Amoz, thou
 Prepare for resurrection : Come and see, 415
 Not darkly' as in a glass, but face to face,
 The object of thy vision ; Him, the man
 Of sorrows ; Him, who like a lamb is brought
 To slaughter : Mark the travail of his soul ;
 Witness how he is stricken for our sins, 420
 Witness how we are healed by his stripes,
 And by the note and comment of his death
 Construe thine own predictions. Forth he comes
 From condemnation under Roman guard,
 Bearing his cross : Upon his bleeding brow, 425
 Ensign alike of royalty and woe,
 A thorny crown ; no friendly hand is found
 To wipe away the tear mingled with blood,
 That hangs upon his cheek : The soldiers cry,
 Room for the criminal ! and rest their pikes 430
 To keep the crowd aloof ; staggering beneath
 The ponderous burthen of his cross he faints,
 And sinks to earth o'erspent, till one is found,
 A sturdy stranger of Cyrenean birth,
 On whom to lay the venerable load. 435
 Hail, SIMON ! blessed above men wert thou,
 If faith in Him that suffer'd on that cross

Glow'd

Glow'd in thy heart and furnish'd thee with zeal
To render this last service to thy Lord.

Without the city walls there was a mount 440
Call'd CALVARY : The common grave it was
Of malefactors ; there to plant his cross
It was decreed : Long was the way to death,
And like th' ascent to glory hard to climb.

Upon the summit stood the Angel troop 445
Of MAMMON seen, though to man's filmed eye
Invisible : Here GABRIEL from the heighth
Noting the sad procession, had espied

The suffering Son of God amidst the throng
Dragg'd slowly on by rude and ruffian hands 450

To shameful execution : Horror-struck,
Pierc'd to the heart th' indignant Seraph shook
His threat'ning spear, and with the other hand
Smote on his thigh in agony of soul

For man's ingratitude ; glitt'ning with tears 455

His eyes, whence late celestial sweetness beam'd,
Now shot a fiery glance on them below,
Then, raising them to heav'n, he thus exclaim'd.

Oh ! that the Everlasting would permit
His Angels to chastise these impious men, 460
And from their hands his holy Son redeem,
Whom in the heav'n of heav'ns we have beheld

Beloved

Beloved of the Father, ever blest,
 At the right hand of Pow'r in glory thron'd !
 But this for purposes beyond our reach 465
 God ever wise forbids, and who against
 God's interdict shall stir ? Therefore retire,
 Stand off and wait the time ! If CHRIST commands,
 We are his ministers to do his will,
 Be it to lift this mountain from it's base 470
 And whelm it on his murderers ; if not,
 Patient spectators we must here abide
 And let the sacrilegious work proceed ;
 Knowing that God hath said, I will revenge :
 Vengeance belongeth to the Lord alone. 475

Now on the news of their great Prophet's fate
 Each heart with fearfulness and trembling seiz'd,
 Through all Jerufalem the tumult ran ;
 Native or stranger, aged or infirm,
 None in the Holy City now kept house : 480
 Where'er the Savior pass'd his prefence drew
 Thousands to gaze ; and many' an aching heart
 Heav'd silent the last tributary sigh
 In memory of his mercies ; zealous some
 Rush'd in the grateful blessing to bestow 485
 For health or limbs or life itself restor'd :
 But these the soldiers rudely thrust aside,

And some with brutal violence they smote,
 Thick'ning their files to hem their Pris'ner close,
 As fearful of a rescue. Loud the cry 490
 Of women, whose soft sex to pity prone
 Melts at those scenes, which flinty-hearted man
 Dry-ey'd contemplates : Mothers in their arms
 Held up their infants, and with shrill acclaim
 Begg'd a last blessing for those innocents, 495
 Whose sweet simplicity so well he lov'd,
 And ever as he met them laid his hands
 Upon their harmless heads with gentle love
 And gracious benediction, breathing heav'n
 Into their hearts. Oh ! happy babes, so blest ! 500

Fenc'd in with shields and spears and compass'd round
 With Roman guards the persecuting priests,
 Elders and scribes follow'd their Victim's steps
 Amidst the scoffs and hissings of the crowd ;
 And still as CHRIST approach'd the fatal spot 505
 Loud and more loud the sad lamentings grew,
 Till at the foot of the funereal mount
 Arriv'd he stopt, and, turning to the group
 Of mourners, these prophetic words address'd.

Daughters of Solyma, weep not for me, 510
 Weep rather for yourselves and for your babes ;
 For lo ! the dawn of sorrows is at hand ;

The

The dread prediction presses to the birth,
 When through Jerufalem a voice ſhall cry—
 Give thanks, ye childleſs matrons, and confeſs 515
 A barren bed, your worſt miſfortune deem'd,
 Now your beſt bleſſing : Break forth into joy,
 Ye, at whoſe breasts no infant ever hung,
 For ye have none to mourn. Now to the clefts
 And caverns of the mountains they ſhall ſay, 520
 Fall on us, cover us, ye rocky vaults,
 And hide us from this wrath ! For if with us
 Already it begins, what ſhall the end
 Of the ungodly and the ſinner be ?
 If the green tree cannot abide the ſtorm, 525
 How ſhall the dry eſcape ?—And now no more :
 Upon the ſummit of Mount CALVARY
 They rear his croſs ; conſpicuous there it ſtands
 An enſign of ſalvation to the world.
 Kneel, all ye Chriſtian nations ! bow your hearts 530
 And worſhip your Redeemer, in whoſe death
 Ye live, and from whoſe iſſuing wounds flows life,
 By his blood purchas'd ; hope's beſt promiſe flows
 Of joys immortal for the juſt reſerv'd. 535
 The ſoldiers, now by their centurion form'd
 In hollow orb around the croſs, begin
 Their horrid prelude to the murd'rous ſcene ;

And

And first his vesture, their accustom'd spoil
 And perquisite, they part ; but for his coat
 From top to bottom woven without seam, 540
 That they rend not, but on it cast their lots
 Whose it shall be entire. Upon his cross
 In Hebrew, Greek and Latin they inscribe,
 So PILATE will'd though by the priests oppos'd,
 " JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS !" 545
 This title, in three several tongues display'd,
 Read all those crucifiers of their King
 And murmur'd as they read ; hard to the last,
 Obdurate, unbelieving. Now began
 The executioners to spread his arms 550
 Upon the beam transverse, and through his palms,
 Monsters of cruelty ! and through his feet
 They drove their spiked nails ; whilst at the clang
 Of those dire engines every feeling heart
 Utter'd a groan, that with the mingled shrieks 555
 Of mothers and of children pierc'd the air.
 The priests and elders gnash'd their teeth for rage
 And rancorous spite to hear him so bewail'd :
 Women dropt down convuls'd and on the spot
 Let fall their burthens immature for birth. 560
 Words fail to paint the horrors of that scene :
 The very soldiers paus'd and stood aghast,

Musing what these lamentings might portend ;
 Scarce dar'd they to pursue the dreadful work
 Awe-struck and gazing on the face divine 565
 Of the suspended Savior. He, though stretch'd
 Upon the rack of agony, to heav'n
 Raising his eyes—Father of mercy, cried,
 Forgive them, for they know not what they do !
 O ruthless murderers ! could ye hear these words 570
 And yet persist ? Blasphemers ! can ye read
 And not adore ? The people stand at gaze :
 The rulers eager to provoke anew
 Their quailing resolution with one voice
 Cry out amain—Ah ! thou, that on the cross 575
 Now hankest, thou, that boastedst to destroy
 Our temple and rebuild it in three days,
 Where art thou ? If thou be the very CHRIST,
 The King of Israel, now come down, descend
 And save thyself ; this seeing, we will then 580
 Confess thee and believe. But 'tis in vain ;
 He hears not, he replies not, he expires :
 Others he sav'd ; himself he cannot save.

Peace, peace, revilers ! nor expect reply :
 Think not that CHRIST, thus dying for mankind, 585
 Will from his great commission turn aside
 And stop the sacrifice and quit the cross,

On which his body offer'd up for sin
 As on an altar lies. Your taunts he hears;
 Yet will he not descend call'd down by you, 590
 Nor at the door of death shrink back and leave
 Short of perfection his all-glorious work.

But wait the time and greater sign than this
 Ye shall behold, when rising from the dead
 And incorruptible he shall return 595
 On earth triumphant o'er the cross and death.

Yet, such is the perverseness of your hearts,
 Him nor descending would ye now believe,
 Nor re-ascending will ye then confess.

And now behold ! on either side the cross 600
 Of CHRIST a wretched malefactor hung
 Groaning and writhing in the pangs of death :
 When one of these, encourag'd by the taunts
 Of the reviling priests, scornful exclaims—

Hear'st thou not what they say ? If thou be CHRIST, 605
 Why art thou in this torture ? Save thyself,
 And us thy fellows from this cross redeem—
 This when his penitent companion heard,
 New horrors smote his heart, his fault'ring voice
 He rais'd and thus the blasphemy rebuk'd. 610

Haft thou no fear of God, expiring wretch ?
 Stretch'd as thou art upon the tree of death,

Hast thou no terror for the wrath to come ?
And truly we the merited reward
Of our ill deeds receive, but this just Man, 615
What hath he done ? In him no fault is found.

This said, the penitent with faith inspir'd
Upon the Savior turn'd his dying eyes,
And—Lord ! he cried with supplicating voice,
When to thy heav'nly kingdom thou shalt come, 620
Oh then remember me !—To him the LORD—
I tell thee of a truth this very day
Thou shalt be found in Paradise with me.

Oh ! words of joy, that breathe into the ear
Of the expiring penitent the pledge 625
Of pardon and acceptance : Words, that waft
The soul yet hovering on the lips of faith
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, with grateful heart
We hail the glorious promise, which unfolds
The gates of bliss and present entrance gives 630
To the repentant sinner. Now no more
Conjecture ponders on the life to come ;
Our dying Savior draws aside the veil,
Through which dim reason caught a doubtful glimpse
Of shadowy realms, that stretch'd beyond the grave, 635
Elysian scenes in clouds and mist involv'd.
Yet with this comfort take the caution too ;

For

For who shall say what penitence was his,
 That earn'd this promise? Fatally he errs,
 Whose hope fore-runs repentance, who presumes 640
 That God will pardon when he's tir'd of sin
 And like a stale companion casts it off.

Oh! arrogant, delusive, impious thought,
 To meditate commodious truce with Heaven,
 When death's swift arrow smites him unprepar'd, 645
 And that protracted moment never comes,
 Or comes too late: Turn then, presumptuous man,
 Turn to the other sinner on the cross,
 Who died reviling, there behold thy doom!

Thou too, the Virgin Mother of our Lord, 650
 By the angelic salutation hail'd
 Blest above women, thou amidst the group
 Of sympathizing mourners at that hour
 Wast present, when th' incarnate Virtue, born
 Of thine immac'ulate womb, impregn'd of Heav'n, 655
 Hung on the cross expiring: He from thence
 On thee disconsolate a dying look
 Of tenderest pity cast, and at thy side
 Noting the meek disciple whom he lov'd,
 Thus both address'd—Woman, behold thy son; 660
 Son, look upon thy mother!—Sacred charge,
 And piously fulfill'd.—Now darkness fell

On

On all the region round ; the shrowded sun
 From the impen'itent earth withdrew his light :
 I thirst !—the Savior cried, and lifting up 665
 His eyes in agony—My God, my God !
 Ah ! why hast thou forsaken me ?—exclaim'd.

Yet deem him not forsaken of his God :
 Beware that error : 'Twas the mortal part
 Of his compounded nature breathing forth 670
 It's last sad agony, that so complain'd :
 Doubt not that veil of sorrow was withdrawn,
 And heav'nly comfort to his soul vouchsaf'd,
 Ere thus he cried—Father ! into thy hands
 My spirit I commend :—Then bow'd his head 675
 And died. Now GABRIEL and his heav'nly choir
 Of ministr'ing angels hov'ring o'er the cross
 Receiv'd his spi'rit, at length from mortal pangs
 And fleshly pris'on set free, and bore it thence
 Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold 680
 A prodigy, that to the world announc'd
 A new religion and dissolv'd the old :
 The temple's sacred vail was rent in twain
 From top to bottom 'midst th' attesting shocks
 Of earthquake and the rending up of graves : 685
 Now those mysterious symbols, heretofore
 Curtain'd from vulgar eyes and holiest deem'd

Of

Of holies, were display'd to public view :
The mercy-feat with its cherubic wings
O'ershadow'd and the golden ark beneath 690
Covering the testimony now through the rent
Of that diffever'd vail first saw the light.
A world redeem'd had now no further need
Of types and emblems, dimly shadowing forth
An angry Deity withdrawn from fight 695
And canopied in clouds : Him face to face
Now in full light reveal'd the dying breath
Of his dear Son, appeas'd, and purchas'd peace
And reconciliation for offending man.
Thus the partition wall, by Moses built, 700
By CHRIST was level'd, and the Gentile world
Enter'd the breach by their great Captain led
Up to the throne of grace, opening himself
Through his own flesh a new and living way.
Then were the oracles of God made known 705
To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood
Of JESUS and baptiz'd into his death ;
So was the birth-right of the elder-born,
Heirs of the promise, forfeited ; whilst they,
Whom sin had erst in bondage held, made free 710
From sin and servants of the living God,
Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.

Soon

Soon as these signs and prodigies were seen
 Of those who watch'd the cross, conviction smote
 Their fear-struck hearts : The sun at noon-day dark, 715
 The earth convulsive underneath their feet,
 And the firm rocks in shiver'd fragments rent
 Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.
 Then was our Lord by heathen lips confess'd,
 When the centurion cried—In very truth 720
 This righteous person was the Son of God—
 The rest in heart assenting stood abash'd,
 Watching in silence the tremendous scene :
 The recollection of his gracious acts,
 His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts 725
 Now rose in sad review ; too late they wish'd
 The deed undone and fighting smote their breasts.

Strait from God's presence went that Angel forth,
 Whose trumpet shall call up the sleeping dead
 At the last day, and bade the Saints arise 730
 And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,
 The day-spring of Salvation. Forth they came
 From their dark tenements, their shadowy forms
 Made visible as in their fleshly state,
 And through the Holy City here and there 735
 Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day with fear
 And wonder seen of many : Holy seers,

Prophets and martyrs from the grave set free,
And the first-fruits of the redeemed dead.

They, who with CHRIST transfigur'd on the mount 740

Were seen of his disciples in a cloud

Of dazzling glory, now in form distinct

Mingling amidst the public haunts of men,

Struck terror to all hearts : Ezekiel there,

The captive seer, to whom on Chebar's banks 745

The heav'ns were open'd and the fatal roll

Held forth with dire denunciations fill'd

Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,

Now falling fast on Israel's wretched race :

He too was there, Hilkiah's holy son, 750

With loins close girt and glowing lips of fire

By God's own finger touch'd : There might be seen

The youthful prophet, Belteshazzar nam'd

Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,

Knowledge of God bestow'd, in visions skill'd 755

And fair and learn'd and wise : The Baptist here

Girt in his hairy mantle frowning stalk'd,

And, pointing to his ghastly wound, exclaim'd—

Ye vipers ! whom my warning could not move

Timely to flee from the impending wrath, 760

Now fallen on your heads ; whom I indeed

With water, CHRIST hath now with fire baptiz'd :
 Barren ye were of fruits, which I prescrib'd
 Meet for repentance, and behold ! the axe
 Is laid to the unprofitable root
 Of every sapless tree, hewn down, condemn'd 765
 And cast into the fire. Lo ! these are they,
 These shadowy forms now floating in your sight,
 These are the harbingers of antient days,
 Who witness'd the Messias and announc'd 770
 His coming upon earth. Mark with what scorn
 Silent they pass you by : Them had ye heard,
 Them had ye noted with a patient mind,
 Ye had not crucified the LORD OF LIFE :
 He of these stones to Abraham shall raise up 775
 Children, than you more worthy of his stock ;
 And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,
 With which he'll purge his floor, and having stor'd
 The precious grain in garners, will consume
 With fire unquenchable the refuse chaff. 780

Thus the terrific Vision in the ears
 Of the astonish'd multitude declaim'd
 With threat'ning voice, and wrung their conscious hearts :
 Whilst the blaspheming priests, who in their scorn
 Triumphant saw the Savior of the world. 785

Expiring on the cross and deem'd him lost,
 Now by the resurrection of the faints,
 Usher'd on earth with prodigies and signs,
 Confounded and amaz'd, began to doubt
 If yet the sepulchre had power to keep 790
 It's crucified Possessor safe in hold,
 And with these thoughts perplex'd, masking their fears
 Under pretence of caution, they repair
 To PILATE and demand a Roman guard
 To watch the tomb of CHRIST, and then they add— 795
 For we remember that Deceiver said,
 Whilst he was yet alive, after three days
 I will again arise ; therefore we pray
 Command the sepulchre to be made sure
 Till the third day, lest his disciples come 800
 By night and craftily remove him thence ;
 So the last error shall outgo the first.

But PILATE, whose unrighteous judgment still
 Sate heavy on his heart, had little care
 For what might them befall, and to their suit 805
 Briefly reply'd—Why do ye ask of me
 That custody, which in yourselves ye have ?
 Take your own watch and to their charge commit
 The safeguard of that body, which, though dead,

Keeps yet alive your fears : 'Tis your own cause, 810
As such I leave it with you ; so begone !

He said and turn'd aside, nor did they tempt
Further discourse, but murm'ring went their way.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

This Book opens with the scene of Mount Calvary at the coming on of evening ; Christ still hanging dead upon the cross, the disciples standing apart and the holy women watching, amongst whom is the Blessed Virgin supported by St. John, Christ having bequeathed her to his care : His address to her on this subject, and her reply. The soldiers come and break the legs of the two malefactors, but finding Christ already dead, they pierce his heart with a spear and blood and water issues from the wound : They take him down from the cross and lay him in the sepulchre. His spirit in the meanwhile is conveyed by the angels into the region of Death ; that region described, and the distant prospect of the bottomless pit, where the souls of the wicked are in torment : Christ points out these scenes to Gabriel and instructs him as to the future objects of his descent into this gloomy region. Satan expelled from earth falls prostrate at the foot of the throne of Death : He makes suit to that power for protection : Death rejects his intercessions : The person and palace of the King of Terrors described : The triumphant entry of Christ : Satan is hurled into the bottomless pit and there bound by the strong angel ; the horrors of that dreadful abode are represented : Death humbles himself before the Redeemer of mankind, and conscious that his power is overthrown, tenders his crown to Christ as to his conqueror : He lays the key at his feet, which sets free the souls of the Saints, who are destined to be partakers of the first resurrection : This key is given to Gabriel with instructions for their release : Christ in his reply to Death forewarns him of his doom, but signifies to him that the dissolution of his power will not be immediate. The approach of the Saints concludes the Book.

C A L V A R Y.

BOOK VII.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

NOW Hesperus renew'd his evening lamp
 And hung it forth amid the turbid sky
 To mark the close of this portentous day :
 The lab'ring sun, in his mid-course eclips'd,
 Darkling at length had reach'd his western goal ; 5
 And now it seem'd as if all Nature slept
 O'erspent and wearied with convulsive throes.
 Upon his cross the martyr'd Savior hung ;
 Pale through the twilight gleam'd his breathless corpse
 And silvery white, as when the moon-beam plays 10
 On the smooth surface of the glassy lake ;
 His thorn-crown'd head upon his breast reclin'd ;
 His arms were wide out-spread, as if in act
 To' embrace and welcome the converted world :
 So were they late expanded, when he cried— 15

Come

Come all ye heavy laden, come to me,
 And I will give you rest ! Death had not dar'd
 To rob those features of one heav'nly grace,
 Nor had the worm authority to taint
 That incorruptible and hallow'd shrine, 20
 Wherein his purity had deign'd to dwell.
 The living faints here mingling with the dead
 Stood round in pensive meditation rapt,
 Silent spectators of the awful scene :
 There his disciples in a group apart, 25
 Like frightened sheep that cluster in a storm,
 Throng'd each on other interchanging looks
 Of sorrow and despair ; no voice was heard,
 No utterance but of sighs ; though all had need
 Of comfort, none had comfort to bestow. 30
 But PETER, in whose self-accusing breast
 Grief roll'd in tempests, had the whilst chos'n out
 A solitary spot, where at his length
 Outstretch'd with face incumbent on the ground
 He lay like one, whom fortune had cast off, 35
 Of all hope 'rest, most wretched and forlorn.

There too the holy Mother might be seen,
 Like Rizpah, watching o'er her murder'd son,
 Rooted in earth, a monument of woe.
 Beside her, bath'd in sympathizing tears, 40

First

First in his Master's love, as meek of soul,
 Stood JOHN, adopted by his dying Lord
 Son and supporter of that mournful Saint.
 At length with reverend love he turn'd his eyes
 Upon the Virgin Mother and thus spake. 45

Oh thou ! participant with God himself
 In his incarnate Offspring, if I claim
 The glorious title, which my dying Lord
 On me, thy servant ever, now thy son,
 Gracious bequeath'd, let not my words offend. 50
 High honor and a trust than life more dear
 Hath CHRIST by this adoption deign'd to cast
 On me unmeriting ; yet well I heard
 Those sacred words—Mother, behold thy son ;
 Son, look upon thy mother !—Yes, I heard, 55
 And treasuring in my heart the rich bequest,
 Bow'd and obey'd : Ev'n then my zeal had spoke
 The dictates of devotion, had I dar'd
 To break the awful silence of that hour,
 Or sacrilegiously divert the ear 60
 Of mute attention, whilst those lips divine,
 Those living oracles, had breath to move ;
 Now mute, alas ! for He is now no more,
 Who had the words of life : Our hope is quench'd,
 Our glory vanish'd. See ! the deed is done : 65

Those murderers have kill'd the Prince of Peace,
 Cold on the cross and stiff'ning in the wind
 To the rude elements his corpse is left ;
 Nor is there found, who shall provide a grave
 For the sad reliques of the Son of God. 70

But lo ! the heav'ns, that three long hours have mourn'd
 In darkness, now throw off their sable shroud :
 The earth no longer quakes beneath our feet,
 The shatter'd rocks subside ; Nature is calm,
 The sun unmask and through disparted clouds 75
 With ruddy twilight streaks the western sky.

And may not we, since God hath now withdrawn
 His terrors and asswag'd the wrathful sky,
 May not we hope, that as his light revives
 At the third hour, so of his blessed Son 80
 The promis'd resurrection to new life
 At the third day shall also come to pass ?
 When, as the sun emerging from eclipse
 Darkness dispells, so CHRIST from out the grave
 Arising shall dispell our dark despair ? 85

To him the holy Mother thus replied :
 Thou meek Disciple, in thy Master's love
 Pre-eminently blest, since He, whose will
 Should govern, so decrees it, from this hour
 Henceforth I lodge thee in a mother's heart 90

And hold thee as my son; for I perceive
 CHRIST from his human nature is withdrawn,
 And to mortality hath render'd back
 All that from me a mortal he receiv'd:
 His Incorruptible now lives with God, 95
 And in that glory I no part must claim;
 Flesh cannot share with spirit. Henceforth thou,
 Thou art my son adopted in the place
 Of that incarnate Virtue, of whose birth
 Miraculous the eastern star gave sign, 100
 And Angels witness'd him the Son of God.
 And now behold! what wonders mark his death:
 Whence are these prodigies? What but the hand
 Of God can shake the pillars of the earth,
 Seal up the sun and rend these rocks in twain, 105
 Turn day to night, tear down the temple vail,
 Break up the graves and bid the saints come forth?
 Lo, where they pass as sensible to fight
 As in broad day substantial man to man.
 And can we ask if He be very CHRIST, 110
 Whom stars and Angels usher'd into birth?
 Can we doubt Him on whom the Spi'rit of God
 Dove-like descended? Can we stop our ears
 Against a voice from heav'n? Are we so blind,
 Dull and insensible not to behold 115

That fun emergent and these moving shapes,
 That to revisit earth have left their graves,
 Awaken'd as from sleep? If these can rise,
 If these, whose bones are moulder'd into dust,
 On whom the worm hath fed for ages, men 120
 As mortal as ourselves can re-ascend
 Out of the pit, do not these signs bespeak
 His second coming, who is LORD and CHRIST?
 He shall, He shall return upon the earth
 Victorious over death, and we, though now 125
 Humbled in heart and for a season sad,
 Yet wavering not in faith and holding fast
 The anchor of our hope, shall yet again
 Behold his glory, and as now his death
 Turns day to night, his resurrection then 130
 Shall into joy convert our present gloom.
 But see, where PETER prostrate on the earth
 Is lost in sorrow: Haste and bid him rise;
 Tell him the day's at hand when he must work.
 Hath he not heard the servant shall not sleep 135
 In his Lord's absence? Strengthen thou his heart!

So spake these Saints, and each to other gave
 Alternate solace; faith inspiring hope,
 And hope asswaging woe. At PETER's side
 Behold the meek disciple—Up! he cries, 140

Awake

Awake and put on strength : The Virgin Saint,
 The Mother of our Lord, bids thee awake.
 Unprofitable grief availeth nought,
 But godly sorrow is approv'd in works
 Meet for repentance. Up ! for CHRIST, though dead, 145
 Yet speaketh, and shall come again on earth :
 Woe to that servant therefore, whom his Lord
 Shall find thus sleeping ; great shall be his wrath.

This said, he reach'd his hand and rais'd him up :
 He stood and spake—Servant, of CHRIST approv'd, 150
 Thee and thy bléssed Sender I obey :
 Yet doth my heart, by deep remorse subdued,
 Press downward to the dust. A wretch I am,
 Who hath denied his Lord : What can I do,
 A miserable man ? O righteous JOHN, 155
 When thou shalt spread abroad, as sure thou wilt,
 The direful doings of this fatal day,
 And publish to mankind the wond'rous love
 Of CHRIST thus dying for them, I conjure thee
 Be faithful to the truth, screen not my crime, 160
 Foul though it be, but let the nations know
 PETER, who vaunted of himself, was false,
 So shall they reap instruction from my shame,
 And by despising me correct themselves.

Thus

Thus spake the contrite Saint, when now the priests, 165
Whose custom was upon this solemn eve
To purge their Golgotha from human blood,
Send forth their guard official to remove
CHRIST and the slaves convict before the dawn
Of that great day, too hallow'd to permit 170
Their bodies fest'ring on th' ill-omen'd crosses.
And lo ! the soldiers so encharg'd arrive,
Survey the victims and begin the work :
But first the pond'rous sledge with horrid crash
Descending breaks the knees and ankle joints 175
Of these two criminals ; for stubborn life
Still hover'd on their lips, and now and then
Their heaving bosoms fetch'd a deep-drawn sigh,
Like the flow swell of seas without a wind.
But when the Savior's body they approach'd 180
And saw there needed not a second blow
To make his death secure, the word of God
Prophetic mov'd their else obdurate hearts
To break no limb ; yet one, so destin'd, thrust
His spear into his side and forthwith flow'd 185
Water and blood from the heart-piercing wound :
So deep the stab, that to life's citadel,
Had life remain'd, the mortal point had reach'd

And

And there had finish'd it. Meanwhile behold !
 JOSEPH arrives ; a counfellow was he, 190
 But not for death, and rich and just withal ;
 In Ramoth born, where Samuel first drew breath,
 And as his heart in righteousness and faith
 Stood firm with CHRIST whilst living, so his zeal
 An honour'able interment to bestow 195
 On his dead Master prompted him to make
 Bold suit to PILATE for the lifeless corpse,
 Nor fail'd he of his suit ; therefore he came,
 So favor'd, to receive the precious charge
 Of those dear reliques and with decent rites 200
 Commit them to the grave : Spear'd to the heart,
 And death with double diligence ensur'd,
 The body they take down ; the hands and feet
 Pierc'd through with nails and all besmear'd with blood,
 O piteous spectacle ! which to behold 205
 Bathes every angel face in heav'n with tears !
 Accursed Deicides ! the time comes on,
 When every mark your sacrilegious hands
 Have printed on that corpse shall be a seal
 To testify against you, every gash 210
 Unclos'd shall with it's living lips proclaim
 CHRIST in his human attributes renew'd,
 Corporeal yet immortal : Then the hand

Of him who doubts shall probe those gaping wounds,
And by the evidence of sense compel 215

The faithless and reluctant to believe.

And now they place the body on the bier,
Cleans'd of the blood and wrapt in seemly cloths :

Then under guard convey it to the vault
Hewn in the rock, where never corpse was laid, 220

And there consign it to its dark abode,

Rolling a massy fragment to the door,

Unwieldy, vast ; and having seal'd the stone,

They post their centinels, and so depart.

Meanwhile the' unhoused spirit of CHRIST, set free 225

From gross communion with his earthly clay,

Borne with the meteor's speed upon the wings

Of mightiest Cherubim had now approach'd

The dark confines of Death's engulph'd domain :

Here at the barrier of that vast profound 230

On the firm adamant, from whence uprose

The tow'ring structure of hell's ebon gate,

The heav'nly Visitant descending bade

His cherub bearers stoop their wings, on which

As in a plumey chariot he rode ; 235

And now alighted on the dreadful brink

The Savior paus'd and downward cast his eye

O'er that immeasurable blank, the grave

Of

Of universal Nature, founded then
 And charter'd to the gloomy powers of Sin 240
 And Death Sin-born, when the primæval pair
 Lost immortality and fell from God.
 The starry lamps of heav'n here lost their light,
 No sun-beam ever reach'd this dismal realm :
 Yet in CHRIST's spi'rit divine that living light, 245
 Which from the Father of creation flow'd
 Before all time, inherently supplied
 Self-furnish'd vision to explore the bounds
 Of that oblivious pit, in whose dark womb
 Myriads of unredeemed souls were plung'd ; 250
 All who of human birth had pass'd that gate
 From righteous Abel, the first-fruit of death,
 To him, whose heart had newly ceas'd to beat,
 Were in that gulph immers'd. At farthest end
 Of that Obscure a pillary cloud arose 255
 Of sulph'rous smoke, that from hell's crater steam'd ;
 Whence here and there by intermittent gleams
 Blue flashing fires burst forth, that sparkling blaz'd
 Up to the iron roof, whose echoing vault
 Refounded ever with the dolorous groans 260
 Of the sad crew beneath : Thence might be heard
 The wailing suicide's remorseful plaint ;
 The murd'rer's yelling scream, and the loud cry

Of tyrants in that fiery furnace hurl'd,
 Vain cry ! th' unmitigated furies urge 265
 Their ruthless task and to the cauldron's edge
 With ceaseless toil huge blocks of sulphur roll,
 Pil'd mountains high to feed the greedy flames :
 All these, th' accursed brood of Sin, were once
 The guilty pleasures, the false joys, that lur'd 270
 Their sensual vota'rists to th' infernal pit :
 Them their fell mother, watchful o'er the work,
 With eye that sleep ne'er clos'd and snaky scourge
 Still waving o'er their heads, for ever plies
 To keep the fiery deluge at it's height ; 275
 And stops her ears against the clam'rous din
 Of those tormented, who for mercy call
 Age after age implor'd and still denied.

These when th' all-present Spirit of CHRIST descried
 At distance tossing in the sulph'rous lake, 280
 And heard their dismal groans, the conscious sense
 Of human weakness by experience earn'd.
 In his own mortal body now put off,
 And recollection that Himself of late
 In his sublunar pilgrimage had prov'd 285
 Temptations like to their's, drew from his soul
 A sigh of nat'ral pity, as from man
 To man although in merited distress :

But

But when his human sympathy gave place
 To judgment better weigh'd and riper thoughts 290
 Congenial with the Godhead reaffum'd,
 The justice of their doom, th' abhorrence due
 To their vile deeds by voluntary act
 Of will, left free, committed in despight
 Of conscience moving them to better thoughts, 295
 Turn'd him indignant from the loathed fight
 Of these impenitents ; when, after pause,
 To GABRIEL, chief of the cherubic host
 And late his strength'ning angel, thus he spake.

GABRIEL, or e'er from this high steep we launch 300
 With prone descent into this gloomy vast,
 This shadowy dark inane, the realm of Death,
 After so swift a race through all the spheres
 From earth to this hell's portal, it behoves
 Thee and thy plumed cohort to recruit 305
 The vigor of your wings ; for sure I am
 That in this subterranean we shall find
 No breeze from heav'n's pure æther to give aid
 To motion, or uphold in steady poise
 Your feath'ry vans outstretch'd ; nor may we look 310
 For star or planet or one straggling ray
 From circumlucient sun to guide our course
 Through this obscure domain of Night and Death.

Nor less behoves thee, gentle as thou art,
 Friendliest to man of all heav'n's angel host 315
 And for each task of mercy and of love
 First in the choice of God, to arm thy heart
 For the sad spectacles, the dismal scenes,
 Which we must needs encounter in this gulph
 Of human misery, this world of woes, 320
 Fit residence for SATAN and his crew
 Of outcast angels ; sad reverse to thee
 Inhabitant of heav'n : And now, behold !
 Where hell's infernal pit with horrid glare
 Flames through the dismal gloom, there, but that God 325
 In mercy films thine arch-angelic eye,
 Such myriads in that ever-burning lake
 Of souls tormented thou wouldst else discern,
 As would appal thy nature ; but these scenes
 From thee, a spi'rit so loving to mankind, 330
 So melting soft to pity, are with-held :
 No mercy can I meditate for them
 Impenitent, no embassy of peace
 Have I in charge, no respite, till the trump
 Of general resurrection calls them up 335
 At the last day of judgment, then to hear
 Their crimes rehears'd, their blasphemies expos'd,
 Their envyings, frauds, revilings, treach'ries, plot

And ev'ry secret of their hearts unmask'd
 By an all-righteous Judge, who shall pronounce 340
 Their final condemnation and decree
 Their present pains perpetual. We meanwhile
 To other regions shall divert our course
 From them and from their torments far apart,
 Regions of night and silence, where the souls 345
 Of righteous men in their oblivious caves
 Sleep out the time till their Deliverer comes
 To wake them from their trance, dissolve the spell
 Of their enchanter Death and set them free
 To range the fields of Paradise, where flows, 350
 As from a fountain by God's presence fed,
 Beatitude surpassing human thought,
 Pleasures unseen, unnumber'd, unconceiv'd.

This said, from those high battlements the Dove
 Of Peace upon Redemption's errand sent, 355
 Borne on the wings of his cherubic choir,
 Descended swift, and through the drowsy void
 To Death's terrific palace steer'd his flight.

Here the Arch-foe of man, from earth expell'd
 By man's Redeemer, newly had arriv'd, 360
 But fear-struck and in like disastrous trim
 With war-worn Sifera, when in his flight
 From the victorious Naphthalite he came

To

To ask protection at false Jael's tent,
 And ruin found instead. The whirlwind's blast 365
 Had shatter'd his proud form ; now scorch'd by fires,
 Now driv'n to regions of perpetual frost
 Beyond extremest Saturn's wintry sphere,
 No middle course kept he, nor had his feet
 From their ærial journey once found rest, 370
 Till at the threshold of Death's gloomy throne
 Down on the solid adamant he fell
 Precipitate at once, and lay entranc'd
 Of arch-angelic majesty the wreck.

Scar'd at the hideous crash and all aghast 375
 Death scream'd amain, then wrapt himself in clouds,
 And in his dark pavilion trembling fate
 Mantled in night. And now the prostrate fiend
 Rear'd his terrific head with lightnings scorch'd
 And furrow'd deep with scars of livid hue ; 380
 Then stood erect and roll'd his blood-shot eyes
 To find the ghastly vision of grim Death,
 Who at the sudden downfall of his fire
 Startled, and of his own destruction warn'd,
 Had shrunk from sight, and to a misty cloud 385
 Dissolv'd hung lowring o'er his shrouded throne.
 When SATAN, whose last hope was now at stake,
 Impatient for the interview exclaim'd,

Where

Where art thou, Death? Why hide thyself from him,
 Of whom thou art? Come forth, thou grisly king; 390
 And though to suitor of immortal mould
 Thy refuge be denied, yet at my call,
 Thy father's call, come forth and comfort me,
 Thou gaunt anatomy, with one short glimpse
 Of those dry bones, in which alone is peace 395
 And that oblivious sleep, for which I fight.

He said, and now a deep and hollow groan,
 Like roar of distant thunders, shook the hall,
 And from before the cloud-envelop'd throne
 The adamantine pavement burst in twain 400
 With hideous crash self-open'd, and display'd
 A subterranean chasm, whose yawning vault,
 Deep as the pit of Acheron, forbade
 All nearer access to the shado'wy king.
 Whereat the imprison'd winds, that in it's womb 405
 Were cavern'd, 'gan to heave their yeasty waves
 In bubbling exhalations, till at once
 Their eddying vapors working upwards burst
 From the broad vent enfranchis'd, when, behold!
 The cloud that late around the throne had pour'd 410
 More than Egyptian darkness, now began
 To lift it's fleecy skirts, till through the mist
 The imperial Phantom gleam'd; monster deform'd,

Enormous,

Enormous, terrible, from heel to scalp
 One dire anatomy ; his giant bones 415
 Star'd through the shrivell'd skin, that loosely hung
 On his sepulchral carcase ; round his brows
 A cypress wreath tiara-like he wore
 With nightshade and cold hemlock interwin'd ;
 Behind him hung his quiver'd store of darts 420
 Wing'd with the raven's plume ; his fatal bow
 Of deadly yew, tall as Goliath's spear,
 Propp'd his unerring arm ; about his throne,
 If throne it might be call'd, which was compos'd
 Of human bones, as in a charnel pil'd, 425
 A hideous group of dire diseases stood,
 Sorrows and pains and agonizing plagues,
 His ghastly satellites, and, ev'n than these
 More terrible, ambition's slaught'ring sons,
 Heroes and conquerors stil'd on earth, but here 430
 Doom'd to ignoble drudgery, employ'd
 To do his errands in the loathsome vault,
 And tend corruption's never-dying worm,
 To haunt the catacombs and ransack graves,
 Where some late popu'lous city is laid waste 435
 By the destroying pestilence, or storm'd
 By murdering Ruin or Tartar blood-besmeared
 And furious in the desperate breach to plant

His

His eagle or his crescent on the piles
 Of mangled multitudes and flout the sky 440
 With his victorious banners. Now a troop
 Of shrowded ghosts upon a signal given
 By their terrific Monarch start to fight,
 Each with a torch funereal in his grasp,
 That o'er the hall diffus'd a dying light, 445
 Than darkness' self more horrible: The walls
 Of that vast cenotaph, hung round with spears,
 Falchions and pole-axes and plumed helms,
 Shew'd like the arm'ory of some warlike state:
 There every mortal weapon might be seen, 450
 Each implement of old or new device,
 Which savage nature or inventive art
 Furnish'd to arm the ruffian hand of war
 And deal to man the life-destroying stroke:
 And them betwixt at intervals were plac'd 455
 The crowned skeletons of mighty kings,
 Cæsars and Caliphs and barbarian Chiefs,
 Monsters, whose swords had made creation shrink
 And frighted peace and science from the earth.

Pondering the scene in mute amazement rapt 460
 The lost Arch-angel stood, when soon the voice
 Of Death as from the tombs low-murmuring thus
 Bespoke attention—What uncivil cause,

Prince of the air, provokes thee to offend
 Against the peaceful charter of these realms 465
 By voice thus rude and clamo'rous ? Know'st thou not
 I reign by privilege, though son not slave
 Of thee heav'n-exil'd ? Here no place hast thou,
 For here is peace ; no part in this domain
 To thee and to thy rebel host belongs : 470
 They in the flames of Tartarus, but we
 Dwell with the silent worm : The pow'r we have
 O'er man's corruptible and mortal part
 Ends with the body ; here the bones may sleep,
 For these anatomies disturb us not : 475
 But for the spark unquenchable, the soul
 Immortal, which survives the fleeting breath,
 Of that we take no charge ; that must abide
 In other regions it's appointed lot
 Of misery or bliss. What then hath Death 480
 To do with SATAN ? Can the son, who drew
 Existence from the father, quench that spi'rit,
 Which God decreed eternal ? Will those fires
 Cease at my word ? Hell will not hear my voice,
 Nor can the howlings of th' infernal pit 485
 Enter my ears. Ask not repose of me,
 Tormented fiend : There is no grave for sin,
 No sleep for SATAN ; fall'n from heav'n thou art,

There

There thou hast no abode ; fall'n now from earth,
 Where is thy lodging ? Where, but in those flames ? 490
 Pass on then in thy course, nor loiter here,
 For hell expects thee : Wert thou here to stay,
 Death in destroying thee himself destroys.

Whereto th' unwelcome visitant replied—
 Inhospitable Pow'r ! and is it thus 495
 Thou greet'st a father in his extreme need
 Suppliant for leave to draw a moment's breath
 In thy pale presence, till this furious blast,
 That follow'd me from earth, shall spend it's rage
 And cease to howl through the profound of hell ? 500
 If in thy heartless trunk no mem'ory dwells
 Of what I was, Oh ! teach me to forget
 What now I am and make my senses dull
 To pain, as thine to gratitude are lost :
 But if thy mind be present to record 505
 My fall from bliss, will it not also serve
 To put thee in remembrance how that fall
 Bestow'd on thee a station and a name ?
 Had I not fall'n from heav'n man had not lost
 The joys of Paradise, immortal joys 510
 Till I destroy'd them ; who then but myself,
 Exil'd from God, brought Death into the world,
 Gave thee the sepulchre for thy domain,

And every mortal body for thy prey ?
 Whose hand but SATAN's, thankless as thou art, 515

Plac'd that victorious wreath upon thy brow,
 Arm'd thee for war and bade thee be a king ?
 And what doth SATAN now demand of Death ?

What, but a moment's respite, the small boon
 Of hospitable shelter, where to lay 520

My aching head and rest my weary wing ?
 This to the father can the son refuse ?

I ask no more. If CHRIST, from whom I fly,
 Pursues me to this pit, and into hell

Descending shall repass her gloomy gates 525

Guarded by Sin, that barrier lost, farewell
 To all thy greatness ! Where shall be thy sting,

O Death, and where thy victory, O Grave ?

Then to have harbor'd SATAN shall not add
 One feather to the balance of thy fate : 530

All must be lost together ; I to flames

Consign'd, thou, Phantom, into air dissolv'd.

No more of this vain arguing, Death replied ;

My peace and my repose I can but deal

As God decrees, and as he wills withhold : 535

Thus wrangling to the latest hour of time.

Nothing, O SATAN, could'st thou wring from me

But the same answer and the same despair :

I with

I with mortality alone confer,
Thou art a deathless spirit : If my pow'r
Cannot annihilate the soul of man,
How then of angel ? Guilty thou hast been,
Conscious must ever be, and therefore curst.
Of me complaining thou condemn'st thyself;
The righteous ever are at peace with Death ;
Thou art not of their number. Spi'rit unblest,
Author of man's revolt and all things ill,
The hell which thou hast peopled, is thine own.
Earth thou hast made a ruin, men by thee
Perverted turn to monsters, Heav'n itself,
Disturb'd by thy rebellion, for a while
Suffer'd convulsion, and her thrones besieg'd
Echo'd the din of battle ; the fair bloom
Of Paradise was blasted by thy spells,
And man driv'n forth to till th' unthankful earth
And toil and sweat for a precarious meal,
Degraded from his origin, at length
To me and to corruption was consign'd.
These were thy doings, this was my descent,
And my inheritance the loathsome worm,
The throne funereal and this yawning gulph
Impassable, which I am yet to thank
For that it holds thee at a distance from me :

This

This is thy bounty. Look upon these bones,
 Survey this dread anatomy, and say 565
 If son so fashion'd owes his father thanks :
 Proportion'd to thy goodness I accord
 My gratitude by bidding thee avaunt ;
 Hence from my sight, intruder ! Thrust from earth
 As heretofore from heav'n, and tempest-torn 570
 With bruised head and shatter'd flagging wing
 Hither thou com'st a fugitive from Him,
 Whom in the wilderness for forty days
 Tempting thou didst annoy : Dull, doating spirit !
 Blind to thine own destruction, not to see 575
 God's pow'r in CHRIST, nor understand that He,
 Who foil'd thy cunning, might defy thy strength :
 But neither strength nor cunning shall prevail
 To draw me forth upon a losing side,
 And set this empire on a desp'rate cast : 580
 I lack presumption to oppose that Power,
 Which puts hell's monarch to inglorious flight.
 What shelter can'st thou find behind a shade,
 An airy phantom ? Such thou say'st I am,
 Such let me be ! That phantom will not tempt 585
 The furious blast of God's avenging breath,
 Nor mov'd to pity by thy treacherous plaints
 Tender oblivion's boon to soul accurst :

Such

Such favor when thou wouldst extort from Death,
That phantom will be adamant to thee. 590

Now learn a truth : CHRIST in the flesh is dead ;
Yet long I cannot hold him in the grave ;
His body interdicted to the worm
For some mysterious purpose is reserv'd
From all corruption free, and sure I am. 595

He will not leave his enemy at large
In this obscure domain, where sleep the souls
Of righteous men ; fly then, whilst yet the hour
Serves thee for flight—And hark ! the angel trump
Sounds his approach. Now tremble, thou accurst ! 600

No more ; encanopied beneath the wings
Of mighty Cherubim with sounding trump
And joyful chaunt the LORD OF LIFE came on—
Lift up your heads, the heav'nly chorus sung,
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, 605

And CHRIST the King of Glory shall come in—
Bright as the sun his presence ; darkness fled.
Down to the center ; SATAN on the earth
Fell motionless ; Death trembled on his throne,
And call'd his shadowy guards, they with loud shrieks 610
Vanish'd in air, whilst from the gulph profound
Blue lightnings flash'd and deep-mouth'd thunders roar'd ;

When CHRIST with eye severe on SATAN turn'd
 Bade the storm cease and thus address'd the fiend.

Well art thou found, thou serpent, on the brink 615
 Of thy last home, this horrible abyfs,
 For thee and for thine impious crew prepar'd.
 Man from his God by thy corruption turn'd
 Is by my death receiv'd into the peace
 Of his offended Maker, and if faith 620
 Opens his way to heav'n in righteousness
 And true conversion, Death cannot retain
 His soul in darkness, nor thy crafty wiles
 Puzzle his path and damp his glowing zeal;
 But thou presumptuous, who hast had the world 625
 To range at will, and from God's altars pluck'd
 Their consecrated honors, falsely view'd
 Those spoils, by sufferance yielded, as the prize
 Of thine own proper victory. Behold!
 These are thy triumphs; in this pit receive 630
 Thy folly's confutation and the doom
 Of woe eternal on thy sin denounc'd.

He said, nor other answer SATAN gave
 Than one deep groan rent from his lab'ring breast.
 The strong vindictive Angel, to whose charge 635
 The key of that infernal pit belong'd,

Now

Now seiz'd him in his grasp and from the ground
 Lifting his pond'rous bulk, such vigor dwelt
 In arm celestial, headlong down at once
 Down hurl'd him to the bottom of the gulph, 640
 Then follow'd on the wing: His yelling cries
 Death heard, whilst terror shiver'd every bone:
 Not so the choir cherubic; they with joy
 Beheld Redemption's triumph in the fall
 Of that Great Dragon, enemy of man, 645
 That antient Serpent, now with bruised head
 And sting-bereft hurl'd down into the pit:
 Whereat in heav'nly concert they begin
 To raise their tuneful voices and sing forth
 Praise to the Lamb of God, and joyful strain 650
 Of gratulation to the Saints redeem'd—

Now is salvation come and strength and power,
 The kingdom of our God and of his CHRIST:
 Now is that railing and malignant foe
 Cast down into the pit, which day and night 655
 Accus'd our righteous brethren to their God:
 Now are they made victorious by the blood
 Of the Redeeming Lamb, and in the word
 Of Truth, their fearless witnesses, through the world
 Go forth against the anarchy of Sin 660
 A host of martyrs faithful unto death;

Therefore rejoice, ye heav'ns, and ye of earth

Inhabitants, awake to joy and hail

The day-spring of Salvation from on high.

SATAN meanwhile ten thousand fathoms deep 665

At bottom of the pit, a mangled mass

With shatter'd brain and broken limbs outspread,

Lay groaning on the adamantine rock :

Him the strong Angel with ethereal touch

Made whole in form, but not to strength restor'd, 670

Rather to pain and the acuter sense

Of shame and torment ; hideous was the glare

Of his blood-streaming eyes and loud he yell'd

For very agony, whilst on his limbs

The massy fetters, such as hell alone 675

Could forge in hottest sulphur, were infix'd

And rivetted in the perpetual stone :

Upon his back he lay extended, huge,

A hideous ruin ; not a word vouchsaf'd

That vengeful Angel, but with quick dispatch 680

Plied his commission'd task, then stretch'd the wing

And upward flew ; for now th' infernal cave

Through all it's vast circumference had giv'n

The dreadful warning, and began to close

It's rocky ribs upon th' imprison'd fiend : 685

Fierce and more fierce as it approach'd became

The flaming concave ; thus comprest, the vault
 Red as metallic furnace glow'd intense
 With heat, that had the hideous den been less
 Than adamant it had become a flood, 690
 Or SATAN other than he was in fin
 And arch-angelic strength pre-eminent,
 He neither could have suffer'd nor deserv'd :
 Panting he roll'd in streams of scalding sweat,
 Parch'd with intolerable thirst, one drop 695
 Of water then to cool his raging tongue
 Had been a boon worth all his golden shrines :
 Vain wish ! for now the pit had clos'd it's mouth,
 Nor other light remain'd than what the glare
 Of those reverberating fires bestow'd : 700
 Then all the dungeon round was thick beset
 With horrid faces, threat'ning as they glar'd
 Their haggard eyes upon him ; from hell's lake
 Flocking they came, whole legions of the damn'd,
 His worshippers on earth, sensual, profane, 705
 Abominable in their lives, monsters of vice,
 Blood-stained murderers, apostate kings,
 And crowned tyrants some, tormented now
 For their past crimes and into furies turn'd,
 Accusing their betrayer : Curses dire, 710
 Hissings and tauntings now from every side

Affail'd his ear, on him, on him alone,
 From Cain first murderer to ISCARIOT all,
 All with loud voices charg'd on him their sins,
 Their agonies, with imprecations urg'd 715
 For treble vengeance on his head accurst,
 Founder of hell, sole author of their woe,
 And enemy avow'd of all mankind.

Now when the King of Terrors had perceiv'd
 The pow'r of his new Visitant and saw 720
 SATAN engulph'd and the devouring pit,
 Best barrier of his throne, for ever clos'd,
 Descending from his state with heart abash'd,
 Conscious that pride would ill befriend him now
 In presence of his Conqueror, at the feet 725
 Of CHRIST with low obeisance he put off
 The trophies of his brow, and on the knee,
 Stooping his vassal head, low homage paid,
 And suppliant thus his humble suit preferr'd.

Immortal King ! all glorious and all good, 730
 At whose great name befits that every knee
 In heav'n or earth or in these realms beneath
 Should bend adoring, let thy will prevail
 Here, as wherever else ! And sure I am
 'Tis not my pow'r but thine own wond'rous love, 735
 Consenting to the deed, hath brought thee here

In pity to mankind to taste the cup
 Of agony and visit these sad shades,
 Though deathless ; thence to re-ascend, as soon
 Thou shalt, victorious to the realms of light. 740

I know thee for the CHRIST the Son of God,
 Messias of the prophets long foreseen,
 Yet of the unbelieving Jews despis'd,
 Rejected, for thou cam'st not in the pomp
 Of tempo'ral majesty and only great 745

In patience, in humility, in love
 And miracles of mercy. At thy feet
 This head uncrown'd thus stooping, I resign
 All empire ; not on me let fall thy wrath
 As on that bruised Serpent. What am I ? 750

What is the sword, what is the pestilence,
 And all my host of mortal ministers,
 But servants of thy providence, a scourge
 And rod of vengeance, wherewith to chastise
 Presumptuous, guilty pride ? Whose hand but mine 755

Strikes terror to the atheist's harden'd heart ?
 Who plucks the tyrant from his bloody car
 And rolls him in the dust ? or at a blow
 Strangles the curse in the blasphemer's throat ?
 If on the martyr's head my axe descends, 760

The same hand plants a crown of glory there ;

And

And if in my dark caves the righteous sleep,
 Peaceful they sleep; I break not their repose,
 For silence dwells with me and night and rest.
 Behold the key inviolate that guards 765
 Their hallow'd slumbers; never did I yield,
 Though oft solicited, this sacred pledge
 To SATAN or his sin-defiled crew;
 Faithful I've kept it ever, faithful now
 To thee their Savior I resign my charge. 770

This said, the golden badge of his command,
 Rich and of heav'nly workmanship with gems
 Of azure, green and purple thick emboss'd,
 Humbly he laid at the REDEEMER's feet:
 He to the zeal of GABRIEL strait consign'd 775
 Th' enlargement of those spi'rits to bliss preferr'd,
 Fit minister for office so benign:
 Whereat he bade sound forth the signal trump
 Of the First Resurrection, heard of none
 Save of those holy Saints elect of God, 780
 Martyrs and prophets, call'd to live with CHRIST
 In antecedent glory till the day
 Of general Resurrection shall awaken
 And summon into judgment all mankind.
 Swift hied that friendly Angel on the wing, 785
 Swifter, for that, on gracious errand sent,

Joy

Joy urg'd him to put forth his utmost speed ;
Meanwhile the heav'nly Vifitant of Death
Upon that ghastly Vifion turn'd his eyes,
And thus in accent mild addrefs'd the Shade.' 790

That I came down from heav'n and am the CHRIST,
Rightly; O Death, thou haft pronounc'd; yet here
I come not to destroy thy power at once,
But to fet free the Saints thou hold'ft in thrall,
And call them to my peace; but ev'n of these 795
Part till my fecond coming muft abide :

Of thee and all things of corruption bred
The term is fix'd; God muft be all in all :
But time, as man computes, hath yet to roll
Through numerous ages ere the final trump 800

Shall found thy knell. I brought not upon earth
Peace, but the fword; the gospel I have preach'd
Man will corrupt, misconftrue and pervert ;
Nor fhall my Church be only drench'd with blood
Of it's own martyrs, zealots fhall arife 805

Aliens to my humility and peace,
With more than pagan enmity inflam'd
Each againft other; then fhall ruthlefs war
And perfecution and fierce civil rage
Ravage the Chriftian world; intole'rant pride, 810
Ufurping pow'r infallible, fhall fend

It's heralds forth with curfing in their mouths
And fetters for man's conscience in their hands ;
They in the battle's front shall plant the Cross
And bid the unconverted nations kneel 815
Under their conqu'ring standard and adopt
The creed of murderers, who, in the place
Of the pure bond of charity, present
A forged scroll blurr'd and defac'd with lies,
And impiously inscribe it with my Name. 820
These are religion's traitors, and from them
An ample harvest shalt thou reap, O Death ;
Suffice it thee to know that for a while
Thou shalt be spar'd : And now no more ; Behold !
GABRIEL leads on the congregated Saints. 825
Vanish, pale Phantom ! Give the ransom'd place.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

C A L V A R Y;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

B O O K V I I I .

THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Christ, having closed his interview with Death, prepares to receive the Saints of the First Resurrection now approaching under the conduct of the angel Gabriel, and having ascended a mount in the midst of the congregation appears to them in glory: They pay homage to their Redeemer in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving: He addresses them in reply, and assures them of the blessings of immortal life bestowed upon them by the Father as the reward of righteousness: The patriarch Abraham enters into conference with Christ, in the conclusion of which the Savior of the world shews him the glorious vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, the holy city, as described in the Apocalypse: When this beatific vision is passed away, Christ reascends to earth in view of the whole assembly of Saints: The angel Gabriel, who is left behind, addresses them from the mount and expounds the purposes of the Savior's resurrection from the dead and return to earth: Moses recapitulates the events of his life, instances the frequent rebellions of the Lord's unfaithful people, and laments their future impenitence and incredulity: Gabriel replies, and from the nature of man's free will explains the origin and necessity of evil, from which he deduces the benefits of Christ's death and redemption: And now the Spirit of God descending on the hearts of the righteous, inspires them with all understanding and knowledge, fitted to their happy condition: A Paradise arises within the regions of Death; Gabriel addresses them for the last time, and upon his departure the Poem concludes.

C A L V A R Y.

BOOK VIII.

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

NOW had the Savior by the word of power
 Wafted the magic Phantom into air,
 And all the horrors of the scene dispell'd :
 Swift as the stroke of his own winged dart,
 Or flitting shadows by the moon-beam chas'd, 5
 Death on the instant vanish'd : What had seem'd
 A citadel of proud and martial port
 With bastions fenc'd and tow'rs impregnable
 Of adamant compos'd and lofty dome,
 Covering the throne imperial, now was air ; 10
 And, far as eye could reach, a level plain,
 In the intermin'able horizon lost,
 Unfolded it's vast champain to the view.
 Darknefs twin-born with Death had fled ; the rays,
 That from the Savior's sun-crown'd temples beam'd, 15

With dazzling lustre brighten'd all the scene.
There just emerging to the distant view,
And glitt'ring white, a multitude appear'd,
Stretch'd east and west in orderly array,
Swift marching underneath the mighty wings
Of the protecting Angel, who in air
Soar'd imminent, and with the broad expanse
From flank to flank envelop'd all the host :
He with the blast of the awak'ning trump
Gave note of their advance. In the mid-plain
There was a mount ; thither the Savior hied
With his cherubic guard, and there in view
Of the assembled myriads stood sublime.
The Saints in order form'd themselves around,
Orb within orb, each in his proper sphere
Instinctively arrang'd ; then all at once,
As by one soul inspir'd, with bended knee
And forehead prostrate on the earth they paid
Joint homage and ador'd. Oh ! who shall dare
With bold conjecture to compute the list
Of that blest multitude, or say, who first,
Who last, receiv'd the glorious All-hail,
Ye blessed of my Father ? Yet perchance,
So warranted by scripture and so taught
By moral sage experience, we may doubt

20

25

30

35

40

1f

If many rich, if many great or learn'd
Were of that righteous company ; be sure
The lover of this world had there no place,
He barter'd it for gold, he pass'd it off
To Belial for a perishable toy, 45
He sold it to a wanton : There the proud
Were brought down, and the meek and lowly rais'd :
The conqueror not of others but himself
There found pre-eminence : All joy to him,
Who rear'd the orphan, dried the widow's tears, 50
And fought affliction in her secret haunts,
Not for the praise of men ; and may not we,
Born in an age when mild philanthropy
Hath taught a better lesson to the heart,
May not we foster a kind hope that some 55
Of pagan name were call'd, who through the maze
Of dark idolatry took Reason's clue,
And found a mental avenue to God ?
Here with the Father of the Faithful stood
A host of patriarchs, prophets, judges, saints : 60
Noah, who perfect in the time of wrath
And righteous found, was left unto the earth
A remnant, when the waters fell from heav'n,
And was in covenant with the Most High
That man no more should perish by the flood : 65

Moses,

Moses, the faithful servant of the Lord,
 Meekest, though mightiest, of the sons of men
 And glorious in the fight of dreadful kings :
 Joshua, th' avenger of th' Elect of God,
 Whose voice upon mount Gibeon staid the sun 70
 In the mid-heav'n, and bade the moon stand still
 In Ajalon's dark vale, till Israel ceas'd
 From slaughter and the conqu'ring sword was sheath'd :
 Here Samuel in his linen ephod girt,
 Thrice call'd of God, amid the foremost stood : 75
 He, who with Baäl's priests contending rear'd
 His rival altars and brought fire from heav'n
 To vindicate his God : The Psalmist King,
 And he, at whose sick pray'r the sun went back,
 And he, surnam'd the Good : Daniel the seer, 80
 And they, who in the furnace walk'd unhurt ;
 All in the sacred page recorded just
 And faithful servants of the living God :
 For who can doubt the holy word of truth
 Attesting their salvation ? Yet there is 85
 One, who, by promise sacredly assur'd
 Of bliss immediate, heard the glorious call,
 Whilst hanging on the cross, by penitence
 And faith obtain'd from the all-gracious lips
 Of God's own Son expiring at his side. 90

Hail,

Hail, holy congregation, elder-born
 Of righteousness and first-fruits of the grave,
 Elect unto salvation ! Hail, blest Saints,
 Now cloathed in white robes, as in your lives
 With purity, sound forth your praise to God 95
 And to the Lamb, in whose blood ye are wash'd ;
 Wave high your branches of victorious palm,
 Hymning the strain, which He in Patmos heard,
 What time the glorious vision was reveal'd.

Hail, First and Last ! th' immortal chorus sung, 100
 Of all things the beginning and the end ;
 For thou art he, who liveth and wast dead,
 And lo ! thou art alive for evermore,
 And hold'st in hand of hell and death the keys.
 Salvation to our God and to the Lamb : 105
 At his right hand, who sitteth on the throne ;
 Blessing and glory, wisdom, honor, power,
 Might and thanksgiving evermore to God
 And to his CHRIST ! Father, we give thee thanks,
 Lord God, which wast and art and art to come, 110
 For this thy mighty pow'r in us fulfill'd.
 Now are the kingdoms of this world become
 The kingdoms of our Lord and of his CHRIST,
 And he shall reign for ever ; now thy wrath.
 On the rebellious nations is let loose ; 115

Now is the first call of the sleeping faints,
 And all thy servants faithful unto death
 Thou hast rewarded with eternal blifs.
 Henceforth for ever blessed are the dead,
 Thus dying in the Lord, for they shall rest 120
 From labor, and their good works are not lost !

Their hymn perform'd, the whole redeemed host,
 With hands uplifted and all eyes direct
 Upon the glorious Presence, bent the knee
 Silent, whilst thus the LORD OF MERCY spake. 125

Ye blessed of my Father, prophets, faints
 And martyrs ; ye of Abraham's faithful stock,
 And ye, though wild by nature, grafted in
 Upon the parent tree and bearing fruits
 To life eternal, welcome to my peace ! 130

Now are your watchings and your labors past,
 Your tribulations, self-denials, pains
 And mournings recompens'd ; never again
 Shall ye know thirst or hunger, nor the sun
 Scorch you by day, nor yet by night the moon ; 135

For ye shall dwell before the throne of God,
 And I will feed you ; I will lead you forth
 To living founts and wipe away all tears.

Come, enter ye into your Master's joy,
 Come, for the throne awaits you, take the crown 140

Of glory, take the kingdom from all time
 For you prepar'd, possess your happy rights,
 The earnings of your charity and love :
 For I was hungred and ye gave me meat,
 Thirsty I was and ye asswag'd my thirst, 145
 I was a stranger and ye took me in,
 Naked ye cloath'd me, sick ye visited,
 I was in prison and ye came unto me.

When Lord, the righteous humbly interpos'd,
 When were these charities by us perform'd ? 150
 How have we merited this praise of thee,
 Whom in the flesh we knew not ? Tell us, Lord,
 When saw we thee an-hungred and gave food ?
 When thirsty and gave drink ? a stranger when
 And took thee in, naked and cloathed thee ; 155
 When saw we thee in sickness or in prison
 And came unto thee ? When didst thou endure
 These hard necessities, or we relieve ?

Whereto the LORD replied : Truly ye say
 Me in the flesh ye knew not, yet in spi'rit 160
 Ye knew me, for my law was in your hearts ;
 And what to these my brethren ye have done,
 Or to the least of these, ye did to me,
 Patron of mercy and the friend of man.
 To every one, but not to all alike, 165

Some talent is in trust, the loan of Heav'n,
To husband as he may, and he who spares
From his imparted fund wherewith to help
His neighbor's scantier dole, improves the loan
And makes his Lord his debtor. First and last, 170
Ere Abraham was I am. Open your ears !
Hear, mark and understand : The world by sin
Original had fallen off from God ;
Man was become corrupt, idolatrous,
Abominable ; SATAN reign'd on earth. 175
Ye are of various ages ; all have slept,
And some from earliest times or e'er the flood
Swallow'd the nations, yet with one accord
All in your several periods have bewail'd
Degenerated man : Noah can tell 180
How all the earth with violence was fill'd,
Or e'er the fountains of the vasty deep
Were broken up : Moses can well declare
How hard and to rebellion prone the hearts
Of those, whom he led forth : Samuel beheld 185
A stiff-neck'd generation spurn the yoke
And kick against their God ; but vain his voice,
Vain all the prophets voices, which foretold
My coming, without whom the world were lost.
Now is salvation come ; I've drank the cup 190

Of bitterness and died the death for man :
 My peace I've left on earth ; the living world,
 They have the word of truth and by that word
 Through faith they shall be sav'd ; from them I came
 To visit these dark regions and redeem 195
 The faints who slept ; behold ! ye are alive :
 Death hath no more dominion ; SATAN, chain'd
 For ages, shall abide his time to come :
 Meanwhile in glory ye shall dwell with me ;
 By resurrection purchas'd with my blood 200
 Ye are the first-fruits of immortal life.

Now ABRAHAM, father of the faithful band
 And first in station nearest to the mount,
 His eyes uplifted to the face divine
 Of the effulgent Virtue, and thus spake. 205

Yet once more, as aforetime in the days
 Of Sodom, suffer me to plead for man,
 And ask of thee his Savior if these few,
 Few not in numbers, yet for heav'n too few
 And for heav'n's mercy, seeing there are past 210
 So many many ages of the world,
 Are all that shall be sav'd : Alas, for man !
 If this be the whole remnant, all the stock
 Cull'd from so many myriads for God's fold.
 Where are the nations vanish'd ? Where the hosts, 215

That sea, earth, flood and fire have swallow'd up?
 Can hell contain them? Can devouring Death
 Find stomach for them all? Did God make man
 For death and hell, or thou endure the cross
 Only for us? Are all the righteous shrunk 220
 To this small measure? And, if these be all,
 Are they not yet enough to save the rest,
 If heav'nly mercy listen to our prayer?
 May not our righteousness so save a world
 From wrath, as once the righteousness of five 225
 Had sav'd a guilty city from it's fate?

To him the LORD OF MERCY: I have said
 Ye are the first fruits by my blood obtain'd,
 The earnest of redemption: I have bruis'd,
 Not crush'd, the Serpent's head; he shall arise 230
 Out of the pit once more to vex the earth.
 Death the last enemy is not destroy'd,
 Yet is his sceptre shorten'd, and the key,
 That opens into life, now in those hands,
 Where mercy best can place it for man's good: 235
 Thus of all pow'r though Death is not bereft,
 Yet I have shook his throne, with inroad deep
 Pierc'd his dark realm, and, you redeeming thence,
 Made tenantless your graves, his strongest holds.
 With you when from this depth I reascend,

240

And

And through heav'n's golden portal lead my host
 Of Saints high-waving these victorious palms,
 Your white robes glitt'ring in God's starry courts,
 Great sure will be the triumph, loud th' acclaim,
 When all my Father's Angels shall sound forth 245
 Their joyful hallelujahs round his throne.
 Enough for victory hath been achiev'd,
 Destruction is reserv'd to that great day,
 When the compelling Angel shall go forth
 To gather every atom of man's dust, 250
 Which the seas cover or the earth contains :
 Then shall all souls be judg'd ; if Abraham then,
 When of all hearts the secrets shall be known,
 Then if the Friend of God hath aught to urge
 In mitigation of man's guilt, be sure, 255
 Ere justice strike, mercy will hear the plea.
 Of this no more : The seasons and the times
 Are with the Father ; the dread hour draws on :
 But I must first revisit those on earth,
 Whom I have left in sorrow ; for their sakes. 260
 I must again submit me to the flesh,
 And by the evidence of sense confirm
 My promis'd resurrection ; this perform'd
 And immortality reveal'd to man,
 By faith made sure, my gospel shall go forth : 265

My

My office then the Comforter will take ;
 The weak he shall make strong, the foolish wife,
 And by the mouths of sucklings and of babes
 He shall confound the wisdom of the world,
 And o'er the gates of hell erect my Church. 270

When thus the Patriarch, glowing still with zeal
 For man's salvation, further question urg'd.

Lord, will not then the faithless world believe,
 When thou return'st with glory ? From the dead
 When they behold thee visible on earth 275
 And thence to heav'n ascending, can they doubt ?
 Such revelation can their eyes resist,
 Their ears such truth recorded ? Shall there then
 Be left a Gentile idol upon earth
 To rival Israel's God ? Shall there not be 280
 One Shepherd and one fold for all mankind,
 One faith, one baptism, one LORD and CHRIST ?
 But I perhaps too bold offend thine ear
 With my rude converse ; Lord, if so, command
 My tongue to silence ; yet not in thy wrath, 285
 Not in thy wrath, O Lord, reprove my zeal.

Whereto the Savior mildly thus replied.
 O Abraham, in whose soul compassion glows
 And love, that burns with zeal for all thy sons,
 Nor for thy sons alone, but the whole world, 290

Whose

Whose advocate thou art, think not the tongue,
 That speaks for mercy, can offend my ear :
 Yet what thy zeal anticipates in time
 Is distant far ; ages must roll betwixt
 Thy hope and its completion ; threat'ning clouds 295
 Lur on the glorious prospect ; seas of blood
 Must first be pass'd ; long pilgrimage and sad
 My martyrs have to make through vallies dark,
 Where ignorance shades the sun, through frightful haunts,
 Where superstition pictures out the scene 300
 In monstrous forms, and worships what it dreads :
 Painful their march and round beset with snares ;
 Here treach'ry lurks, there persecution flames,
 Before them infidelity, behind
 Reproach and slander and the roar of tongues 305
 Contentious, urging them to turn from God
 And waste their nobler zeal in vain dispute.
 Thus step by step in righteousness and faith
 Arm'd at all points my servants militant
 Shall win their way, and what they earn enjoy. 310
 Lowly and meek I came into the world,
 And meek and lowly I shall now return,
 Not with that glory rising from the grave,
 Which for my second coming is reserv'd,
 But in that mortal body, which they pierc'd, 315

Shewing

Shewing my wounds, not with the proud display
Of one, who courts the voice of public fame,
But communing apart with those I left
To be my witnesses, that so through them
Men may be taught by reason to discern 320
Not what they must, but what they should, believe ;
Not by the evidence of sense to feel,
But by the mind's conviction to perceive
Truth in it's argument, not act, and build
On reason, not necessity, their faith, 325
And on their faith and their good works their hope.
God will not always struggle with mankind,
Heap proof on proof till incredulity
Though blind must see, though deaf of force must hear ;
He will not bring his heav'n upon the earth, 330
Rather will lead man's heart from earthly things
To reach at heavenly ; the railing Jews,
Who fix'd me to the cross, bade me come down
And with the sign of pow'r dispel their doubts :
So had I frustrated all faith at once, 335
And with all faith all virtue : I was dumb,
I open'd not my mouth to their reproach,
I stirr'd not from the cross, I died the death,
Nor to my rescue brought one Angel down,
Though legions waited to obey my call : 340

And

And now none other sign will I vouchsafe
 But of the prophet Jonas; for as he
 From out the belly of the whale emerg'd
 On the third day, so I from out the tomb
 In the same body will come forth on earth 345
 With the third morning's dawn; thus shall the word
 Of prophecy by my disciples heard,
 Not understood, be perfected in me,
 And I will breathe my spi'rit into their hearts
 To comprehend all scriptures, and to preach 350
 Me crucified; nor shall there be a dearth
 Of witnesses to publish and attest
 My resurrection; hundreds shall behold
 My substance in the flesh, and he that doubts
 Shall touch me and believe. More to expound 355
 There needs not; this in all your ears aloud
 I now promulgate, that when I am gone
 Ye may abide the interim in peace,
 By terror or impatience undisturb'd :
 And now not many are the days to pass, 360
 Ere to the heav'n of heav'ns I shall ascend,
 And there in blest communion with my Saints,
 Made perfect after death, for ever dwell
 At the right hand of Pow'r; meanwhile the feed,
 Which I have sown, though of all grains the least, 365

Yet water'd by the Comforter shall grow
 Of herbs the greatest, and become a tree,
 Within whose branches all the birds of air
 Shall come and lodge, so shall my kingdom rise
 From mean beginning into mighty growth, 370
 A still small current, spreading as it goes ;
 For in the arm of man I place no strength,
 Nor in the battle's thunder can be heard
 His voice that preacheth peace ; to storm the ear,
 Like those loud heathen orators, who shake 375
 The forum with their eloquence, ill suits
 The servants of a Master little vers'd
 In this world's wisdom and not vain of speech :
 In love, in calm persuasion and in peace
 My gospel I have planted : Woe to them, 380
 Who in the place of these sweet fruits provoke
 The baneful growth of persecution, strife
 And discord in my Church, op'ning my wounds
 Unheal'd and crucifying me afresh.
 To him the Patriarch : Lord, we give thee thanks 385
 For that thou hast imparted to thy faints
 These tidings of great joy, though distant far
 And through such clouds of sorrow dimly seen ;
 And sure we are thy gospel shall prevail,
 Yet much do we lament for what thy faints 390

And

And martyrs have to suffer upon earth,
 Foil'd by that first Deceiver of mankind,
 Who, though now bruis'd and for awhile enchain'd,
 Shall yet come forth to vex thy holy Church,
 To conjure up false prophets and pervert 395
 Thy follo'wers, who are taught to live in peace
 And charity with all men : But we know
 God did not build this goodly frame of things
 For SATAN to destroy, and he and Death
 Shall have an end : Heav'n is man's natural home 400
 And righteousness the impulse of his heart ;
 Nor will God fail his promise, that in me
 And in my seed the whole world shall be blest :
 Ah ! when shall I behold that promis'd day ?
 When shall I see the warring world at peace ? 405
 When shall my Israel, scatter'd o'er the earth
 And straggling wide, hear their good Shepherd's call
 And come into his fold ? Sure that blest voice,
 That glorious vision would be heav'n itself.
 That vision thou shalt see, the LORD replied 410
 And smil'd all-gracious on th' enraptur'd Saint,
 From this prospective mount with purged eye,
 That through the length'ning tract of time discerns
 Futurity remote, thou shalt behold
 Th' Apocalypse, which to no living eye, 415

Save of my fervant John, I fhall difclofe :
 But know ere this bleſt period ſhall arrive
 The elements muſt melt with fervent heat,
 And earth and ſea and heav'n muſt paſs away,
 Darkneſs and ſin and death ſhall be no more, 420
 And a new world ſhine forth. Aſcend the mount,
 And eaſtward turning tell me what thou ſee'ſt.

I ſee, the Patriarch cried, an heaven and earth,
 Earth without ſea and heav'n without a cloud,
 All bright and glist'ning from the Maker's hands : 425
 I ſee deſcending from the throne of God
 Jeruſalem, the Holy City, new,
 Deck'd like a bride for her celeftial ſpouſe :
 Order and grace and ſymmetry conſpire
 In all her parts, and with the rich diſplay 430
 Of vivid gems make glorious her attire :
 To the four points of heav'n in equal ſpan
 She ſtretches out her many-colour'd walls,
 Celeſtial maſonry, whoſe meaneſt ſtone,
 More rare and precious than the brighteſt gem 435
 Of earthly diadems, transparent flames,
 From the foundations to the topmoſt cope
 Of mural battlement one dazzling blaze
 Of glorious jewelry, and them amidſt
 On every flank quadrangular three gates, 440

Each

Each of an orient pearl, to our twelve tribes
 By number and by name appropriate,
 Stand open, guarded by Cherubic watch ;
 Through whose unfolded portals I descry
 A city all of purest gold and clear 445
 As the unclouded crystal, on whose towers
 God's all-sufficient glory sheds a flood
 Of radiance brighter than the borrow'd beam
 Of shadowy moon or sun oft wrapt in clouds,
 Making alternate night and day on earth : 450
 But night is here unknown ; day needeth not
 To rest in darkness, nor the eye in sleep ;
 Nor temple here for worship may be found,
 The ever-present Deity demands
 No house of pray'r ; in ev'ry heart is built 455
 His altar, every voice records his praise,
 And every faint his minister and priest.
 Through the mid-street a crystal river flows
 Pellucid, welling from the throne of God,
 It's living source, upon whose border springs 460
 The tree of life, bearing ambrosial fruits
 Monthly renew'd and varied through the year,
 Food for immortals, in whose balmy gum
 And leaves medicinal a virtue dwells
 So general and potential, that no pain 465
 Or

Or ailment but here finds it's ready cure :
 No tear shall wet this consecrated foil,
 Nor feud nor clamor nor unholy curse
 Disturb these peaceful echoes, here the saints
 In sweet harmonious brotherhood shall dwell 470
 Serene and perfect in the sight of God.
 And hark ! I hear seraphic voices chaunt
 To their melodious harps the bridal hymn—
 Now is our God espoused to his Church,
 And from their heav'nly union are gone forth 475
 Blessing and peace and joy to all mankind :
 Now shall his saints eternal Sabbath keep
 From death and pain and wailing and complaint :
 All is made new, the old is pass'd away,
 Time draws aside the faded scene of things 480
 And Nature in immortal freshness blooms :
 Now to the waters of the fount of life,
 Perpetual waters, every soul may come,
 And he that is athirst may freely drink :
 But fire and brimstone in the burning lake 485
 Shall be their portion, who revolt from God ;
 There with the Beast in torments they shall dwell,
 Seal'd in their foreheads with his mark and drink
 The cup of indignation to the dregs
 Wrung out in anger, whilst their ceaseless cry 490
 Shall

Shall with the smoke of the infernal pit
Day after day for evermore ascend.

No more ; for now the heav'nly vision clos'd ;
Awaken'd from his trance the Patriarch turn'd
With grateful reverence to address the LORD 495
And giver of these new-discover'd joys,
When lo ! ascending from the mount he saw
CHRIST in a cloud of glory on the wings
Of mighty Cherubim upborne in air
High-foaring, to this orb terraqueous bound, 500
Seen over-head diminish'd to a point
Dim and opake amid the blue serene :

His raiment, whiter than the new-born light
Struck out of chaos by the Maker's hand
In earnest of creation, sparkling blaz'd 505
In it's swift motion and with fiery track
Mark'd his ascent to earth ; the host of Saints
With joyful loud hosannas fill'd the air :
Glory to God on high, was all their strain,
On the earth peace, good-will to all mankind ! 510

Meanwhile th' Arch-angel GABRIEL, who yet kept
His tutelary station on the mount,
So bidd'n of CHRIST, with arm outstretch'd and voice
Commanding silence, thus the Saints bespake.

Now is your resurrection sure, your joy, 515
Your glory and your triumph over Death
And hell made perfect ; for behold where CHRIST
Your first-fruit is aris'n, and waves on high
The ensign of redemption ; now he soars
Up to yon pendent world, that darkling speck, 520
Which in the boundless empyrean floats
Pois'd on it's whirling axle ; there he liv'd
And took your mortal body, there he died
And for your sakes endur'd the painful crosses,
Giving his blood a ransom for your sins ; 525
Thither he goes to re-assume his flesh ;
There, when his angel ministers have op'd
The sealed sepulchre, he shall come forth
And shew himself resurgent from the grave
To those whom he hath sanctified and call'd 530
To be his witnesses in all the world,
And of his resurrection after death
Their faithful evidence to seal with blood
Of martyrs and apostles, warning men
With their last breath to be baptiz'd and live ; 535
So shall the seed be water'd and increase,
Till all the Gentile nations shall come in
And dwell beneath it's branches evermore.

Now

Now are the gates of everlasting life
Set open to mankind, and when the LORD, 540
Captain of their salvation, shall have liv'd
His promis'd term on earth, and thence to heav'n
Ascending seat himself at God's right hand,
Then shall the Holy Ghost the Comforter
Rush like a mighty wind upon the hearts 545
Of his inspir'd apostles ; tongues of fire
And languages untaught they shall receive
To speak with boldness the revealed Word,
Enduring all things for the gospel's sake ;
Troubled on ev'ry side yet not distress'd, 550
Perplex'd but not surrender'd to despair,
Afflicted not forsaken they shall be,
Cast down but not destroy'd, knowing that God,
Who raised the LORD JESUS from the dead,
Them also into life through him will raise, 555
And that the light affliction of this world,
Which is but for a moment, soon shall be
O'erpaid by a far more exceeding weight
Of glory' eternal in the life to come.

He ceas'd, and all were silent, wrapt in awe 560
Of the late glorious vision, yet in heart
Troubled for what the Angel had reveal'd
Of sorrows still to come and pains and deaths

To be encounter'd by the Saints on earth;
 When now that Shepherd, who on Sinai's mount 565
 Commun'd with God and heard creation's plan
 Expounded by it's Architect, thus spake.

Oh thou, whom through the fiery cloud I saw
 On Horeb's hill, when tending Jethro's flock,
 What time I heard my name twice call'd of God 570
 In thunder from amidst the flaming bush,
 Bidding me strait go forth to loose his sheep
 From Egypt's captive fold, I do perceive
 That I have penn'd the Word of God aright,
 And now in CHRIST behold the woman's seed 575
 Bruising that Serpent's head, who wrought the fall
 Of our first parents. Forty days and nights
 On Sinai's top 'midst thund'rings, clouds and fire
 Fasting I stood, and whilst the hallow'd ground
 Trembled beneath my bare unsandal'd feet, 580
 I heard an awful voice, that bade me write
 The glorious record of his six days work.
 Aghast, confounded, dazzled with the blaze
 Of glory, still my faithful pen obey'd
 The sacred dictates of an unseen God : 585
 I wrote, and to an unbelieving world
 Publish'd the wond'rous Code ; age after age
 Libell'd the transcript : With the rod of pow'r

I smote the seas afunder ; Israel pass'd
 Through wat'ry battlements ; forty long years 590
 In the waste howling wilderness I fed
 Their murmuring tribes with food miraculous ;
 They fed but murmur'd still : I brought them laws
 With God's own finger graven ; I came down
 Bearing Jehovah's statutes in my hand 595
 On both sides written ; impious noisy shouts,
 Lewd triumphs and vile revels smote mine ear ;
 The people danc'd around a molten calf,
 Monstrous idolatry ! Raging with shame
 I dash'd the stony tablets on the ground, 600
 And shiver'd them to fragments ; God was mock'd ;
 A stiff-neck'd and a stubborn race they were,
 Who from the rock of their salvation turn'd
 And sacrific'd to devils ; and behold !
 Their sons have crucified the LORD OF LIFE ; 605
 Therefore his resurrection, which shall be
 Light and redemption to the Gentile world,
 To them is darkness and the shadow' of death ;
 For they have slain the very Paschal Lamb ;
 That bloody symbol of their antient law, 610
 Which I made sacred, they have now made void,
 And cancell'd my legation : I perceive
 A new commandment is gone forth ; I see

The temple's veil is rent ; for the old law,
 A carnal shadow of things spiritual, 615
 Suffic'd not for perfection and the pow'r
 Of an eternal life : CHRIST is become
 That King of Salem, that immortal Priest
 Of God most high, whose ministry supreme,
 Before all time from heav'n itself deriv'd 620
 And not from right Levitical, removes
 All title from that consecrated tribe,
 Where I had fix'd it. God, who sending me,
 Sent but his servant, now hath giv'n his Son
 More worthy of his glory ; without sin 625
 And spotless He, the great High Priest, hath pass'd
 Into the heav'n's victorious over Death ;
 But I, whose trespasses at Meribah,
 Frail sinful man, provok'd the Lord to wrath,
 Saw but the skirts of Dan from Pisgah's top, 630
 Unworthy deem'd to enter that fair land,
 And died upon mount Nebo. But when CHRIST,
 Who hath awaken'd us from sleep, shall rise
 And in his mortal flesh a second time
 Visit his Saints on earth, who then shall say 635
 There is no resurrection of the dead ?
 Faintly I shadow'd forth a future life ;
 I spake not to men's senses, as CHRIST speaks ;

God

God gave me no commission to reveal
 The secrets of the grave ; corruption's worm 640
 Spar'd not my flesh, nor came my spirit back
 From Death's dark citadel to give mankind
 Conviction ocular of his defeat ;
 I left him in his power till CHRIST should come
 To break that sceptre, which had aw'd the world. 645
 Much then it moves my wonder, much I grieve
 That darkness shall not yet be drawn aside
 From Israel, and that those, who would not hear
 Me and the prophets, shall not yet believe
 CHRIST their Messias rising from the dead. 650

To whom th' Arch-angel answer'd heav'nly mild :
 Well may'st thou muse that reas'ning man should doubt,
 And cause we have to grieve, when he neglects
 So great salvation ; but when CHRIST hath shewn
 What is the good and true and perfect way, 655
 Reason must do the rest : When all are free
 Some must be faithless, wilful and perverse.
 God could have made his creatures void of sin,
 For he can put a master in their hearts,
 And govern them by instinct ; but to man 660
 He gave a nobler faculty, a will,
 A spark of immortality, a soul,
 Reason to counsel that immortal soul,

And

And conscience to restrain licentious will.
 Grace shall assist the humble and devout ; 665
 A proud man hath no friend in heav'n or earth,
 Renounc'd of angels and by men abhorr'd :
 Truth must be sought, it will not be impos'd :
 What were that revelation, which should leave
 No exercise to faith ? All men must work 670
 With fear and trembling their salvation out.
 God does not give free will to take away
 What he hath giv'n ; if man will sin, he must :
 Nor do we call them good, who cannot err,
 Else brutes would claim a virtue. None is good 675
 Save God alone ; impute we not to God
 The evil which man does, nor him arraign
 For not preventing ills which he foreknows :
 Angels have sinn'd and some are fall'n from bliss ;
 All had their days of error, their degrees 680
 Of good and ill, else why have we degrees
 Ranks and precedencies of bliss in heav'n ?
 Call your own lives to mind ; ye have been men,
 Your failings many, yet your virtues more ;
 Why are ye now rewarded by your God ? 685
 Why but because those virtues were your own ?
 Ye made them what they were, ye rear'd their growth,
 Reason reform'd the wild luxuriant foil,

Pluck'd

Pluck'd up the weeds and nurs'd the glorious fruit.

Is there amongst you one that hath to boast

690

Human perfection? There is none that will.

A free yet faultless creature would be more

Than man, than angel; nor can God create

An equal to himself, a rival God.

In Eden's happy groves when man was plac'd,

695

One interdicted baneful plant there was,

Tempting and rich in fruit; all else was good,

Fair to the eye and wholesome to the taste;

Yet of that fruit man pluck'd and eat and died;

Tempted he was, but not compell'd to take;

700

Warn'd to abstain, no angel stopp'd his hand,

No thundering voice deterr'd him from the deed,

For man was free; so could he not have been,

Had God's foreknowledge over-rul'd his will.

Thus Sin had origin and Death began

705

His occupation with the human race,

More terrible for that he came with pangs,

Horrors and doubts on sin-oppressed man,

When conscience wrung him in the parting hour:

But still the inextinguishable soul

710

Mock'd at Death's dart, the body was his own

From the beginning; of the earth 'twas made,

The earth it till'd and from the earth it fed;

A tenement

A tenement of dust was never form'd
 For immortality ; and now, behold, 715
 Adam the earthy man, in whom all die,
 Is buried to the world ; redemption brings
 The day-spring of Salvation from on high,
 CHRIST in his glory comes, the LORD from heav'n,
 And who in him have faith, in him have life. 720

He ceas'd, when now th' assembly of the Saints,
 Who whilst he spake stood in their orbs unmov'd
 Circling the mount, 'gan feel the Spi'rit of God
 Descending on their hearts, and, like a sea
 By secret currents from it's bottom stirr'd, 725
 Wav'd to and fro their undulating files
 Wide and more wide, as with a mighty wind
 The heav'nly inspiration on them rush'd :
 This GABRIEL heard and from the mount came down,
 Which quak'd beneath his feet, whilst over-head 730
 Loud thunderings announc'd the coming God :
 And now a fire, that cover'd all the mount,
 Bespoke him present ; all the air respir'd
 Ambrosial odours, amaranth and rose,
 For Nature felt her God, and every flower 735
 And every fragrant shrub, whose honied breath
 Perfumes the courts of heav'n, had burst to life
 Blooming, and, in a thousand colors dy'd,

Threw

Threw their gay mantle o'er the naked heath :

Now glow'd the living landscape ; hill and dale 740

Rose on the flat, or sunk as Nature shap'd

Her loveliest forms and swell'd her wavey line,

Leaving unrein'd variety to run

Her wild career amid the sportive scene :

Nor were there wanting trees of ev'ry growth, 745

Umbrageous some, making a verdant tent

Under their spreading branches, some of shaft

Majestic, tow'ring o'er the subject groves :

Blossoms and fruits and aromatic gums

Scented the breeze, that fann'd their rustling leaves ; 750

And them betwixt a crystal river flow'd

O'er golden sands, meand'ring in it's course

Through amaranthine banks with lulling sound

Of dulcet murmurs breathing soft repose.

Thus at the sight of God spontaneous rose 755

A Paradise within the realm of Death,

Where that blest congregation might abide

Their LORD's return now visitant on earth :

And now th' Eternal having breath'd his joy

Into their hearts and giv'n them to discern 760

All knowledge, that befitted souls so blest,

Withdrew his presence from the flaming mount ;

Whereat the min'istring Angel, who beheld
Salvation's work complete, thus parting spake.

God, in whose presence pleasure ever dwells, 765
Hath for your dear Redeemer's sake bestow'd
These joys, and now his presence is withdrawn ;
Yet hath he left his spirit in your hearts.
To teach you all that is and is to be :
Behold, the cloud that veil'd your mortal eyes 770
Is drawn aside, and what as in a glass
Darkling ye saw now face to face is seen :
Ye now discern the ways of God how just,
How true, how wise, how perfect in design,
And well ye know that man, presumptuous man, 775
In a vain shadow walketh ; ye perceive
His boasted mind sufficient for the things,
That to his own salvation appertain ;
Yet when it scans the mysteries of heaven,
How false, how weak, how daringly absurd ! 780
Firm faith, warm charity and humble hope,
These are the Christian graces, these the guides,
That lead to life eternal ; thoughts perverse,
Pert quibbling follies, publish'd in the pride
Of false philosophy, are dev'lish arts, 785
That damn the instrument, who thus attempts
To hide the light of revelation's beam.

From weaker eyes, and turn the world from God ;

These verily shall have their just reward :

And now no more ; this Paradise ye see

790

Is but your passage to a brighter scene,

A resting-place till CHRIST shall re-ascend

To the right hand of God and call you hence

To share his glory in the heav'n of heavens.

He said, and swifter than the meteor's glance,

795

Sprung on the wing to seek his native sphere :

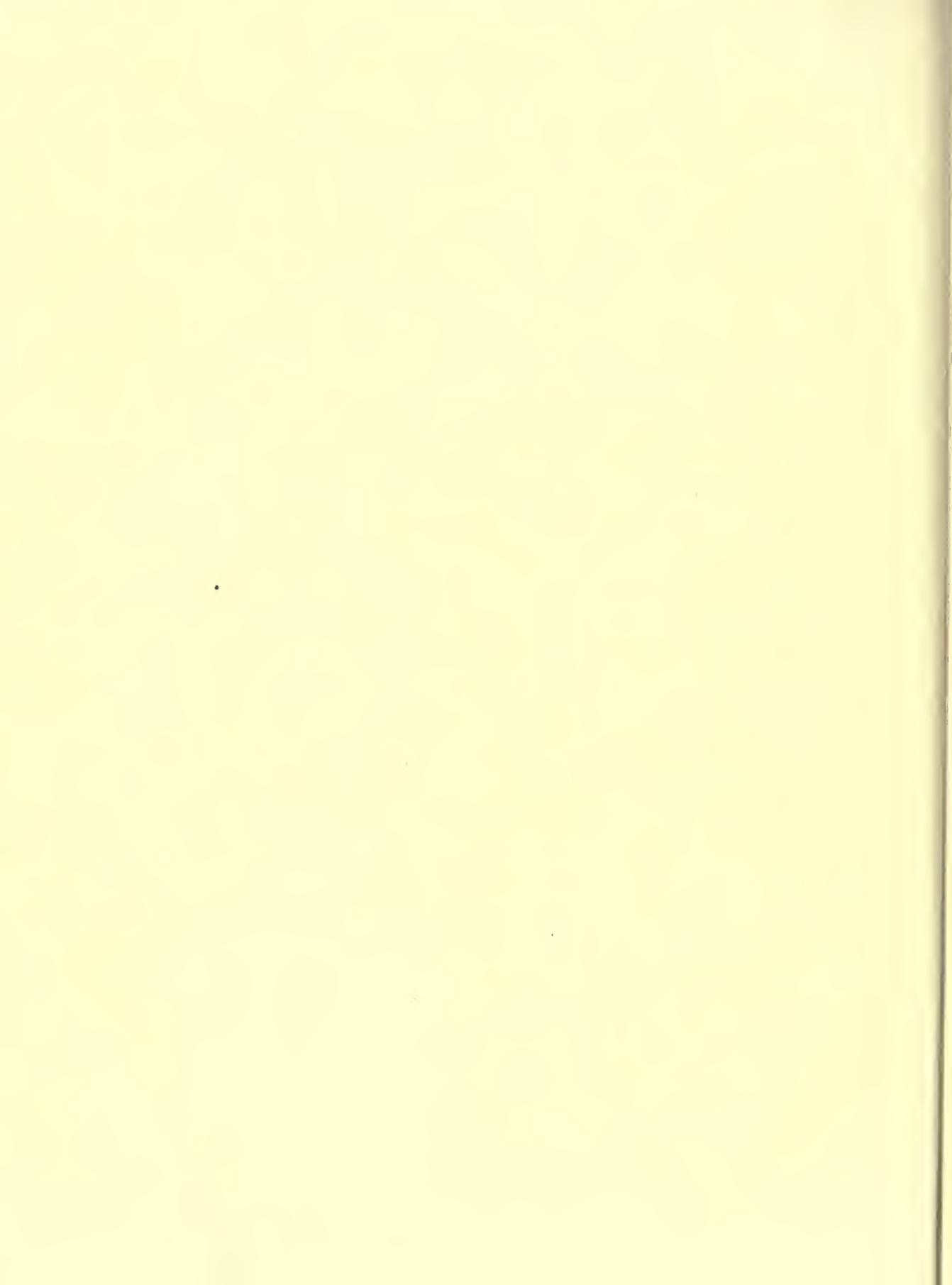
The Saints look'd up, then sung with joint acclaim—

Glory to God and praises to his CHRIST,

Judge and Redeemer of the quick and dead !

799

END OF THE POEM.





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